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MORETTA.

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R. D. Pullar

THE ART JOURNAL

NEW SERIES

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THE ART JOURNAL 1899



THE WORK OF
ROBERT SAUBER,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THAT ARTIST.

THE COLOUR REPRODUCTIONS BY THE
SWAN ELECTRIC ENGRAVING COMPANY.

IT may fairly be questioned whether, in any branch of art practice, there has ever been an evolution so rapid, or a development so strongly marked, as during recent years it has been possible to note in the case of illustrative work. Not so very long ago drawing for this class of reproduction was the particular pursuit of a comparatively small number of men, who were able, without unduly exerting themselves, to satisfy the demand actually existing; and, if an artist of standing among the painters of pictures was by any chance induced to enrol himself temporarily in the ranks of the illustrators, his divergence from his accustomed path was regarded as a very considerable concession, and as a proceeding not quite in accordance with the traditions that he was in duty bound to respect. Illustration was, in fact, considered to be a permissible resort only to the impecunious, whose success in the higher walks of art had not been great enough to enable them to live without shifts and contrivances. It was a waste of a clever painter who had capacity for better things, and was a good enough trade for the man to whom the fates had denied any prospect of eminence in artistic pursuits.

Happily, the change which has come about, in the



estimate of the claim that illustrative work has to consideration, is sufficiently complete. Neither the profession nor the public commits the mistake now of undervaluing the importance of the part played by the black-and-white draughtsman; and no present-day artist would feel that he was losing caste by devoting himself to a type of art which makes the strongest possible appeal to the æsthetic instincts of the community. The illustrator has become one of the chief powers in the art world; and he dominates the modern school by both the variety and the quality of his production. Men are earning to-day splendid reputations by their drawings alone, reputations more solid and widespread than those which were, in bygone years, gained by the exhibition of canvases in public galleries, or by painting pictures destined for interpretation by the engraver. As a consequence, the number of exponents of this essentially modern phase of practice grows



annually in a fashion quite remarkable, and every year sees a raising of the standard of black-and-white work. Keener competition results in greater effort and increased activity; new men bring new ideas into evidence, and introduce fresh technical methods, and the public are not slow to welcome and encourage the craftsman who can fascinate them by the right touch of persuasive novelty. All this makes it difficult for any individual illustrator to keep his standing in the artistic ranks, and to retain his influence over the people for whose satisfaction he labours. He is constantly in danger of being elbowed out by cleverer competitors, or of finding himself out of touch with the popular taste; and if he once falls behind, there is little chance of recovery for him, unless he is blessed with unconquerable determination, and versatility quite extraordinary.

It follows that the men who have, and hold, places in the front rank must in skill be very de-

finitely above the average of their contemporaries. They must have graces of style that are extremely attractive, technical ability of a quite notable kind, endless imagination, and a power of rapid expression which will enable them to cope with the demands made upon them. It is only by a combination of qualities such as these that the illustrator can rise conspicuously above the great mass of capacity that distinguishes the modern school. He must be more than merely clever; he must be something of a genius indeed; and even then, he will need all the energy and all the courage that is in him to make his place a permanent one.



No better instance of the manner in which personality will tell in the strife of the present-day art world could be adduced than that which is furnished by the career of Mr. Robert Sauber. He happens to possess in the fullest measure those peculiarly combined attributes which make for eminence in the modern artist; and by virtue of his special gifts he has secured a position that is, in many respects, unique. The list of his qualifications is most ample, but he has, besides, the judgment which enables him to apply them in the right way, and the strength of character that is indispensable for their proper assertion. As an example of appropriate devotion to particular ends, the manner of his development is thoroughly interesting, for it has been deliberately controlled by his own choice of direction, and has been shaped intentionally to fit in with a scheme of existence of his own devising.

His professional life so far has made up in variety what it lacks in number of years. Although born in London, he began his artistic experiences when he was quite a lad at Berlin, where he worked for some while as a lithographer, and at the age of seventeen he gained the first prize at a lithographic exhibition, for some of his productions in this medium. Two years later, in 1887, he returned to London, and began seriously to study those more ambitious forms of art expression to which his instincts inclined. For two years he worked steadily night after night at the studio of the Artists' Society in Langham Chambers, the headquarters of the Langham Sketching Club, maturing his technical methods by persistent study from life; and painting every now and then small pictures which gained ready admission into various exhibitions. In 1890 he made another move, this time to Paris, where he became a student in the Académie Julien, under the supervision of MM. Benjamin-Constant and Lefebvre. These newer influences promptly brought out a fresh side of his capacity. While his pictures produced before the Paris visit were minute, elaborate, and full of detail, the first one he painted amid French surroundings, 'The Golden Lure,' which appeared in the 1890 Academy, was a big canvas extremely imaginative in motive, and treated with a decorative largeness and simplicity that gave it very real dignity and importance. Several pictures of the same type followed, 'The Angel of Death bearing away the Soul,' 'Diana,' and 'The Madness of Orestes,' among them, some of which were executed in France, and some at Munich, whither Mr. Sauber proceeded for a while when his stay in Paris came to an end.

While the artist was giving these convincing proofs of his ability to deal with the larger facts of art, and was showing with what force he could realise really impressive conceptions, he was already making his first essays in that form of practice which has since occupied him almost exclusively. He began to turn his attention to illustration in the intervals of his ambitious efforts in picture painting, and found very soon that in this direction lay chances of popularity and success far greater than are ever open to the producer of imaginative canvases. So, as time went on, he devoted himself more and more to the work that he perceived was required of him, and with sound judgment, made the various modifications in practical and executive matters which he saw would be essential if he was to satisfy the particular



The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarry of Pearls.

By permission of "The English Illustrated Magazine."

Some ask'd me where the Rubies grew:
And nothing I did say.
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some ask'd how Pearls did grow, and where;
Then spoke I to my girl,
To part her lips, and show me there
The Quarrelets of Pearl.

ROBERT HERRICK.

demands made upon him. Speed in statement he had possessed from the first, and the faculty of making up his mind promptly about what he intended to do he had readily acquired during his period of training—the 'Golden Lure,' for instance, was painted in something under a fortnight—but he had to abandon a great deal of his earlier minuteness and careful elaboration, so as to make possible that rapidity in production which is an indispensable characteristic of the illustrator who wishes to be ready for all emergencies, and to cope with the sudden necessities that are constantly arising. The technical style which he has accordingly evolved is the one which allows him the fullest chance of asserting his own personality, and yet meets all the inevitable requirements of process reproduction. It is clean, direct, and expressive, sufficiently detailed for the due explanation of each subject selected; but not so complicated that there is any danger of the artist's intention being obscured by the failure of the method of translation to cope with the intricacies of his design. No reasonable printing process would be likely to misrepresent him, for he has made it his business to know exactly what are the pitfalls that abound in the path of the illustrator, and has safeguarded himself against every risk. By establishing such a basis of sound craftsmanship, Mr. Sauber secured, at the outset, the future of his work, and ensured the approval of the business people with whom he had to deal.

The sympathy of the general public he has gained since by the unvarying attractiveness of his drawings, whether in colour or in black-and-white. By the daintiness of his imaginings, the grace of his arrangements, the charming decorative quality of his touch, he has fascinated people in all parts of the world. There are few quarters, where books and illustrated papers are to be found, that are not familiar with the products of his pencil, and that do not respond readily to the artistic spells which he is weaving daily and hourly. His work is welcome everywhere, and enjoys probably a wider popularity than is accorded to that of any of his contemporaries. The rapidity with which he has arrived at his position is doubtless partly the outcome of his extraordinary fertility of invention. There is such an unbroken series of evidences of his skill pouring constantly from his studio that he could not, by any possibility, be overlooked, even for a moment. He gives the public no time to forget him, scarcely time, indeed, even to compare the relative merits of the many things that he presents; he impresses everyone with his astonishing readiness to meet whatever demand the exigencies of the moment may have chanced to create, and yet, however exacting may be the circumstances to which he responds, he never shows in his work any sign of haste, or incomplete appreciation of the artistic responsibilities he has assumed. There is nothing which helps so much to establish an artist as a popular favourite as this ability to do good work at a moment's notice, and to maintain an even level of merit under all sorts of conditions of production. Sir John Gilbert owed not a little of his early success to this same faculty for hitting instantaneously on the right point of view, and for stating the results of his ready conviction with unvarying skill.

But Mr. Sauber has, besides his prompt fertility and technical adaptability, another important attribute which stands him in very good stead in his dealings with the great mass of his following. He has a very correct appreciation of what constitutes real attractiveness in the representation of types of femininity, and can draw pretty women in all their most engaging aspects. Their graces of pose and gesture, their picturesque little affectations, their dainty airs of conscious importance, he can render with unfailing accuracy and yet without the least hint of masculine intolerance of such transparent devices. He accepts quite seriously the whole gamut of feminine emotions, and treats it as if he found in its ever-changing alternations the most engrossing matter for study. The women of his picture world are always thoroughly alive, and even in their most statuesque poses and most formal



The Studio of Robert Sauber.

moments they never fail to suggest the fulness of their healthy vitality. The decadent female, with her morbid peculiarities and uncanny contours, never intrudes her unpleasant personality into his domain. He has no liking for her, and prefers to ignore her existence, and to leave the glorification of her curious unsightliness to those artists who derive the keenest pleasure from the worship of the abnormal. His direction is a saner one, and he deserves credit for his avoidance of an eccentricity which involves a denial of all wholesome judgment. No doubt he incurs as a consequence the contempt of that small coterie which makes a profession of foolish admiration for physical distortion, and seeks its ideals of physical beauty in homes for the incurable; but, by way of compensation, he ensures the acceptance of his efforts by the vast majority of people whose senses are free from the taint of restless dissatisfaction with the usual order of things. He appeals to a conviction which is happily still very general, when he depicts women who are fresh and dainty in their wholesome elegance rather than extraordinary in their perverse negation of everything which the world has, for many generations, regarded as the essentials of acceptable femininity.

Mr. Sauber has, too, a knack of giving, even to his slightest compositions, a persuasive hint of reality. His grouping is easy and informal, and his characters play their parts, in each scene that he represents, with an absence of self-consciousness that is distinctly refreshing. He does not in his drawings treat the figures as if they were the only important details of the design; but very carefully keeps them in right relation to the backgrounds, so that they fit harmoniously into the general scheme, and agree perfectly with the surroundings in which they are placed. Yet this reality of effect is not the outcome of any realistic system of minute imitation; it is rather obtained by attention to the decorative aspects of the subject and by extreme care in the distribution of the points of main interest. Even in a drawing so slight as to be a mere suggestion of the artist's intention, there is always perceptible the same effect of consideration of the main facts before the smaller accessories are brought into the artistic scheme. The details are plainly used simply to fill up, logically, the blank spaces in the pictured story; and the exact amount of interest they have to contribute to the whole is calculated with a degree of subtlety which is none the less exact because it has necessarily to be arrived at with all possible promptitude. Some share in the pleasing result of Mr. Sauber's efforts must, however, be assigned to a certain habit in working, which is characteristic of him. He always views his groups in the ordinary perspective of everyday life, and avoids the conventional studio trick of raising his sitters on a platform above the level of the floor. Therefore, his compositions have an air of naturalness which would be perceptible even to people whose knowledge, of technical devices, would not go far enough to enable them to analyse the why and wherefore of the effect; but to the average observer the sense of truthful interpretation would be patent enough to add appreciably to the other attractions of the artist's work.

Altogether, the reasons for Mr. Sauber's popularity are by no means difficult to understand. He gives the

public just what they want, dainty things, full of fancy and pleasant in motive, and clever enough in all technical essentials to satisfy the most exacting requirements of the modern point of view. He has gained justifiable credit, too, as a straightforward and conscientious worker, able and ready to turn to advantage every opportunity that his profession presents. His industry is never flagging, and his versatility seems equal to every demand. Whether in black-and-white or in colour, his drawings invariably lend themselves with admirable effect to the purposes of reproduction, and their well-judged qualities stand the trying test of translation without appreciably suffering in the process. All this goes to prove that his capacity as an expert in the branch of art he follows, and his skill as a craftsman, are as undeniable as the fertility of his imagination. With so many qualifications and such boundless energy he is scarcely likely to find himself in danger of being supplanted by a more active and better-equipped competitor. He has made a place for himself by sheer weight of merit; and the same qualities that have brought him to the front will keep him there. The rapidity of his rise is not a source of weakness to him, for he had the wisdom to lay a safe foundation of technical knowledge upon which to build his later experiences; and not the least significant fact about him is this—that he has gained acceptance on his own terms, without temporising with the public, and without attempting to curry favour with them by any denial of his sincere convictions.

A. L. BALDRY.









Milton visited by Andrew Marvel.
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

GEORGE BOUGHTON, R.A.;—AN APPRECIATION.

IT is becoming a moot point whether the biographies of living artists should be written at all. A whole school, and a solemn one, declares that a painter's rank and place can be settled only by futurity. With this gentry, praise of the living suggests hazardous indiscretions; an appreciation savors of favoritism. "The business of a critic is criticism," cries that pugilist among writers, Walter Bagehot; "it is *not* his business to be thankful." Without going into the nice question—which, in truth, may be said to answer itself—whether artistic estimates, rather than eulogies, should be generally attempted, it is certain that at least half Mr. Bagehot's advice the latter-day critic has taken to heart. He, at any rate, does not pretend to be thankful. The critic, the superior person, has little, as we all know, to be grateful for. Had he been at the pains to create the universe (it is curious, by the bye, how little the superior person *does* create), he would have made it quite other than what it is.

The man of artistic temperament, on the other hand, is turned in a different mould. A creative force is necessarily a generous one. The artist, who is a school-boy when he is not a student—a student, that is to say, of visual things, is apt, for the most part, to take a rounded view of a round world, and to have something over of gratitude for a hemisphere which fills him, and which he, in turn, fills with life, radiance, and colour. "I love," said the greatest of all artists, Montaigne, "a gay and civil philosophy," and Montaigne's philosophy, we may be certain, is the philosophy of all artists.



Esmé, Daughter of J. C. Robb, Esq.
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

It is essentially that of the subject of this article. In Mr. Boughton's gardens roses grow with the fewest of possible prickles, and his wildest wastes of snow are heartened by fantasies of colour. There is something homely, caressing, and endearingly intimate about his manner of seeing—nay, even of approaching nature. He has surprised secrets from her which are yielded only after long and persistent wooings. Humour and tenderness, two striking attributes of the painter's, are never hopeless; it is not surprising, then, to find that Mr. George Boughton's muse is a blithe and inspiriting mistress. In a sense, of course, this may be said of any colourist. But we have merely to glance at one of the artist's many studies



Isaac Walton and the Milkmaids.
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

of the undercliff of the Isle of Wight, to realise that it is not only as a colourist that Mr. Boughton proclaims his originality, but by the loving fidelity with which he has realised and set down for us some of the most exquisite and captivating aspects of springtime. In them we seem to see the very sap stirring in the bursting bud, hear the cry of the young lamb, the soul-stirring song of the lark. Here, the earth is pungent with many odours; there, the violet springs even under the heel of the shepherd who watches the penned flock on the swelling down; again, in the tangle of bracken, a sea-thistle raises itself in its splendour of silver and gold, and reminds us that that infinitesimal line of blue cutting the thicket, is the amaranthine blue of the sea.

It is not for nothing, then, that the artist has devoted hard on twenty years to sojourning in the Isle of Wight. Yet he has wandered farther afield; in his early days in Brittany, and in later years on the East Coast, in Scotland, and in the Low Countries, without finding a *locale* so truly and intensely his own. It may seem, at the first blush, a paradox to celebrate a painter known principally on two continents for his realistic representations of snow scenes, in so green a corner of the earth as the Isle of Wight. Yet, in reality, it is hard to do otherwise. East Anglia, the land of the artist's birth, may have furnished the painter with more than one notable subject; Albany, in New York State, may have lent him his first artistic impulse, as Brittany, and the village of Ecouen, may have suggested those pathetic scenes of humble peasant life which first brought Mr. Boughton's work to the notice of the London art world; Holland may have inspired pen and pencil to one of the most sympathetic, and withal humorous, books ever written about the Netherlands; still, and in spite of honours culled in a hundred different fields, the painter remains the painter of the green downs of Shanklin, the painter of our southern chines and combes.

It is, doubtless, Mr. George Boughton's art which is so essentially like the great philosopher's philosophy, "gay and civil," which seems to identify him with the greenest and fairest corners of our island. In the country he has peopled for us, lads and lasses go tripping through a perpetual May day, summer hastens to put on her wedding garments to flaunt her secret in the very face of his Puritan maidens; who are, to be sure, demure rather than austere, and coy rather than demure. In truth, one would imagine the painter to have been born and nursed in a southern aspect, so devoid are even his winter winds of bitterness, and so genial are the oncomings of his early springs.

A mere glance at the tale of the artist's early upbringings will teach us, of course, otherwise. It will teach us, in addition, what perhaps we already know, that temperament is little altered or moulded by surroundings. Born, then, in the city of Crome, Cotman and Stark, or more strictly speaking in a village a few miles out of Norwich, the future painter had little more than made his entry into a somewhat bleak world when he was asked to face the buffetings of the Atlantic ocean. East Anglia had a tendency to Republicanism in those days, and Mr. Boughton's father, a sterner Republican than the rest, naturally set his face in the direction of the United States. He took his numerous progeny with him, but had not compassed much more than the removal of his household goods from Norwich to transatlantic Albany, when he



Winter Nightfall.
By G. H. Boughton, R.A



A Sportswoman on a Highland River.
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

left his family orphaned. The small boy, George, was in this way reared by an elder brother, who placed him in the course of time, as cautious brothers will, in an excellent commercial academy to learn book-keeping.

More excellent, however, to the youngster than the mysteries of double entry, seemed the numerous cuts, with their attendant legends, which he began to contribute to a comic newspaper. For the moment, the dreams of an artistic life seemed remote. Family prejudice was naturally dead against it, and had it not been for the soaring maternal pride of a married sister, who wished to see a child of her own immortalised, the boy might still have waited for the modest artistic equipment of a canvas and a box of oil colours. That once acquired, these materials were put to excellent uses hardly needs to be said. A first essay at publicity, in the shape of a small picture called 'The Wayfarer,' was bought by the New York Art Union, a windfall, which, with some small savings and the generosity of an elderly benefactor, sent the young man on a six months' trip to Ireland, Scotland, and the English Lakes. The journey, in every way happy in its results, was happier in nothing more than in its legitimate outcome, the canvas called 'Winter Twilight,' which was hung in the National Academy of Design in New York. I say it was hung, though it would be nearer the truth to say that it was "skied" in the New York Academy, until the kindly hand of the President, A. B. Durand, plucked the picture from its exalted position near the ceiling, and placed it ostentatiously on the line in the place of one of his own works.

Such honours, of course, were little short of bewildering, and brought Mr. Boughton, with palpitating heart, to set up his worldly goods—consisting of a camp-stool and a sketching easel—in a single modest room in New York. Here, encouraged by the enthusiasm of Mr. S. P. Avery, the well-known expert, and Mr. Robert L. Stuart, who, more than once, paid the young artist double the price he asked, and the genuine admiration aroused by the small picture called 'The Spirit of the Lake,' which Mr. Boughton contributed to a charity, commissions began to flow in. They were mostly, it is true, for 'Spirits of the Lake'; but the artist was little inclined to quarrel with circumstances, which at last brought within the range of possibility a long-cherished plan. The plan was no less than to go through a course of strenuous study in Paris, and, with the thought of strenuous study, the figure of Couture was naturally evoked. To Couture, then, he would go. How to approach the great man he knew not; at most, he had a friend who knew one of his chief pupils, afterwards the well-known English artist, Mr. May.

Now, though Mr. Boughton travelled three thousand miles to find Couture, Couture was from Paris, and nothing shows the real bent of Mr. George Boughton's genius, perhaps, as much as the ready way in which he consoled himself for the absence of the great draughtsman, and turned his allegiance (after a brief period of study with Couture's chief pupil) to the totally alien Frère.

With Edouard Frère there was neither stop nor hindrance, and at the little village of Ecouen, some twelve miles north of Paris, all went merrily for hard on three years. The young painter wore sabots, hob-nobbed with painters and peasants, and studied village life continuously, in and out of doors. A run to Brittany made its impression, but chief among all influences was naturally that of his gentle and inspired master, whose sympathy and tenderness is to be traced in all the finer earlier canvases of Mr. Boughton. That these canvases were not taken finally and definitely by their owner to America, resulted as much from accident as anything else. For the moment, it is pretty certain the student had little thought of building a house on Campden Hill,



Winter Sunrise on the Marshes, Breedsey Ferry.
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

or of remaining the appreciable time on English soil necessary to his election as a full-blown Academician. On the contrary, the term of his novitiate being over, the artist naturally turned to rejoin his friends in New York. His trunks were packed, his passage taken; he had crossed the Channel solely to join his steamer, when he stumbled against a friend in Regent Street. "Got some pictures with you; why not send to the British Institute?"

The pupil of Edouard Frère explained that his canvases were already on ship-board and the passage money paid. "The company will return both," said the tempter; and the company proving amenable, Mr. George Boughton remained. The result we all know. The final result, that is to say; for few of us, perhaps, now remember that one of the pictures plucked from the outward-bound steamer, was the canvas called 'Passing into the Shade,' a canvas which drew an eulogy from *The Times*, and immediately brought a host of commissions to the astonished American student. Admirers Mr. Boughton proved to have in plenty, but few were luckier than the well-known *littérateur*, Dr. Max Schlesinger, who secured another beautiful little early work, called 'Helping Hands.' It is an upright canvas, trifling, if judged by size, but which, in depicting the bowed figure of a peasant woman bearing a bundle of faggots through the snow, equals in its subtle and tender rendering of the atmosphere of a winter twilight, anything compassed by the master, Frère.

The two canvases under discussion bear, if I mistake not, the date of 1861, while two years later saw Mr. Boughton first exhibiting in the Royal Academy, an institution which has rewarded his unfailing appearance on its walls by electing him a full member of its body.

Of Mr. George Boughton and his later work it seems well-nigh superfluous to speak, so well known is the witty Academician to the London of his day, and so familiar his every canvas. A few, of course, cannot rightly be omitted in any record of his life. There is the important work called 'The Bearers of the Burden,' which saw the light in 1876, and which proclaimed its author's mastery over large and poetic renderings of surcharged and changing skies; there is the less well-known canvas sent direct to Washington, the whimsical 'Edict of William the Testy,' which, as we notice in the succeeding article, depicts a choleric anti-tobacco Governor fairly smoked out of house and home by a band of determined, if stolid, fellow townsmen. There is the 'Milton visited by Andrew Marvel,' of 1882, and the curiously different 'Golden Afternoon in the Isle of Wight,' painted in 1888, a work which may fairly stand as an example of one of Mr. George Boughton's most typical and beautiful efforts, an effort which exemplifies, perhaps, as well as any other, what may be called Mr. Boughton's Isle of Wight manner. It must not be forgotten, however, that the early eighties, devoted by the artist to the Low Countries, were responsible, not only for a series of Dutch canvases, but for the volume entitled "Sketching Rambles in Holland," which first appeared in Harper's Magazine. As Mr. Boughton has himself told us how he, and that prince of boon companions, Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, contrived to mislay the eminent writer whose travelling notes they had undertaken to illustrate, it is needless to describe here how the former artist commenced author. Holland, according to the gospel of Mr. George Boughton, is a thing



A Golden Afternoon in the Isle of Wight.
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.









to be studied by itself. More germane to the present article is to chronicle the appearance of that delightful little picture 'Isaac Walton and the Milkmaids,' which was limned in 1889, and was so suggestively done into black and white by Mr. Frank French. Coming to the year 1890, we find the painter returning to the country of his birth, and in 'Sunrise on the Marshes, Bawdsey Ferry,' and the yet later 'Winter Nightfall,' giving us sturdy and vigorous studies of East Anglia. A couple of years more (I mention particularly the canvases illustrated, as want of space forbids anything like an exact record of the painter's works) Mr. Boughton is in Scotland, and informed by the translucent and opalescent colour of the land north of the Tweed, gives us 'A Sportswoman on a Highland River.' In or about 1895, I take it, Mr. Boughton must have been in Paris, for that picture of strong symbolistic tendencies, 'The Vision at the Martyr's Well,' is to be found on the walls of Burlington House in the following year. Learned and dexterous as a study in tone—and Mr. Boughton's sense of tone is in every way as special as his sense of colour—this realisation of the ecstasies of a peasant girl is less characteristic of the painter than a small, unpretentious portrait of a child which he exhibited the following spring.



The Vision at the Martyr's Well.
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

For 'Miss Esmé Robb,' a delightful little silver-haired girl, who, facing the spectator, holds a flower in her upraised hand, is not only clothed in the garb of Velasquez, but actually informed with some vague suggestion of the Spanish master's felicity of manner. It is not, of course, pretended that the brush work, the touch, is the same. The contention would be an idle one. But what may be fairly and honestly said is that among modern portraits, at any rate, few remain so happily in the memory, while none, with the exception always of Mr. Whistler's 'Miss Alexander,' caresses the eye with that precise charm which is at once mysterious and naïve, a charm which we have got to believe is the exclusive secret of another and less blatant age. In a word, it is this very quality—a quality that would seem to establish the best kind of *entente cordiale* with the world around him—which gives the artist's landscapes a something touching and intimate in their enchantment. A painter's personality is the chief factor in his output, and I say that Mr. George Boughton would seem, in person, to have come to a private understanding with all young and tender and frolicsome things; I think I have in a measure explained his perennial hold on us, and the source of that direct poetic inspiration which will make his finer work live.

MARION HEPWORTH DIXON.

'THE EDICT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY.'

FROM THE PICTURE BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A., IN THE CORCORAN ART GALLERY, WASHINGTON. ETCHED BY W. HEYDEMANN.

THE exquisite spirit of humour which pervades the important canvas called 'The Edict of William the Testy' can only be appreciated to the full by such as care to study Washington Irving's famous "Knickerbocker History of New York." "This History," as Mr. George Boughton declares, "was written in a delightful spirit of satire," and consists of a series of skits on the various ways a province should *not* be governed.

The incident which chiefly appealed to the artist as a lively subject for his brush, was that of the crusade instituted by one Wilhelmus Kieft against the uses and abuses of tobacco. This would-be mighty governor of the Province of Nieuw Amsterdam, struck, it seems, at the pipe as being at the bottom of all the evil tendencies of his day. The pipe was a "vast consumer of time, a great encourager of idleness, a deadly bane to the prosperity and morals of the people." The pipe, therefore, must perish, and a solemn Edict, in consequence, went forth prohibiting the smoking of tobacco in the New Netherlands.

That the sturdy Dutchmen responded, and stuck to their flag in honour of their beloved weed, goes without saying. Yet the method devised for punishing their too officious governor proved both a humorous and happy one. When the popular commotion was at its height, a mass meeting of the time was convened, and a multitude, armed with pipes and tobacco jars, surrounded the obnoxious Wilhelm's house. Seating themselves comfortably in chairs at his very door, and falling to smoking with tremendous violence, the sturdy rioters withstood the repeated onslaughts of the enraged governor, to whose violent threats they merely replied by lolling back in their seats and puffing away with redoubled fury.

After raising such a cloud "that the governor was fain to take refuge in the interior of his Castle," we learn

that William the Testy was gradually smoked to terms. This happy consummation was, nevertheless, not brought about without prolonged negotiations, carried out through the intervention of Antony the Trumpeter, whose robust and dogged personality makes itself felt with jocose insistence in Mr. George Boughton's admirable picture.

It remains only to say that the peace conference ended —as conferences will, in a compromise. Thus, the only permanent result of an alarming anti-tobacco movement was the mere substitution of two-inch pipes for the long *fair* pipes used in the days of Van Twiller—pipes which were supposed to denote ease, tranquillity and sobriety of deportment, but to be incompatible with the dispatch of business and the graver issues of Knickerbocker life.

The picture, which was a commission from Mr. Corcoran, the founder of the Art Gallery at Washington, is six feet in length; it is one of the most important works in the collection, and it exhibits all the artist's well-known mastery over delicate and sober colour-schemes.



Hand Block Printing—Laying first colour.

THE COLOUR PRINTING OF TEXTILES AT MESSRS. WARDLE'S WORKS, LEEK, STAFFS.

TO readers of a magazine devoted to the Arts, Leek has already become a synonym for "Wardle." For the very picturesque Staffordshire town, despite its neighbouring Rudyard Lake (whence Mr. Kipling derived his "front name"), could never assert a claim to be remembered by art-lovers, but for the noble work in the cause of Art which Sir Thomas Wardle has achieved. It would be interesting to discover the reason why this Staffordshire town became connected with the silk industry; but to do so would be to trespass on the field of the historian and archæologist. Here it will suffice to recognise the fact that the history of English silk, past and present and future, especially future, is indissolubly connected with Leek; and to accept as a fact that requires no proof, that in Sir Thomas Wardle we have a man who has done veteran service for British silk industry.

For tempting as it would be to take silk and its dyeing as our theme, one must put it aside, and discuss only the printing of cottons, silks, and velvets, which the well-known President of the Silk Association developed, and has lately handed over to his sons, Bernard and Tom Wardle, to continue.

When William Morris was beginning his notable effort to recapture British industry, he inspired Sir Thomas [then Mr.] Wardle to experiment with the printing of fabrics. Morris, to whose initiative must be traced the new decorative movement we now delight in, had the zest of an amateur for processes; and that his zeal encouraged Mr. Wardle to a new enterprise is simple fact. But while giving all credit to the hero who inspires others to the forlorn hope, one must not forget that the burden of the fray is often borne by the recruit. The ancestors of Sir Thomas Wardle were masters of the craft of the dyer, and in turning his hereditary skill to Morris' behest, he brought expert knowledge to support the enthusiasm of the novice. To recognise that he taught Mr. Morris the secrets of the craft is not derogatory to the great artist, nor special pleading on Sir Thomas Wardle's behalf. "I planted, Apollos watered, and God gave the increase," is a familiar text not wholly without pertinence here. For, although Morris sowed the seed, the plant might never have come to maturity but for the labours of others, who had grown it before he himself undertook its cultivation. But, dropping metaphor, we find that to restore the "colour-printing of fabrics according to the



"The Grindley."



"The Primula." Designed by T. Wardle, Junr.

best ancient tradition, which has been corrupted by trade indifference," was the aim of the two enthusiasts. That they did it successfully all the world knows, but possibly all the world does not know that the earlier printed fabrics issued by the firm of Morris & Co. were printed at Leek, where certain famous Morris designs, notably the "honeysuckle" cretonne, have been always, and are still being, printed.

Leek has none of the grime one expects in a manufacturing town. Though only a dozen miles from "The Potteries," the black clouds and chimney-stacks vomiting flame and smoke, which are so constantly in evidence there, are here replaced by pastoral scenery of great beauty. The town itself contains two very notable churches—St. Edward's, a stately fourteenth-century fabric, with a fine square tower, and All Saints', one of the most important of Mr. Norman Shaw's churches, a building of peculiarly noble proportions, with a carved oak pulpit, one of the most exquisite examples of modern carving that has yet been produced, and very interesting wall-paintings by Mr. Gerald Horsley. Far from the beaten track as it is, this church would alone repay a pilgrimage to Leek.



"The Crown Imperial."

The town has been famous for its silk industries for a very long time. Probably they were first established by a Flemish refugee in the sixteenth century, or by French Huguenots a century later; but (as we know too well) silk-weaving, since the Cobden Treaty of 1860 threw open the British market to French products, has been a decaying industry; and its partial revival is due in great measure to the personal efforts of Sir Thomas Wardle, who still retains his factories for dyeing silks, and for producing the famous threads used by the best embroiderers of today.

The Hencroft print works are in a picturesque valley on the banks of the river Churnet to the north of the town. The supply of water is ample and of peculiarly good quality; and that this is a most important factor the very first step of the process shows. For we find the material to be printed, be it silk, velvet, linen, or cotton, is first washed in hot water by somewhat elaborate machinery that possesses no special feature which need detain us. Yet it is a picturesque sight, and the indigo vats for another process look weird and treacherous on the floor. Occasionally a worker tumbles in, or receives his freedom of the craft by a dip; then for a while he resembles an Ancient Briton, and has veritably a fit (and a close fit) of the blues. Indeed the whole process, interesting as it is, and in a sense almost unique, is, nevertheless, so nearly related to ordinary printing, that to describe all stages of the process would be to cover ground traversed frequently in these pages. Nor need we linger over the departments devoted to the drying closets. The fabric having been washed, passes over heated cylinders, and becomes not only dry, but loses the creases caused by the washing, and offers a smooth even surface for the printer.

In the printing-rooms are long tables running the whole length, some very wide for shawls and similar objects, others comparatively narrow for cretonnes, piece-silks, &c., on which the white fabric is laid out, exposing many yards of surface. Between these tables are rails on which run trolleys bearing the colour pad for the printer's use. Unlike ordinary printing, even the block-printing of wall-papers (which the operation resembles in other respects), the fabric is kept stationary; it is the printer who is continually moving to attack a new portion of the surface. Let us take a white velvet, which is undergoing its first printing to produce square covers, which are roughly speaking about four feet square. The pattern in question is known as "The Buttercup"; according to the proverbial *lucus a non lucendo* principle dear to commerce, we are not surprised to discover that its chief motive is a tulip blossom. This is a very graceful and beautiful design by Mr. Tom Wardle, and consists of a border with corners and a centre, printed on a white ground in two colours. The printer is at work on a single repeat of the border, which in this case is about twelve inches by eight. Taking the block, he presses it face downwards on the inked pad (wheeled into a convenient position by his assistant), raises it charged with the pigment and places it on the fabric in precisely its exact position, using no mechanical appliances to ensure accuracy. Then taking a very heavy mallet, he strikes the block several times to drive the colour into the material. He then lifts it off, and one part of the design is seen indelibly transferred to the material. This is really the whole process; no more abstruse than the use of a rubber-stamp to mark linen. Yet if any one were to print a few symmetrical rows of such impression from a rubber-stamp, he would find it demanded no little practice. But when we find that to obtain full colour a second printing must be accurately added over the first, and that for even a comparatively small design like this the printing of one colour only all over the surface requires some twenty-five impressions from various blocks; which doubled for the intensity of colour, and again doubled for the second shade, means a hundred different applications of the various blocks that complete the pattern, we find that the ultimate result requires no little skill of a high order. In reading a piece of pianoforte music, you have but to play at a given moment a particular chord or note, yet from this to the

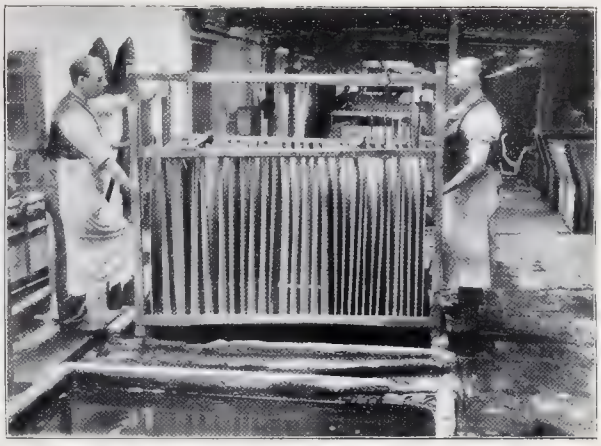


"*The Leek.*"

achievements of a Rubinstein or a Paderewski is a mere question of degree. So, while anybody might print a single impression of a simple block fairly well after very little practice, to superimpose impressions on impression, and "justify" each so that the register is impeccably correct, becomes a work of high dexterity, that appears more wonderful and more difficult the longer you watch it. The quick manipulation of the heavy block, its precise application to the exact spot, the severe mechanical labour of the heavy mallet, which all seem simple enough in one impression, become imposing when, as for a large bedspread, not scores, but hundreds,

possibly thousands of impressions, have to be made, each one so entirely perfect, that when the whole design in five or more colours is finished no defects are visible. One must not forget that even perfection in the "registering" of the various portions (that is their accurate placing so that no parts show a white line separating them, and none overlap) by no means exhausts the skill. Each impression must have left an equal even layer of the pigment on the ground, and be equal in density to the rest.

Examining the block itself, we find that (although it is cut in wood like a block for letterpress printing might be) the larger masses are not left wooden, but are mere outlines filled up with felt. If they were wooden the pigment would spread unevenly, but the felt absorbs a certain quantity, which is discharged regularly over the prescribed space by the heavy blows of the mallet. Once again, we find that to know how it is done and to do it, are separated by years of practice. In another part of the building younger hands are learning their trade, and here one discovers a youth, with a brush charged with pigment, correcting the imperfection of the 'prentice work.



Dipping Cloth in Indigo Vats.

The fabrics block-printed include all sorts of textiles, linen, jute, silk, cotton, and many kinds of surfaces, from coarse texture almost resembling canvas to fine velvets and delicate silks. Many of the patterns are of the sort known as "all-over designs," that is, repeated each way.

By block-printing, huge pieces of fabric, far too large for any machine to tackle, can be successfully decorated; some of the bedspreads are so large that one hesitates to conjecture the number of impressions required; especially for a design based on Persian motives and employing many colours.

The colours used are extremely good; indeed, the special feature of Messrs. Wardle's printing is the really superb depth of colour, especially on velvets, and the masterly combinations achieved. That these pigments are all tested is proved by a specimen case exposed to full sunlight outside the building, where pieces coloured years before show no apparent loss of brightness.

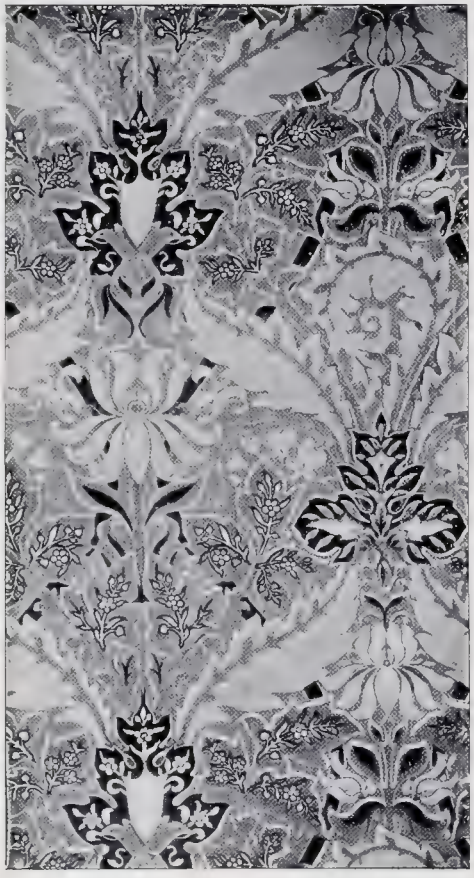
Of course the pigments as they leave the printer do not reveal their final colour; that comes after an elaborate process of steaming, and in some cases of bleaching on the grass at the back of the factory. For "mordant" printing the difference between the first result and the final can be judged by several series of fine specimens preserved for purposes of reference. In one we see a pattern printed in two shades of dragon's-blood red, which at first looks like a single colour upon a stained ground, but after washing and bleaching finally appears as a design in two shades of red upon a pure white ground, the stained ground which had accidentally become charged with colour is seen restored to its pristine hue, while the pattern has stood the test without paling.

Most of the designs executed specially for various retailers, *e.g.*, Morris and Co., Liberty's, and Story's, are by well-known artists. Several of Mr. Tom Wardle's are especially good, especially those of "Lilies," another of a conventional ship (intended for boat cushion covers, a speciality of Story's), and others, chiefly floral, which show a strong sense of the essentials of pattern-making and fine perception of form. But in all these colour is, as it should be, the most important factor. The accuracy of colour in reprints of any given pattern is a special feature of Messrs. Wardle's fabrics. It is interesting to discover that Mr. Bernard Wardle, the partner who controls the printing and colouring, has lately introduced the Continental metric system throughout the works. He served his apprenticeship in an Alsatian printing works; and was so struck with the paramount importance of the system in use there, that on his return, at the cost of some temporary inconvenience, he adopted it. A stroll through the laboratory, and the rooms where pigments are prepared, shows how all-important is the chemical aspect of the process; but it is too technical to be considered fully here; although in one room where boiling pigments are being prepared, and brushes are being cleaned, the accidental colours give subjects that ought to attract a painter who loves brilliant colour, and prefers actuality to subjects of pure fantasy, which as a rule offer him the full range of his palette.



Preliminary Washing Pits.

To return to the metric system here used, by its means it is possible to record exactly the right proportion of the pigments required, and to repeat the same dyes with precision. This enables a colour-maker to mix exactly the needful quantities. It would seem that the old practice was vague; if not as vague as a "teaspoonful" of domestic pharmacopœias, or "a handful" of the cookery books, at least something which left a great deal of margin. By using the Continental system no vague directions are possible; so many kilogrammes, hectogrammes, decigrammes, imply a very accurately defined quantity, and a given chemical of the same quality is likely to procure the same result. In short, we find here the not unexpected alliance of science and art which produces things at once beautiful and lasting. In passing it may be noted that Mr. Bernard Wardle, in recognising his indebtedness to the French, points out that he follows the example of young Germans who come to England to learn their business; and that he believes in the comity of nations is proved by the fact that a young Japanese gentleman has lately been learning printing at these works, and that a young German, Herr Walther Schroers, of Crefeld, is now there for the same purpose.



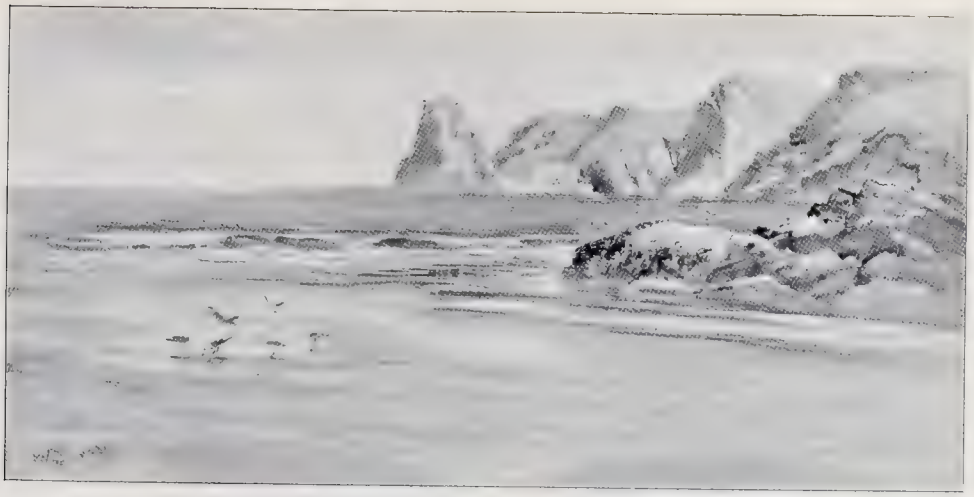
"The Dialetta." Designed by T. Wardle, Junr.

It would be impossible to over-praise the beauty of many of Messrs. Wardle's printed fabrics. And those who have never heard of Leek or its industries would perhaps be astonished to find that many stuffs they had treasured as products of the East were really decorated at Leek and designed by one of the sons, who are carrying on the good work instituted years before by their father. No illustration could reproduce the beauty of the best of these patterns, and in black and white it is impossible even to suggest it; therefore this statement must be offered without full proof; yet that it is no baseless claim, a single glance at their fabrics in the shop-windows to-day, will prove it up to the hilt.

In other departments of the factory we find roller-printing at work—that printing in colours from engraved copper cyclinders, a worthy method, which in its own way fulfils a useful purpose; but it is not comparable to block-printing, and a bare mention must suffice. But as the latter method is applied to the production of Old English glazed chintzes, in Old English patterns of roses, tulips, and the like, in semi-naturalistic treatment, its importance must not be understated; for these excellent reproductions of old fabrics are peculiarly well-adapted for certain purposes, and have an old-world air that accords admirably with certain styles of furnishing. Nevertheless, when things so splendid of their sort as these block-printed fabrics are here to be considered, no meaner process keeps its attraction. Samples of some of the coloured velvets, and even of the cottons, decorated by block printing, are good enough to treasure as one treasures a Japanese colour-print, or a Morris wall-paper; that they are also not too good to use for ordinary purposes is their greatest virtue. To be of art, and also entirely utilitarian, is their double merit, which entitles them to unreserved approval from artist and Philistine alike.

GLEESON WHITE.

*** *This is probably the last article written by the late Mr. Gleeson White, and he never saw it in type. Various expressions and suggestions made by the author, will be found particularly striking, now that the instructive, yet delicately humorous, pen has ceased to work.*—ED. A. J.



Trebarwith Strand.
From a Drawing by F. W. Sturge

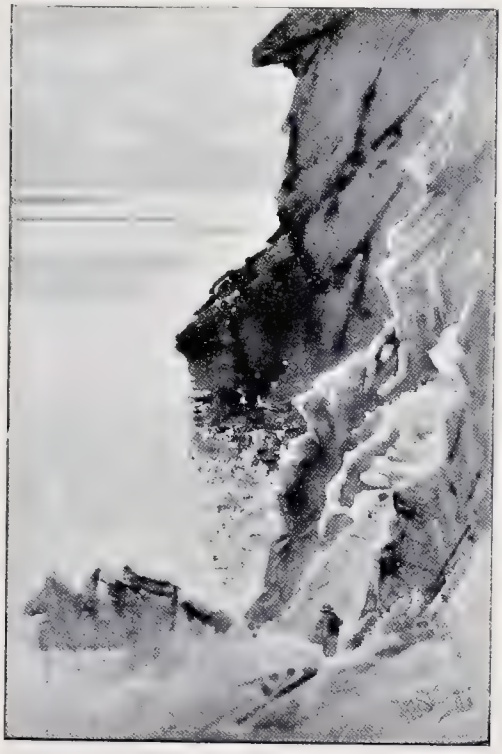
TINTAGEL.

THERE are legends which, clinging around certain localities, furnish to some of us "a vision of our own," to which other eyes, dazzled, it may be, by the disabling illumination of more accurate learning, are blind.

Tintagel is fortunate in this, that, even as sea mists roll up from the Atlantic, blurring each detail or obscuring the whole, and, sweeping back, give place to rainbow tints and reflections tending scarcely more towards "the light of common day," but vague and suggestive of poetic thought and feeling, so it is also with its traditions. They are not, and never can be, other than "the consecration and the poet's dream," and, for that reason, they are enduring; well out of the reach of accuracy and historical criticism.

Here, in this region of grim cliff and awe-inspiring wave, of rolling mists and opal-tinted seas, as the poet may dream, so, and not otherwise, the painter may paint. The key is the same, and the two arts harmonize.

Tintagel is visited throughout the summer months by crowds of tourists, whose numbers increase year by year—tourists who come believing that, because it is remote, the place must be cheap, tourists who have never been there before, and come because it is new, and tourists who love the place because they know it, or who come prepared to love it for the sake of its traditions, or of the poetic setting which has made them familiar. It is almost impossible that these last should be disappointed, as some of the others may be. Passing through that fairest garden of England, the orchard land of Somerset and Devon; leaving behind, in their turn, the blue tors of Dartmoor, with their richly coloured and picturesquely accentuated foregrounds, it is with a feeling not far removed from dismay that the traveller sees the country becoming poorer and rougher, with, as yet, no feature that appears imposing. Trees are small and stunted, and bear evident indications of a struggle for existence. Homesteads look meaner, animals fewer and less sleek; while the ruddy fresh-complexioned inhabitants of the regions to the eastward give place to others, with faces of the sharp, sallow Keltic type, varied here and there by one so very dark and Spanish that



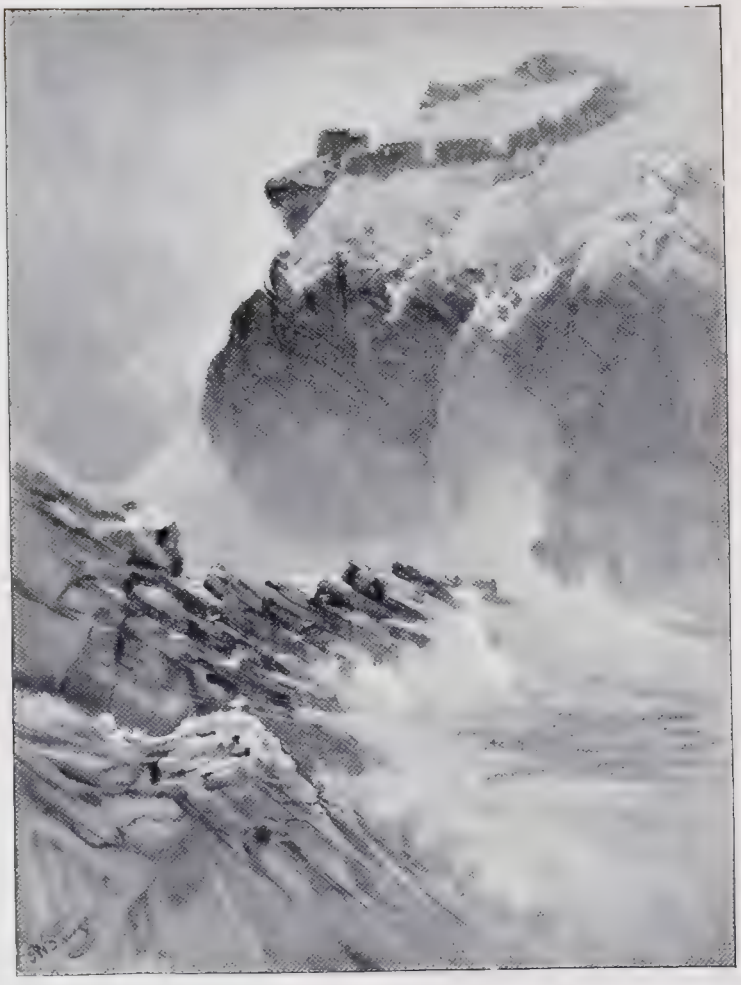
The Pathway to the Castle, Tintagel.
From a Drawing by F. W. Sturge.

memories of wrecked seamen of the Armada arise at the sight.

On leaving the railway and driving from the station at Camelford, the same sense of disillusion continues for a time. Stretches of meagre upland pasture or belated cornfields roll on to the foot of the Cornish hills, the two chief of which are Brown Willy, the golden hill, and Row Tor, the red hill; or otherwise the hill of watching, and the king's hill; etymologies, like other things Keltic, being vague and full of latent romance. There is a brisk keenness in the air, apt to be characterized as "cold" or "bracing" according to the habit of him who faces it.

Then the road descends lower and yet lower; great walls, strongly buttressed, support, more or less effectually, high piled masses, the débris of slate quarries and worked-out mines. The pass is narrow, and seems filled with shade, but ferns and stonecrop push out from every crevice, and pale violets bloom, with such other wayside flowers as can forego the sunlight.

Almost one expects to find a frontier blockhouse, or to be met by an armed guard, at the point where the road narrows and the walls meet overhead. Then it widens again, and the ascent, by no means gradual, begins.



Tintagel—"Half in Sea, high on Land."
From a Drawing by F. W. Sturge.

When the top is reached it may be that a sea fog infolds all things; so fulfilling the myth that, from time to time, King Arthur's land becomes invisible! Patience and much imagination may console the ideal traveller even in a sea fog.

But, if the fair, clear Cornish sky shines down upon the scene, it is well-nigh impossible for those even to whom it is most familiar to repress some expression of admiration, and an ever-new surprise.

A great sheet of sea is spread out so far below that it broadens beyond the wont of sea views. It is, whether in calm or storm, full of marvellous reflections. White foam dashes high, curling round tall brown spires or turf-capped islets of rock in the foreground. On either hand, fading into paler distance, rises headland after headland, from the long spit of Hartland on the right to the high bluff of Trevose—standing out beyond Pentire—which closes the curved coast-line on the left.

The land is a wide high plain, broken by many seaward glens, and gleaming white with farms and hamlets, as it rises gradually to the golden, gorse-covered uplands of the moor—called the King's Down. One deep winding cleft leads down to Trebarwith Strand—a yellow rock-strewn beach, where the tide rolls back far, and gives opportunity for points of view different from those to be attained on the higher level, and more extensive than any afforded by the narrower coves on either side.

Farther to the right is the "Island," so called, the high rocky peninsula, which has, indeed, the form and appearance of an insulated crag, though a neck, too narrow to allow two persons to pass abreast, connects it with the mainland. On the plateau which surmounts this great crag, having an extent of some thirty acres, stood the donjon keep and chapel of King Arthur's castle, "Tintagel, half in sea and high on land; a crown of towers." A drawbridge, hung high above the neck,



Evening—Tintagel Castle.
From a Drawing by F. W. Sturge.



Bossiney Haven.
From a Drawing by F. W. Sturge.

brought these into connection with the rest of the castle buildings, the site of which, on a precipitous crag, it must have been easy to fortify strongly; while the keep itself, with its single narrow access, must have been well-nigh impregnable by art or skill less potent than those of "Mage Merlin." Was it there, or on the more accessible landward side, that Isult of Ireland waited in her bower for the minstrel knight, doubly false, who came thither to his doom, bringing the carcanet of the dead Innocence? In which of these heaps of grassy ruins, where the sheep clamber, lie the stones of Arthur's hall, whence the knights went forth, to north and south, to west and mystic east, on the quest of the Sangraal? Who now is able to gaze on these grey witnesses of a mythic past without emotion! How does the imagination lose itself on that which has been, and on that which is! Mighty masses, one with the rock, and refusing to be parted from it, have plunged down to the deep. Strong walls, sheer with the cliff's face, yet remain, seeming to defy the forces of storm and time. With much scrambling the firm-footed may descend to the sea, and, the waves curling up to his feet, make choice among the legends, with little of the Higher Criticism to hinder.

He stands where stood Merlin and his master, Bleys, when, descending from the castle, "on the night when Uther in Tintagel passed away," they "Beheld so high upon the dreary deeps, it seemed in heaven a ship . . . and gone as soon as seen" among the mists of the dismal night, "in which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost." He may see, as they saw,

> "Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
> Till last a ninth one, gathering half the deep,
> And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged,
> Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame."

and, if the magic of the poet works on him, he may half look to find in the ninth wave the "naked babe" borne to his feet, and lying there "In the fringe of the great breaker, the 'Crown of Towers' is laid low, the knights are dust, and their good swords are rust," and "Truth is this to me and that to thee."

But yet there is a soul in things; and, as the poet brings back to all that mythic story the breath of life, and makes plain the identity of motive and struggle and temptation in a common humanity, so does the painter show us the living soul in that grand complex nature which endures.

Looking out upon the castle ruins stands the old grey church on the headland. To the not remote descendants of "The Heathen" whom King Arthur defeated and subdued to the "obedience of the Faith" belongs the building of the long, low Saxon nave and chancel, with outward bulging walls, built so for strength or symbolism—"A sign: beneath the ship we stand." Long transepts of later date bring it to "The mystic measure of the Cross," "the builder's holiest form"; here

> "Window and wall have lips to tell
> The mighty faith of days unknown."

They tell it in a somewhat ravelled symbolism, to which there are yet clues enough.

Strongly buttressed against the gales, a history in stone, the church is a possession which the possessors, as a whole, scarcely value at its worth, being mightily attracted by some homely charm, or perhaps by the privilege of preaching to each other, which is offered by the different denominations whose various Zions, of unvarying ugliness, are scattered among the hamlets.

Round the church, beacon of warning to mariners, as are so many on that relentless coast, there yet lie, among the parishioners, many to whom the warning came too late.

The gravestones, buttressed like the church against the force of the Atlantic gales, bear, among all the local names, from the "Tre, Pol, and Pen," to the not less local, though more plebeian, Brown or Symons, some names that are by no means local, while other graves are perforce nameless. Over them all the wild thyme creeps thickly, and the wild bees fill the air with their hum as they rifle its blossoms.

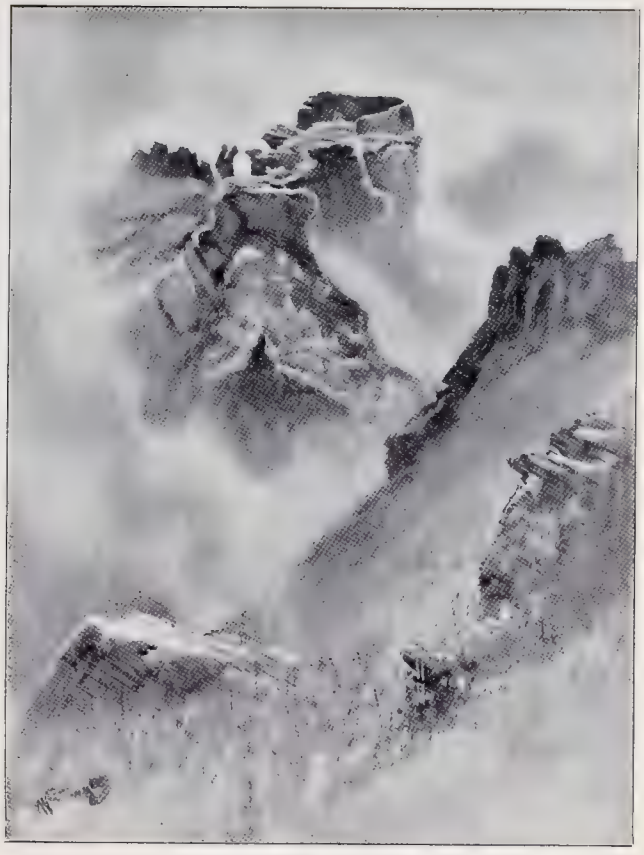
"A wind-swept spot," as one may, on a Sunday, hear the tourists remark, with a surprising monotony of comment; but, perhaps because of that, a pre-eminently peaceful and hope-inspiring place of rest. It is as if all

meaner suggestions of death and the grave were swept away by those pure, keen airs.

In the hollow behind the headland are some rare trees —rare in the sense that, save in the deeper glens, the country is practically treeless. Here, sheltered by ever-green oaks and sycamores and guarded by "Igdrasil," the mystic ash of the Druids, stands the Vicarage, as archaic, well-nigh, as its surroundings. Here are the columbarium and fish-ponds which supplied food to the monastery, the remains of the walls of which blend with the more modern portions of the building.

A few yards from the door the sparkling waters of a brook flow to the glen, one of the many streams that, tinkling over their pebbly bed, "march in music to the sea," falling, with final crash, over the cliff's face.

The village of Trevena, standing on either side of a wide, well-kept road, narrowing soon to the precipitous pathway leading to the castle, is modern and trim. Thriving greatly on the tourist, it presents for him few points of antiquarian interest. Of interests of another sort there can be no lack in a community of simple folks, with strongly marked characters and distinguishing racial qualities. Two or three of the cottages with strong thick walls and deep buttresses have an interest as rare survivals of a type of domestic architecture in the Middle Ages. The most remarkable of these, known as the Old Post-Office, has been restored and refitted under the highest architectural advice, and is, both without and within, suggestively picturesque.



Tintagel—"Cliffs by Clouds unvalued."
From a Drawing by F. W. Sturge.

The makers of the Arthurian legend, having, as we may suppose, at their disposal long stretches of the "once upon a time," have done well to fix it, as they have done, at the moment when Rome, "the slowly fading mistress of the world," was yet in every way making her influence felt, and bringing forces to bear, with results vital to us all to-day. Those stories may be true or false, but they help us, through all the naïveté of mediæval anachronism, to perceive the unity of our history. And the painter's work is not different. It tells even more plainly of continuity. Things have been, and have ceased to be; or they have never been and fancy has created them; but so much in nature has endured. The same sea-birds circled, crying round the cliffs till the clang of the besiegers scared them away; the same larks sang, poised high over the turf of the "lands"; the same "many-twinkling smile" dimpled the face of the sea, chased by the cloud shadows, and changing into myriad-tinted reflections.

The same sea-pinks and rose and white campions starred the glens, the same gorse and heather made the uplands glow when Guinevere and her ladies rejoiced in the summer. The same wild winds blew round the cliffs, rending and struggling, on the December night when Queen Isult parted weeping from Tristram on "Tintagel's surge-beat hill." But again, those huge blocks, poised high on the slopes of Willapark, to the right of the castle, tell a tale of change. "Fragments of an earlier world," logans which rock no more, they lie about, just as the grinding, slipping ice-cap left them caught and stranded, when it tumbled over and sank into the sea, dragging with it countless others borne from the slopes of the upland tors, to lie for how many thousand years where they fell, among fragments torn from the cliff face by the force of buffeting gales and disintegrating frosts; smoothed or fretted by the tides of ages; bearing over their surface, and in each rift and fold, life of mollusc and insect and strange reptile, and overrun by a microscopic vegetation from whence result tints, at once the delight and the despair of the artist.

Bossiney town, a royal borough once, eight or nine small cottages to-day, stands overlooking the deep glen of the Rocky Valley. Close to "The Court," a farmhouse, once the manor, is a "Rath," or ring-shaped fortress-mound of prehistoric origin, the civic centre in later days; up the slopes of which donkeys scramble in search of succulent thistles.

But here he who watches out the eve of St. John, may find his eyes delighted by the vision of The Round Table, rising slowly, all pure gold, from the hollow centre. So they say!



The Old Post-Office, Tintagel.
From a Drawing by F. W. Sturge.

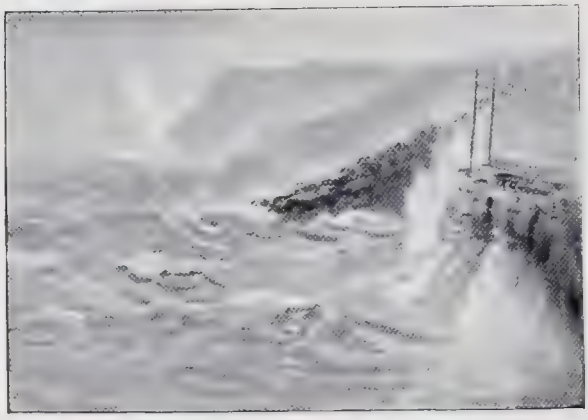
From the undulating stretches of turf which crown the cliff, Bossiney "Lands," a rugged footpath descends abruptly to the Cove. It is garlanded with blossoms, ferns and creepers, which hang clustered high above the waves, as if the salt spray was grateful to them. Deep caves pierce the rocks and archways, through which shafts of light penetrate.

Beyond the next headland a beautiful little stream comes rustling down the Trevellet valley from its cascade at St. Nechtan's Kieve, where dwelt the holy hermit who there received and ratified the vows of the seekers for the Graal.

All around this North Cornish coast, as elsewhere in our land, the beauty of legend and tradition, of historic association and spiritual interpretation, give an added charm to the more immediately obvious beauty of form and colour, of light and shade in the landscape. But nowhere are these two sources of beauty more fully complementary the one to the other, and in no place have each received at the hands of the "makers" who interpret them for us, work more inspired, more reverent, or more satisfying to him who brings to the study of them something of the seer's gift: who can

> "Let visions of the night or of the day
> Come as they will; and many a time they come,
> Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
> This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
> This air that smites his forehead is not air,
> But vision."

J. RANKEN.



Tintagel Cove in a Gale.
From a Drawing by F. W. Sturge.



"Air."



"Music."



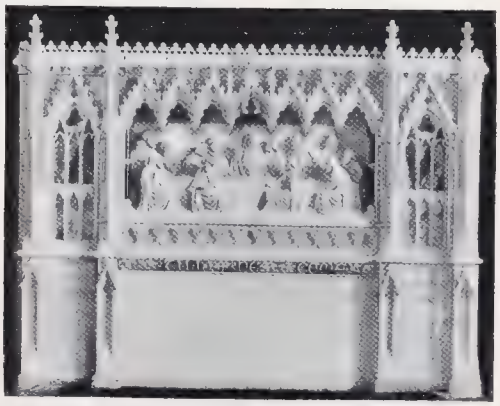
"Earth."
Designs for Windows.
By W. Glasby.

INDUSTRIAL ART.

A NEW Exhibition—one deserving every encouragement from the art-loving public—was opened last month at 9, Harrington Road, South Kensington. The new gallery is not, however, intended for the exhibition of pictures, and for this purpose, indeed, it would be unnecessary, for painters, amateur and professional, have already ample opportunities for showing their canvases. The Permanent Gallery of Decorative Art is, as its name implies, intended exclusively for the reception of the work of decorative artists—workers in metal, in glass, in plaster, or in wood—and of designs of every kind. The idea is a good one, for decorative artists have hitherto had but little opportunity of bringing their work before the notice of the public at exhibitions, as those of the Arts and Crafts Society are only held triennially, and comparatively few examples of purely decorative work are given places either at the Academy or the New Gallery. The organizers of the Permanent Gallery of Decorative Art hope to do much more than merely to



A Sea Chariot—Panel in relief.
Designed by Miss E. M. Rope.



Reredos erected at the New Church of St Barnabas,
Clapham Common



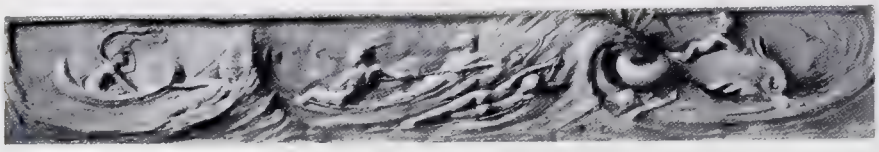
"Day."—Design for Window. By W. Glasby.



"Night."—Design for Window. By W. Glasby.

try and sell the things sent to them for exhibition; they hope that not only the general public will be induced to visit the gallery, but manufacturers also, who can there make the acquaintance of the work of young designers. Every endeavour will be made to obtain commissions for decorative work; a register of the names and addresses of exhibiting artists will be kept for reference, and visitors will be admitted to the gallery free of charge. At the time of writing these notes, the arrangement of the exhibition was not quite complete, and anything in the shape of a critical notice cannot therefore be given. Among the most noticeable things, however, in the first exhibition at the Permanent Gallery of Decorative Art are examples of stained and painted glass by Mr. Glasby, Miss E. M. Rope's low-relief panels and friezes, bookbinding by Miss Evelyn Underhill, furniture by Mr. Spooner, ornamented woodwork by Mrs. Douglas Watson, and stained glass by Miss Lowndes. There are some good designs, too, by Mr. Charles Dawson, Miss Hilda Pemberton, and others. Some of the exhibits of Miss E. M. Rope and Mr. Glasby are shown in the illustrations which accompany these notes. But the photograph, unfortunately, cannot reproduce the rich and beautiful colour which is one of the distinguishing qualities of Mr. Glasby's work. The Permanent Gallery of Decorative Art, although not in that part of London where exhibitions most abound, is nevertheless peculiarly convenient of access. It is within a stone's throw of South Kensington Station, and in close proximity, therefore, to the Museum.

The elaborately carved reredos, of which an illustration is given on the previous page, has been erected in the new church of St. Barnabas, Clapham Common, recently opened by the Bishop of Rochester. The reredos, which is of Caen stone inlaid with polished alabaster, was designed by Messrs. W. and C. A. Bassett Smith, and the sculptured group, "The Lord's Supper," and the richly-carved canopies, were executed by Mr. Thomas Rudge.



Panel in relief for Overmantel.
Designed by Miss E. M. Rope.

SOME AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

THE autumn tide of Exhibitions scarcely slacked during the month of November. As many shows opened then as in October: shows of all kinds, large and small, one-man shows, and miscellaneous collections. Out of all these the newest and most notable were, perhaps, the vast gathering of lithographs at South Kensington, and the grand display of the almost forgotten Fragonards at the Old Bond Street Galleries. The first was the most important of the general exhibitions, the second may be called the chief of the one-man shows.

Between two and three thousand lithographs were brought together, at South Kensington, to celebrate the centenary of the lithographic process. The exhibition was, of course, international, and included almost every kind of lithograph and autolithograph, coloured and

monochrome, artistic and commercial. A great part of the older work was, most probably, put on stone for reproductive purposes, for the multiplication of copies of pictures or portraits of interest. But amongst this older work one could discover much that was artistic and of value either for its beauty or for its historical association with great names. Here we may mention, for instance, the names of Cotman, Daumier, Decamps, Fragonard, Delacroix, Goya, Flaxman, Gericault, H. Vernet, and T. Bewick. We could easily treble this list of names, and still leave out a good many that ought to be mentioned. 'Tigre Royal,' and 'Lion devouring a Horse,' by Delacroix, seemed good examples both of this artist's imagination and of the character of the lithography in use in his time. The 'Lion devouring a Horse' is the freer of the two, and it was executed by the painter after his own picture.

Good as the older work is, and especially the grand caricatures of Daumier, one cannot help feeling more in sympathy with work nearer to the spirit of recent art. Many men of our times use lithography with a sense of the style and the beauty indicated by the capabilities of the material itself. The medium excels in slight but broad suggestions of tone and colour, and at the same time in a soft, velvet-like quality of line. To perceive this one had but to look at the work of Messrs. Whistler, Legros, Fantin-Latour, J. Pennell, Oliver Hall, Strang, C. H. Shannon, Anquetin, Lunois, Renouard, and a great many others. Mr. Fantin produces the effect of a full-tone gallery picture without, however, forcing the medium to express more than it should in the way of detail, modelling, and the suggestions of colour. Mr. Legros draws as firmly as he does with the gold point, but with a softer, broader line. Mr. Pennell and Mr. Hall treat open-air subjects, landscape and architecture with great delicacy of touch and an effect of light and atmosphere. If we except Mr. Whistler, who admits the merest whiff of it, none of these men use colour in lithography. Many foreigners use it, however, in a bold conventionalized manner, very different from the pretentious realism of ordinary chromo-lithography. Our men would not do amiss if they tried to give us something as coloured as the works of Charpentier, Steinlein, Carlos Grethe, and other Continental artists. Amongst the more rigid examples of reproductive lithography, we remarked a vast collection of prints after pictures of the Royal Family, chiefly executed by Mr. J. A. Vintner. That of the Duchess of Kent seemed to us the best and most artistic.



Miss May Alexander.
By J. McNeill Whistler.

A Painting commenced many years ago, interrupted in its early progress by the illness of the young lady, and never taken up again. The work is of the same date as the better-known picture of the sister, "Miss Alexander."

At Messrs. Agnew's Gallery one had the privilege of seeing ten or twelve unusually large works by Fragonard, which have been buried out of sight since the French Revolution in the little southern town of Grasse. These splendid and palatial panels give one an unexpected view of the delicate Fragonard, the painter of fans and small idylls; a view that shows him a superb decorator, able to handle paint with vigour and dexterity in work upon a large scale. True, the subject suits him, as doubtless it suited Madame Du Barry, for whom these illustrations of 'Le Roman d'Amour de la Jeunesse' were originally painted. But it must not be supposed that Fragonard has treated this work in a mannered, flat, purely decorative style. He gives proof, on the contrary, of his ability to see nature and to use it for himself as a basis of decorative work. He shapes his trees with truth as well as with style; he draws and models as well as he places and plants things on the canvas. In a word, his style is no mere empty formula, but a method of organizing certain essential facts of nature that suit the sentiment of his scheme.

We wish we could say sincerely that the exhibition at the New English Art Club contained anything like the work of Fragonard, anything in which style was so happily united to knowledge of craftsmanship and observation of nature. For we wish well to the Club, if not for the sake of the present show, which cannot be called very good, then at least for the bravery and

sincerity displayed in many past exhibitions. It is not that the show lacks a dozen or more excellent works, but that nothing stands out in the first rank as superior or equal to the best pictures of previous years. Messrs. Brabazon, A. Tomson, B. Priestman, B. Sickert, W. Sickert, Macgregor, Steer, C. H. Shannon, and M. Fisher drew most of our attention; but Messrs. Muirhead, Halkett, F. Mura, Strang, A. W. Rich, G. Thomson, W. W. Russell, A. L. Baldry, J. W. Bottomley, Buxton Knight, W. H. Bell, as well as Miss A. Fanner and Miss Ethel Walker, did something to increase our interest in the exhibition.

Some of these painters lean to the decorative side of painting, and think exclusively of poetic formula and the charms of elegant arrangement. Others nourish a genuine love of nature, whether of structure or of aspect, but scarcely express their view with power or grace. Here, for instance, is Mr. Muirhead, who has all the loose breadth and general tranquillity of a great master, but none of his depth of space, variety of *nuance*, subtlety of construction. Here, on the other hand, is Mr. Baldry, who has the respect for nature, the love of construction, the patient interest, in fact, of some other great man, but none of his inspired gift of artistic synthesis, his pervading sentiment, his inspired eye for the necessary and the unnecessary or troublesome fact. Under these two heads, with some few exceptions, we may class, in greater or less degree, the whole of the exhibitors. Yet we must neither overlook these exceptions nor forget that in most exhibitions we find such shortcomings still more evidently displayed.

Mr. Brabazon is one of the exceptions to the general tendencies of the New English Art Club. He is a true artist, well balanced between the wonders of nature and the beauties of art. One may say this, perhaps, with all the more assurance, since he appears at the Goupil Galleries only as a sketcher from nature. For we can observe his attitude to nature undisturbed by any whisperings and suggestions of traditional treatment that might have come to him in the quiet contemplative hours of studio composition. His flower-like colour is an arrangement of atmospheric hues combined with the finest taste, or, should one say, with the finest and broadest perception. For they are as true as they are beautiful. Mr. Brabazon never imposes his harmonies upon nature, and, if we call his colour flower-like, it is not because of its actual tints, but because of its rich yet delicate quality, and the free blotted style of its handling.

Mr. Oliver Hall is a poor colourist, as one may see at his exhibition in the Dowdeswell Gallery. He is a colourist of routine, the very opposite of Mr. Brabazon; but to make up for it he excels in the use of line. His lithographs, shown here, like his etchings at the Painter-Etchers' exhibitions, prove him nothing short of a poet in his application of a line treatment to that lineless mystery of tone, a real slice of nature. Convention is the friend of poets, and no real poet was ever afraid of it or unwilling, with it alone, to face the multitudinous beauties, subtleties, and glories of the real world.

The annual show of the Society of Portrait Painters at the Grafton opened earlier than the other exhibitions treated in this notice, but as we are fortunate enough to have secured a picture by Mr. Whistler for illustration (on the previous page) a word or two on the interesting collection must be admitted. The first room alone contained some of the most renowned work of the century—portraits by Courbet, Mr. Whistler, Prof. Legros, M. Fantin-Latour, M. Anquetin, and Edouard Manet. Courbet was shown by two heads, low in tone, warm in colour, and excellently modelled. Messrs. Fantin and Anquetin painted themselves with style and character, and Mr. Legros excelled himself in his rendering of the great sculptor, M. Rodin. It has all his directness and bold grasp of character, with more than his usual charm of colour and handling. Mr. Whistler's contribution was an unfinished lay-in of Miss Alexander, an elder sister of his celebrated Miss Alexander, with the white dress and grey felt hat. The canvas looks soft, dreamy, half realized, yet quite beautiful in arrangement. One remarked specially the wonderful variety of tone in the small yellow flowers standing in a jar on the left. Besides these great works the gallery contained splendid busts by M. Rodin, especially his 'W. E. Henley, Esq.,' and fine pictures by Messrs. Besnard, Lavery, E. A. Walton, J. Collier, Lorimer, G. F. Watts, E. Wauters, and several others.

The Tooth mixture contains, as ingredients, works of Anglo-Saxon artists of some merit and some standing, and also the clever pictures of foreigners, skilful on the whole rather than inspired. The show was quite up to or above the usual level, and it was crowned by three great pictures, original in their poetic impulse and magisterial in their consummate execution. They were 'Ville d'Avray' and 'The Seine at Charenton,' by Corot, and 'On the Oise,' by Daubigny. This art is now so well known and recognised in England that we need not describe at length these examples, although they are good of their kind and thoroughly characteristic of the work of the two best landscape painters in our century. Mr. H. B. Davis was represented by his upright 'On the Upper Wye,' a strong description in the prose of painting of a bit of nature seen at first hand. Among the larger canvases we noted Mr. Logsdail's 'Venetian al Fresco.' Painted in 1886, it was a worthy beginning, in spite of hardness and that lack of concentration which somewhat spoiled his 'Piazza of St. Mark's.' Unhappily, Mr. Logsdail has not corrected these faults, while he has lost something of the earnest study of character which this work displays. Mr. Boughton showed a pretty fancy in his figure 'A Sad Heart wearies in a Mile,' and Mr. J. Reid a firm grasp of the large facts and the tranquil atmospheric envelope of nature in his 'Rural Retreat,' a picture painted in 1879. Fair work of various kinds came from Messrs. W. Maris, A. D. Reid, Wimperis, Seymour Lucas, Peraire, Jettel, Van Marcke, Douzette, Roybet, Miss Clara Montalba, and a few more.

In the place of honour at Mr. Maclean's Gallery stood Munkacsy's 'In the Nursery'; near it hung Mr. Brangwyn's 'Passing Storm—Venice.' Compared with Mr. Brangwyn's broad, comfortable harmony in low tone, Munkacsy's noisy pinks and slimy browns look uneasy and almost vulgar. Neither of the canvases shows a refined subtlety in representing nature; but Mr. Brangwyn makes no pretension to anything but a decorative rendering, and this he certainly attains, while the other man, aiming at both style and truth, has hit neither. One of the best, or perhaps the best, thing here was Mr. J. M. Swan's landscape, with figure, painted on the plain near Chailly-en-Biere. It was exhibited in an Academy of the seventies; the only picture of his ever shown at Burlington House before his 'Prodigal Son.' With an elegant and careful treatment of the detail in the figure and the plants in the rocky foreground, it combines an adequate expression of space, air, and distance.

Mr. Alfred East, Mr. R. Bunny, Mr. J. F. Sullivan, and the late Charles Green were represented by one-man shows at the Fine Art Society. Mr. East's water-colours were elegant in manner, various in subject, and perhaps a trifle superficial in quality. Mr. Bunny showed a selection of coloured monotypes printed on paper from a painting made on a metal plate. The workmanship was loose and sketchy, but by no means disagreeable in colour. Charles Green's work deserved attention; it was careful in most cases, even in those water-colours which contained too many figures and too much anecdote. One or two studies from the nude showed him at his best. Mr. Sullivan's black and white was purely illustrative of incident, for the most part of a burlesque character.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.

PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS AT THE WHITWORTH INSTITUTE.

IN order to mark in a special way the opening of the Third Gallery of the Whitworth Institute at Manchester, a special Loan Exhibition of water-colour and oil paintings has been arranged under the powerful council which is presided over by Sir William Agnew.

This collection is one of the best ever brought together in Manchester, famous, since 1857, for its Art Treasures Exhibition. The drawings are particularly strong, and many of the finest examples of English water-colour work are here exhibited. Sir William Agnew contributes a large number from his private collection, and most of the senior collectors around Manchester lend works of the first order.

Rossetti is represented in oils by his beautiful 'Paolo and Francesca' and 'La Donna della Finestra'; and among the drawings we find 'Dante meeting Beatrice,' and 'Horatio discovering the madness of Ophelia.' George Mason's 'Derbyshire Landscape Evening,' is a splendid example of that artist's work. Fred Walker is represented by one oil-painting, 'The Wayfarers,' and by three water-colours, 'Autumn' (which we reproduce here), 'The Well,' and the first sketch for the famous 'Harbour of Refuge,' now in the Tate Gallery. Sir J. E. Millais's 'School Teacher,' 'The Three Sisters,' and 'The Minuet' (water-colour); Lord Leighton's 'Nerucia,' and 'Pastoral,' and Albert Moore's 'Musician' are all interesting. Among the works of living artists, Mr. G. F. Watts is seen to advantage in his 'Juno, Minerva, and Venus on Mount Ida,' 'Briseis,' 'Aurora,' 'When Poverty comes in at the Door,' 'Love and Death,' 'Sir Percival,' and 'The Hay Stacks, Beachy Head,' and Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. G. H. Boughton, Mr. E. J. Gregory, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. David Murray, and Mr. Briton Riviere are also represented. Among the elder men, Turner's 'Ivy Bridge, Devon,' Constable's 'Salisbury Cathedral,' William Dyce's 'Beatrice,' four works by John Linnell, Bonington's 'View on the Seine,' David Cox's 'Conway Castle,' Hoppner's 'Portrait of a Young Girl,' Sir Thos. Lawrence's 'Mrs. Louisa Lushington,' and William Etty's 'Venus,' are deserving of mention.



Autumn. By Fred Walker.
By permission of Sir William Agnew, Bart.

Beside the water-colours already noticed there is a very fine series of Eastern landscape studies by Mr. Holman Hunt, and the beautiful 'Cupid and Psyche,' by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Turner is represented by no less than twenty-six drawings, of which his 'Chryses' is very fine, and John Cozens, David Cox, Peter de Wint, George Barret, John Varley, Samuel Prout, Copley Fielding, William Müller, William Hunt, Thomas Girtin, David Roberts, Sir John Gilbert, also Madame Rosa Bonheur, Mr. Birket Foster, Mr. McWhirter, and Mr. Alma Tadema, are among the many famous names that appear in the Catalogue of Drawings.

PASSING EVENTS.

MR. E. J. GREGORY, R.A., in succeeding Sir James Linton as President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, is brought into that public prominence which thorough and conscientious work (such as this distinguished artist's) does not always bring. In THE ART JOURNAL Royal Academy number, June 1897, the frontispiece was Mr. Gregory's 'Boulter's Lock,' which is now in the collection of Mr. Charles Galloway of Knutsford. This gentleman has almost a museum of Mr. Gregory's works, owning upwards of ninety of his best examples.

ARRANGEMENTS are in progress for the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1901, and Committees and Sub-Committees have been appointed in connexion with the Fine Art Section. Sir Francis Powell, P.R.S.W., and Mr. Robert Crawford are the joint conveners of this section, with Mr. William Bilsland as vice-convener. The heads of the sub-committees are as follows:—Oil paintings, Mr. James Muir; Water-colours, Pastels, and Miniatures, Mr. A. K. Brown; Black and White, Mr. John Undie; Sculpture and Architecture, Mr. F. H. Newbery; Art Objects, Mr. James Fleming; photography, Mr. J. Craig Annan. The exhibits will form a loan collection—no works will be for sale—and will be representative of artists, both British and Foreign, who live or have lived in the nineteenth century. The collection will be placed in the New Art Galleries now being erected, which, along with other temporary structures, will form the International.

THE Fragonard Room at the galleries of Messrs. Agnew will long be remembered. The room in which the panels hang has been transformed to make the proper setting, and it is hard to keep from rubbing one's eyes after leaving nineteenth-century Bond Street. How perfectly this kind of illusion may be suggested is felt in visiting such a room, for instance, as Mr. George McCulloch's Burne-Jones chamber. There can be no doubt that the joy of living is enhanced by the harmonious choice of beautiful decoration.

MR. JOHN T. MIDDLEMORE, who has made such a magnificent offer to the Birmingham Corporation Art Gallery, may be described as standing in a class of his own. The art benefactor, as a rule, is a gentleman possessing overflowing art treasures, out of the plenitude of which he is moved to make timely gifts. Mr. Middlemore's plan is much more direct. In his own words his method is best described:—"I buy pictures chiefly to give away; not to keep. Therefore my private collection is limited to three Holman Hunts, a Watts, and a couple of unknown, though not very wonderful, sketches by Burne-Jones."

THE late Mr. J. G. Orchar, of Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, has left his collection to the burgh of Broughty Ferry, on the death of his widow, who is given a life interest in the pictures.

THE Scarborough Advertising Committee offer prizes to the value of £60 for the most suitable design for a Poster to advertise the attractions of the Town as a Watering Place and Health Resort. Designs must be sent to the Secretary of the Advertising Committee, Town Hall, Scarborough, before March 23rd.



"In Manus Tuas, Domine." By Briton Riviere, R.A.
By permission of the Council of the Art Union of London.

MR. C. O. MURRAY has recently executed a powerful etching after Mr. Briton Riviere's well-known picture, 'In Manus Tuas, Domine,' which we reproduce here. The plate is being presented by the Art Union of London to its Subscribers, and forms a worthy successor to the excellent plates already published by the Society. Mr. Murray, whose work frequently appears in THE ART JOURNAL, is to be congratulated on this successful etching.



Madame H. Ronner's Studio.
From "Dutch Painters of the 19th Century."

RECENT ARTISTIC PUBLICATIONS.

"DUTCH PAINTERS OF THE 19TH CENTURY" (Sampson Low) embraces twelve prominent artists of the one country in the world which at present can point to a consistent and excellent school of painting. Holland stands almost alone in high-class modern work, and this volume, illustrated with etchings and reproductions well printed and well set out, contains chatty interviews by different writers of a dozen fairly well-known artists. It must be remarked, however, that Israels is the only one of the great modern Dutch artists noticed, and the article on him is the least well done of the series. Mauve and James Maris are only mentioned incidentally, and Matthew Maris is positively ignored. There is said to be an influential but very provincial clique in Holland which objects to the adulation heaped by Britain and America on the painters Maris and Mauve, and this volume gives colour to the assertion. Messrs. Sampson Low have arranged to follow this excellent book by one giving similar accounts of all the three Maris brothers, of Mauve—who, though dead, has greatest influence of all—of Tholen, Blommers, Neuhuys, and the rest.

Professor Gustavo Uzielli has lately published a second edition of his Researches on Leonardo da Vinci: "RICERCHE INTORNO A LEONARDO DA VINCI," Serie Prima, Vol. I. (Turin, E. Loescher, 1896). The title of this book, "Leonardo da Vinci e sua Famiglia," is as slightly related to its contents as were Leonardo's life and career to any member of his family (he was not married, and was the natural son of a Florentine official). Professor Uzielli is, we understand, a learned geologist; but the numerous scientific studies in Leonardo's manuscripts, on which the Professor could most probably speak with authority, seem to have attracted him less than has his artistic work, about which he has some very curious theories; it must be acknowledged, however, that his researches have brought to light matter which is of considerable interest to the specialist.

"THE YEAR'S ART, 1899" (Virtue) is more than usually full of interesting information. The portraits of distinguished Private Collectors (headed by Mr. George McCulloch), and succinct particulars of their chief possessions, make a permanent record of facts which have considerably more than a present-day value. A novel feature is provided in the details of the chief pictures sold by artists at recent public exhibitions. With regard to the rest of the book, new lamps have taken the place of the old, and all the facts and particulars burnished up. "THE YEAR'S MUSIC, 1899," is no unworthy sister to the foregoing, and Mr. A. C. R. Carter has endeavoured to make it equal in interest to "The

Year's Art." It has now become the acknowledged official annual of Music, and the authorised lists of properly qualified Musical Graduates should be found very useful. A bibliography of musical literature issued during the year is well done.

The publishing firm of Signor Ulrico Hoepli, of Milan (which has issued several hundreds of small handbooks to the arts and sciences), has lately added to its list two very useful and comprehensive guide-books: "L'AMATORE DI OGGETTI D'ARTE E DI CURIOSITÀ," edited by Signor de Mauri, and another on Majolica. The half of the first book treats—in 318 closely printed pages—on painters and engravers, and includes well-arranged alphabetical lists of the old masters. The other part covers nearly the same ground as Labarte's celebrated "Histoire des Arts Industriels." These handbooks may be recommended as useful companions to travellers in Italy.

Of new editions of the biographies of artists, special mention must be made of "FREDERIC, LORD LEIGHTON," by E. Rhys, and "SIR ED. BURNE JONES," by J. Malcolm Bell. Both these volumes (Bell) have new illustrations and some additional interesting matter, the latter being a small work for reference.—"NOTICES ET DISCOURS," by E. Guillaume (Paris, May), are brilliant lectures on C. Blanc, Baudry, J. Alarix, and Barye, by one of the cleverest art writers in France.

Among the visitors of the smaller towns of Italy, there are not a few who would welcome a detailed and well-digested account of such highly interesting places as Siena, Perugia, and several others, in which it has become the custom to make a stay of a week or of even a longer time. A well-arranged and well-written book answering such a purpose is "THE STORY OF PERUGIA," by Margaret Symonds and Lina Duff Gordon, illustrated by M. Helen James (London: J. M. Dent and Co., 1898). Evidently great pains have been taken in the preparation of this handy volume. The authors had to collect their materials from a number of Italian books, some very difficult to procure. As a matter of course they have not omitted to pay special attention to the numerous works of Art at and near Perugia.

A Series of eight drawings by some unknown French artist of the fifteenth century, purporting to be representations of mediæval battle scenes, and bearing the title "DER TROJANISCHE KRIEG," has been published by A. Gutbier, in Dresden, with an explanatory text by Dr. Paul Schumann. The drawings, which are on a large scale, are most accurately reproduced. There cannot be any doubt about their French origin, on account of the old French handwriting which serves to explain some of the figures. Dr. Schumann is justified in saying that these compositions were made to serve as models for tapestry.

One of the beautiful Goupil volumes, "*MARIE ANTOINETTE—THE QUEEN," has been translated from the French of M. Pierre de Nolhac by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, and published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. This is a worthy pendant to the same writer's "LA DAUPHINE," and the exquisite frontispiece in colours is a triumph of reproduction. "SACRED ART," edited by the well-known Guildhall Art Director, Mr. A. G. Temple (Cassell), relates the Bible story in pictures painted by some of the best-known modern painters. The reproductions are large and well chosen.

The Editor recommends these books as being specially worthy of purchase.

"*LONDON TYPES," by William Nicholson, with "QUATORZAINS," by Mr. Henley (Heinemann), embody the newest art with the latest poetry, and neither will be found to disappoint. "ROUND-ABOUT RHYMES," by Mrs. Dearmes (Blackie), printed in two-colour pictures, are well suited to young children, while "MORE BABY LAYS," by A. Stow and E. Calvert (E. Matthews), are for both younger and older people. "JACK THE GIANT-KILLER," illustrated by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan) is a little over-elaborate, lacking the fine simplicity of Caldecott, but drawn with commendable spirit.

Of old books re-illustrated by new artists one of the most ambitious is "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS," pictured by R. Anning Bell (Methuen), in handy shape and good print. "ROBINSON CRUSOE" has sixteen well-drawn illustrations by C. E. Brock (Service), and "LITTLE MASTERPIECES," from the same house, contains a good portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne. "*THE ILLUSTRATED SOUVENIR OF THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION" (Heinemann) is a collection of beautiful reproductions by Messrs. Hentschel from the many good pictures exhibited last season. "*THE HANDBOOK TO THE TATE GALLERY," by E. T. Cook (Macmillan), continues the author's work commenced with the National Gallery, and includes a mass of information clearly expressed and easy of reference. "*MEMORIES OF AN OLD COLLECTOR," translated from the French of Count Tyszkiewicz by Mrs. Andrew Lang, is a charming account of the experiences of an art collector about forty years ago. "THE SINGERS," by Longfellow, has been illustrated with etchings by A. Robertson (Matthews), but they lack distinction.

Canon Thompson has prepared a most interesting, short account of the fine church in his charge, "St. Saviour's, Southwark" (Ash, Southwark), with many illustrations, giving all the points down to the re-opening ceremony after the recent restoration.

Messrs. Schuster & Loeffler, of Berlin, propose to publish a series of monographs on artists, and begin with an appreciative account of the greatest of the living German painters, Arnold Böcklin, by one of our contributors, Herr F. H. Meissner. There are a number of fair illustrations. "PHOTOGRAMS OF '98" (Dawbarn) represents in book form the best photographic work of the year, and it is, therefore, of much interest to a large and increasing class.

*Mr. F. Wilfred Lawson's dignified picture 'Christ in the House of the Pharisee,' has been engraved on wood in large size by Mr. Biscombe Gardner (60, Haymarket). Mr. Gardner has treated the subject with all the care a line engraver would in old days have given to such a work, and the success he has attained merits the warmest encouragement. Those who deplore the practical vanishment of the art of wood engraving should give serious attention to Mr. Biscombe Gardner's artistic productions.

"THE BULLETIN OF THE CITY LIBRARY OF LOWELL, MASS., U.S.A." (Vol. II., No. 1), contains an attempt to give the individual biographies of artists contained in recent periodical publications; but as the Library is not very complete—it does not contain any of the Art Annuals, admittedly the best biographies of living artists published—the idea, good in itself, is of little real use.





Madonna and Child. Ascribed to Antonio Rossellino. At South Kensington Museum.

VERROCCHIO OR LEONARDO DA VINCI?

"Stupì Andrea nel veder il grandissimo principio di Lionardo, e confortò ser Piero che lo facesse attendere; ind' egli ordinò con Lionardo ch' e' dovesse andare a bottega di Andrea; il che Lionardo fece volentieri oltre modo; e non solo esercitò una professione, ma tutte quelle ove il disegno si interveniva; ed avendo un intelletto tanto divino e maraviglioso, che essendo bonissimo geometra non solo operò nell' scultura, facendo nella sua giovanezza di terra alcuna teste di femmine che ridono, che vanno formate per l'arte di gesso, e parimente teste di putti che parevano usciti di mano d un maestro, ma nell' architettura ancora fe molti disegni. . . ."—VASARI, *"Le Vite."*

FOR the last forty years the great Italian Court of the South Kensington Museum has contained as one of its choicest, though not one of its most prominent treasures, a singularly exquisite terra-cotta group of the 'Madonna and Child' ascribed to Antonio Rossellino, and which the numerous critics and historians of art who have dealt with the Florentine Quattrocento have seemingly been content to leave under that not wholly unsuitable designation. In the Museum the work bears the following description:—"The Virgin with the Infant Saviour, ascribed to Antonio Rossellino—4495—1858." Its *provenance* is not indicated, so that it does not appear to have come, as so many other terra-cottas in the same rich series did, from the Gigli-Campana collection. The group might no doubt be traced somewhat farther back, but hardly far enough, in any case, for the purposes of the present attempted demonstration. Let us rather interrogate the 'Madonna and Child' itself, and see what its mode of conception, its style, and its technique suggest to us. But first to deal with the tacitly accepted attribution to Antonio Rossellino. No other group of the Virgin and Child absolutely in the round is ascribed to the admirably skilled, the suave and delightful Florentine sculptor, who counts among the most accomplished masters of his class working during the latter half of the Fifteenth Century. His complete mastery of this, the main branch of his art, is, however, amply proved by portrait-busts, by the detached figures of angels, and, above all, by the incomparably pure and beautiful figure of the young Cardinal of Portugal in his monument at San Miniato above Florence. Among typical achievements in the presentment of the 'Madonna and Child'

in relief are the following: The famous 'Nativity' in the Church of Montoliveto, at Naples, with that wonderful flower-chain of angels circling in joyful dance on the roof of the stable, which is so eloquently praised by Vasari; the great marble *tondo* of the Museo Nazionale (Bargello), at Florence (reproduced here), in which the same subject is represented, the marble frame-work being adorned with seraphim in high relief, alternating with stars between conventional clouds. The terra-cotta original of this last work, greatly surpassing, as might naturally be expected, the translation into marble in freshness and spontaneity of execution, was formerly in the collection of Mr. Drury-Fortnum, but is now to be found in the Quattrocento hall of the Berlin Museum, arranged a few years since by the learned director, Dr. Bode, so as to satisfy the legitimate requirements of the student, and at the same time to delight those who are chiefly concerned with the æsthetic side of the earlier Renaissance. This rare piece had, by the way, been reserved by its generous and public-spirited owner for the South Kensington Museum; but the Fates, or rather the authorities of that establishment, willed it otherwise, and it went, like so many other treasures from our collections, to Berlin. Next to it there is another not less admirable terra-cotta 'Madonna and Child,' by, or attributed to, Rossellino, but of widely divergent design and a realism more closely adhering, in its absolute *naïveté*, to Nature. The admirable *tondo* which adorns the upper part of the monument to the Cardinal of Portugal comes, perhaps, a little nearer to the South Kensington group than anything that has hitherto been mentioned. Another familiar example is the 'Vergine del Latte,' mentioned by Vasari as being in the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, above the tomb of Francesco Neri, and still to be seen in that world-famous edifice, in the right aisle of the nave. This shows the Virgin and Child, framed in a wreath of cherubim. Out of these examples may most fairly be singled out for comparison with our terra-cotta group the Drury-Fortnum *tondo* of Berlin, the identical marble *tondo* of the Bargello, and the crowning *tondo* of the Cardinal of Portugal's tomb at San Miniato. That there are marked resemblances of type between this and those, in the head of the Virgin, in the arrangement and drop of her veil, in the type of the Divine Infant, in the general aim to express, above all things, suavity and charm, is not to be denied. But let the group of the South Kensington Museum be looked at a little more closely, and it will reveal other characteristics which are not those of Rossellino, who preserves in all the exquisiteness of his polish an unquestioning *naïveté*, a notable absence of self-consciousness, which are among his greatest charms. In the first place, the South Kensington group stands forth most clearly as a quite youthful effort, and the effort, too, of an artist whose point of view is, even more markedly than that of his Florentine contemporaries under similar conditions, the point of view of the painter rather than the sculptor. Subtlety, super-subtlety, a truly marvellous skill, are exhibited in some parts of the work—in the softly-smiling face of the Madonna, in the laughing, nay, crowing, Bambino, in the wonderfully modelled, if almost painfully exaggerated, folds of the draperies covering and concealing the lower part of the Virgin's figure, except the protruding foot. Yet the whole appears tentative in its exuberance, more than a little awkward in its too manifest, though mainly successful, effort to grapple with technical difficulties. To the writer it appears as a study, a preparation, delightful in its freshness and enthusiasm, which will not be repeated by its author under precisely similar conditions.



Marble Relief—The Nativity.
By Antonio Rossellino.
In the Museo Nazionale, Florence.
Photo. Alinari Bros.

It is—or again appears to the writer to be—the creation of an artist of Rossellino's time, working under an influence akin to his, but of a younger artist, much nearer still to his beginnings, in style more tentative and experimental, in accomplishment already in some ways more remarkable. There is in the group more of what we may here pardonably call modernity—that is, of the spirit of the achieved Renaissance—than Rossellino anywhere exhibits. The draperies are not his in line or fold, the peculiar smile of the Madonna, so full of mystery, is not his; neither is her fantastic head-dress traceable to him, nor the momentariness of her relation to the Bambino, whose unrestrained joyousness is that of purely human rather than of Divine babyhood. It is the mysterious smile, however, so curiously recalling that which distinguishes the Athenian art in its ripest and latest archaic phase, which brings us to the right *milieu*, and may enable us, approaching the point by degrees, to light upon the right author. The mysterious smile, a little doubtful and disquieting in its grace, is that which we associate with the creations of Andrea Verrocchio.

That great sculptor and intermittent painter combined in himself the two divergent directions of Florentine Quattrocento art. He gives on the one hand, in his Madonnas, his female busts and portraits, his ideal heads, his *putti*, its peculiar suavity, or as the Germans more accurately put it *Anmuth*, showing on the other, in his male figures and portraits, in his dramatic reliefs, and above all in his famous equestrian statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni, its noble severity, its ascetic character, which is here tinctured by a certain harshness and even sourness of his own. The *maniera alquanto dura e crudetta* of judgment as to the claims of Verrocchio himself to be set down as the author of the terra-cotta group now under discussion, it is necessary to glance at some few of his typical works in sculpture and painting. The well-known terra-cotta relief with the 'Madonna and Child' (reproduced on p. 39) in the gallery of the Santa Maria Nuova Hospital at Florence, is his masterpiece in this style and this class of subject. It constitutes the standard by which all other things of the same class may be judged.

Well known is the marble 'Madonna and Child' in the



Photo Alinari Bros. *The Annunciation.*

Ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci. In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

which Vasari attributes to him both in sculpture and painting, is his even more in the latter than the former, because, as the Aretine biographer has it, *mediante lo studio volto l'animo alla pittura*—because having attained to the highest fame as a sculptor, he turned his mind and applied his energies to painting. It will be seen that we are concerned with him here both as sculptor, painter, and draughtsman. The 'Madonna and Child' of the South Kensington Museum appears to the writer to belong indubitably to the *bottega* of Verrocchio and to his immediate *entourage*, if not to himself. The wonderful freshness, the spontaneity and beauty of this youthful conception should, for all its manifest shortcomings, for all its easily appreciable disproportions, move us to assign it to a master, or future master, of the first rank—that is, in this case, to Verrocchio himself in his beginnings, or in the alternative to Leonardo da Vinci in that time of early youth to which Vasari refers in the quotation prefixed to these remarks. It is in fear and trembling, with the awe which the worshipper of what is truly great in art may legitimately feel in invoking so august a name, that the writer ventures on this occasion to bring it forward. And yet he feels impelled to do so by artistic instinct, by involuntary as well as voluntary processes of inference, and as the result of careful comparison. Even should this in the end be deemed an excessive audacity, some good will surely have been done by ventilating a question which has its own importance in connection with this particular period of Florentine art, and this particular group of artists.* To form any kind

Museo Nazionale of Florence,† and to this may be added a very similar, but by no means identical, terra-cotta relief from the hand, or the atelier, of the master, to be found in the South Kensington Museum, and a 'Madonna and Child with Angels,'‡ now in the collection of Mr. Quincy Shaw, of Boston, U.S.A. Authentic examples of the master are also the superb study of a naked youth in sleep, and an injured, but surprisingly powerful, bas-relief with the 'Deposition,' both of them having been identified and acquired for the Berlin Museum by Dr. Bode.

No mention need be made here of Verrocchio's great monumental works of a class with which we are not immediately concerned. But there must be kept in view, as having the closest relation to the Bambino in our group, the universally popular bronze 'Boy with the Dolphin,' which now crowns the fountain in the courtyard of the Palazzo Vecchio. There exists, clearly, a certain artistic relation between Antonio Rossellino and Verrocchio, though it is not easy to establish its exact nature. They were as nearly as possible contemporaries, Rossellino being, according to accepted dates, some eight or nine years older than Verrocchio. There is no possible comparison as concerns ardour of artistic temperament and width of view between the two men, Andrea, as the

* If no mention is made in connection with the present discussion of Lorenzo di Credi, Leonardo's companion and younger contemporary in the studio of Verrocchio, the reason is to be sought in the circumstance that his types, forms, and cast of drapery, are very clearly distinguishable from those to be noted in the terra-cotta 'Madonna and Child.' And this is so even if we turn to works in which—as notably in the early 'Madonna and Child with St. John the Baptist and St. Zeno' of Pistoja Cathedral, mentioned later on—he is still seen entirely under the domination of his master.

† A cast is in the South Kensington Museum.

‡ A cast is in the Berlin Museum.



The Annunciation.
By Leonardo da Vinci. In the Louvre.

legitimate successor in Florence of Donatello, standing on a level far higher than that to which Antonio, for all his consummate artistry, can pretend. It is mainly in the types of the Madonna and the Divine Bambino that we discover certain resemblances. It might be legitimately surmised that Rossellino, as the elder by what in youth is deemed a considerable period of years, would in such matters exert, rather than submit to, influence. On the other side is to be reckoned the consideration that Verrocchio is the stronger personality, the more creative genius. It will be remembered that Vasari credits the latter with the execution, in the period of his quite early youth, of the 'Madonna and Child' in the apex of the great monument to Leonardo Bruni, which was carried out by Bernardo Rossellino, Antonio's elder brother, in the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence. Modern criticism has not confirmed this attribution, the style of this far from attractive relief being that of the rest of the monument.

The magnificent terra-cotta relief of Santa Maria Nuova shows well the points of contrast and the points of difference between the two masters. Note the less placid and less devotional aspect of the Madonna in Verrocchio, the self-conscious and rather *sournois* half-smile, the more complicated and fantastic arrangement of the head-gear, the excess in amplitude, the too great complication in fold of the draperies, so superb nevertheless in character. Note, too, the half-suppressed yet radiant mirthfulness of the Divine Bambino, standing erect on his cushion. In our terra-cotta group at South Kensington, the type of the Madonna is essentially the same; the head-gear, as will be presently seen, is yet more fantastic, the draperies are even more complex—it might be said tortured—yet all this with a difference. The elaborate drapery arranged across the knees of the Virgin in long, deep folds of great elaboration, and modelled, searched out, in every particular, even to the fringe-like border—so much so, indeed, as rather to overwhelm the slender and sketchily treated body—constitutes one of the main points of the demonstration now sought to be made.

It will lead us aside for a moment from the consideration of our little group to that of certain paintings with which, in style and period, it appears to the writer to be intimately connected. The first among these is the much-discussed 'Annunciation,' No. 1288 (reproduced on the previous page), in the gallery of the Uffizi, to which it was brought from Montoliveto, near Florence. Strange to say, the great rival critics, Giovanni Morelli and Cavalcaselle, agreed in assigning this work to Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, painting under the influence of Leonardo, and thus necessarily placed it early in the first decade of the sixteenth century, since Ridolfo was born in 1483.

Against this conclusion of the gifted Milanese critic, supporting for once that of his opponent, the writer felt himself compelled, in the life-time of his revered friend and counsellor, strongly to protest. The North German School of Leonardo criticism, with Dr. Bode at its head, has, in the main, adhered to the attribution to Leonardo, which is to be traced back to Liphart, and dates from the incorporation of the picture in the Uffizi gallery. The long and interesting disquisition of the eminent Berlinese critic on the subject in his "Italienische Bildhauer der Renaissance" should be consulted.

Mr. Berenson has recently, in the index to his "Florentine Painters," put the 'Annunciation' down without question to Verrocchio himself.

So far from being an imitation of the mature Leonardo, executed in the first years of the Cinquecento, the Montoliveto 'Annunciation' still breathes forth unmistakably the freshness and betrays the experimental character of the Quattrocento, showing the hand of a young painter who is still seeking his way. Even though certain obvious and not easily surmountable difficulties stand in the way of the attribution to Leonardo himself, the writer believes it to be a genuine work of the early time when he was developing his style under the immediate influence and the direct supervision of Verrocchio. This influence is strongest and most obvious in the type of the Virgin, in the lightness and clearness of the flesh-painting, in the design of the sculptured marble desk or table placed in front of the Virgin, in her beautiful and rather affected hands, recalling those of the 'Bust of a Lady' at the Museo Nazionale. There is also to be distinguished, however, both in the general conception and in certain details, such as the pale blond impasto of the hair—above all, in the type, the peculiar coiffure, and the movement of the Archangel—the influence of Alessio Baldovinetti as we see him in the 'Annunciation' of the Uffizi, and in the more beautiful rendering of the same subject set in a wall in the chapel of the Cardinal of Portugal at San Miniato. What to the writer appears characteristic of the great pupil, and not of his master, is the singular refinement of the execution throughout, the fantastic beauty of the imaginative, yet not in all its points unreal, landscape,* the parterre enamelled with flowers exquisitely wrought out, as we find them in the works of Leonardo da Vinci, Lorenzo di Credi, and their imitators, but surely not in any well-authenticated example of the art of Verrocchio, whom we must still, notwithstanding the learned and ingenious *plaidoyer* of Dr. Bode, look upon as having in painting *la maniera alquanto dura e crudetta*. This parterre calls up the

* There may be noted here a beginning of that careful differentiation in the painting of trees which is so characteristic of Leonardo; as, for example, in the unfinished 'Adoration of the Magi' of the Uffizi.

prato con erbe infinite, "the meadow with plants of infinite variety" of Vasari, and the flowers in a glass of water mentioned by the Aretine biographer as being painted with wonderful perfection in a 'Madonna' which was, in his time, in the possession of Clement VII. Then we have the vivacity of the glance in the two main figures, the light imprisoned, as it were, between the eyelids, that element, too, of the feminine, completing the masculine—that is, of the divine — which is Leonardo's, but not Verrocchio's, even when he is most suave. That mystery in beauty is surely to be traced here in its beginning, which is the most distinctive and the highest quality of the pupil, though its germs, in a less subtle and more positive form, are undoubtedly to be found in the master also.

Above all, the draperies of the two figures, and more especially those of the Virgin, are of importance to the present argument. They are superabundant and overstudied, like those of the *caposcuola*, yet distinguishable from his, because the folds are sharper, deeper, more longitudinal; while those of Verrocchio, as we know him in the most typical examples of his art, are rounder, heavier in stuff, broken into shorter, shallower, and more varied folds. The draperies which swathe rather than clothe the lower limbs of the Madonna bear a quite startling resemblance to those of the terra-cotta statuette at South Kensington. In both, as well as in the figure, presently to be discussed, of the Angel attributed to Leonardo in Verrocchio's 'Baptism of Christ,' at the Accademia delle Belle Arti of Florence, they are designed and studied as they might be by a pupil of superlative excellence, from stuffs arranged with elaborate care upon the living model or the lay figure. They do not appear to be quite natural clothes, that is, to take their place as an inevitable part of the figure or of the composition. This brings us to the much discussed 'Baptism.' The view, grounded on Vasari's dramatic anecdote, that Leonardo completed his master's noble and pathetic, if a little harsh and repellent, work, by the addition, or rather the working out, of the beautiful Angel to the extreme left of the composition, has, in the eyes of many modern critics, become not a little old-fashioned.



Study of a Female Head. By Andrea Verrocchio or Leonardo da Vinci. In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

For all that, the writer feels himself constrained to adhere to it unconditionally. One might well feel inclined, with the second section of Vasari's story—so palpably improbable and fantastic—to dismiss also the first, were it not that an analysis of the picture strongly confirms the attribution to a younger and already more skilful hand of the lovely figure of the Angel. Morelli, in his last work, "Die Galerie zu Berlin," attributes the different aspect of the left side of the 'Baptism,' as compared with the right side, to differences in processes of restoration, the left side, according to him, retaining its later coating of over-painting in oils, from which the other side has been partly freed. He passes over—apparently as not being serious enough to require

refutation—Vasari's assertion that the Angel holding up draperies is from the brush of Leonardo. But surely there are radical differences, both technical and spiritual, between this figure and the rest of the composition, going far beyond any mere questions of restoration.

This angel, exquisite in the freshness of youth and beauty, is modelled with greater subtlety and a more delicate technique; the lightly curling, pale blond locks are altogether other in disposition and flow, the colour is of greater beauty and refinement, above all, the cast of the draperies, disposed with a too-anxious care, reveals another hand. Here, again, we see the too-palpable arrangement on the model, the *bravura* of excessive elaboration, the deep-cut longitudinal folds. And, above and beyond all this, is it not felt that the figure attributed to Leonardo, for all its superior beauty, its genuine pictorial quality, is not an integral part of the picture, as all the rest is? It is and remains a study, an "*académie*" of the utmost finish and beauty, but not more than this.

It is fortunately unnecessary to discuss at the same length the little 'Annunciation' of the Louvre (reproduced on p. 36), formerly put down to Lorenzo di Credi, but now, with a remarkable consensus of opinion, recognised as a work of Leonardo da Vinci's youth. Its relation to the Uffizi 'Annunciation,' notwithstanding certain easily recognisable references, is so obvious as to need no emphasizing. But, instead of placing it a little before this last-named work, the writer inclines to place it, for all its youthful freshness, a little after; there is far more of Leonardo, as he afterwards developed himself, a far less anxious leaning on his master and on contemporary Florentine art. The conception is simplified and rendered more appropriate by a spirit of humility and pathos, and yet loses little or nothing of its mystery and strangeness. The figure of the Virgin bowed in humble submission to the Divine message is a creation, while the Virgin of the Montoliveto picture still, in some respects, too much suggests the painfully worked-out study. The head of the Louvre Virgin is taken, as has been pointed out in various quarters, from an elaborate and most fascinating drawing (reproduced on p. 37), in the collection of the Uffizi, where it is ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, but erroneously catalogued as 'Study for a Head of the Magdalene.' The writer concurs in the more recent attribution of this beautiful study to Verrocchio, while acknowledging that there is much to be said for the more popular ascription to the greater pupil of a great master. Either way it is of the highest importance in connection with the present argument. It belongs to the series of designs by Verrocchio of which examples were to be found in Vasari's own collection; it is one of those "*teste di femmina con bell' arie ed acconciature di capelli quali per la sua bellezza Lionardo da Vinci sempre imitò*"—that is "those heads of women beautiful of aspect and in the arrangement of their hair which, by reason of their beauty, Leonardo da Vinci frequently imitated." It agrees remarkably well with the fine 'Study for a Female Head' by Verrocchio in the Malcolm collection at the British Museum, but rather less closely with the 'Head of an Angel' at the Uffizi, which is generally accepted as the type of Verrocchio's drawings of this class.* Now let this head be closely compared not only with the head of the Virgin in the Louvre 'Annunciation,' but with the head of the Virgin in our terra-cotta group at South Kensington. A remarkable resemblance in the three instances of facial type, of attitude, and of general conception will become apparent. The same mould of head, the same cast of feature, something of the same mysterious smile in all three, though with variations in degree such as are natural under the varied conditions. One point of capital importance, although it has reference to a minor matter, is the following:—The 'Study for a Female Head' of the Uffizi is adorned above the brow with a jewelled band, fastened with a brooch of pearls, supported by angels' wings. This is, apart from the addition of the wings, very like the brooch which fastens the bodice of the Virgin in Verrocchio's terra-cotta 'Madonna and Child' (reproduced opposite), at St. Maria Nuova. Our terra-cotta 'Madonna' at South Kensington wears in precisely the same place a brooch, or head-ornament, consisting of a seraph's head, with the orthodox accompaniment of three pairs of wings. This is, as nearly as possible, the ornament which clasps the mantle of the Virgin in the marble relief by Verrocchio at the Museo Nazionale, there being, however, in the latter instance, only two pairs of wings. Can any instances, save those of the 'Study of a Head' in the Uffizi and the terra-cotta 'Madonna' of South Kensington, be pointed out in which an ornament of this type appears in this unusual position? The writer is not acquainted with any other examples of precisely the same kind in Italian Quattrocento art, but will not venture to assert that none such exist.† The curious band, or plaque, tacked on to the front of the Virgin's corsage in our terra-cotta group, looks, at first sight, something like the breastplate of the Jewish high-priest, but may, after all, only be a species of *bavette* or pinafore attached to the dress. A narrower band of much the same type is to be distinguished on the bodice of the Virgin in Verrocchio's 'Madonna and Child' at Santa Maria Nuova.

One last comparison. Let the Bambino, bubbling over with laughter, of the South Kensington group, be looked at in conjunction with the mirthful *putto* of bronze—that masterpiece of Verrocchio in his suave and playful mood—which, originally ordered by Lorenzo de Medici for the Villa Careggi, now crowns the fountain in the cortile of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. Is there not the closest possible connection between the two renderings of childish mirth in its spontaneous overflow? Is not Verrocchio's *putto* the source of inspiration at which the artist who fashioned our Divine Bambino has drunk? The work of the elder master has been placed somewhere about the year 1470, and if this date be correct, which the style goes far to confirm, the terra-cotta group, of which an important element is clearly derived from it, cannot be placed earlier. This is, indeed, the date which best suits it. Leonardo, whose name the writer has ventured to invoke, would, in 1470, have been eighteen years of age.

In connection with these questions, it may not appear

* Two quite early works by Botticelli in the Uffizi, the little 'Judith with the Head of Holofernes' and the large 'Fortezza,' suggest the use by the young painter of such Verrocchio heads as these. The elaborate dressings and twistings of the hair, the structure of the heads, very strongly suggest the influence on Botticelli of the great painter-sculptor. The heads are, in these instances, beautiful in themselves, but hardly well adapted to the subjects of the pictures. The draperies arranged across the knees of the 'Fortezza' are again, in their deep sharp folds, strongly like those of the school of Verrocchio. One finds oneself wondering whether these 'Heads of Women' and these *bravura* studies of draperies were not in some sense in private circulation among the younger Florentine painters of the moment. The 'Head of an Angel,' by Verrocchio, in the Uffizi, has been used both in the 'Tobias with the three Archangels' of the Accademia at Florence, the execution of which is now on good grounds ascribed to Francesco Botticini, and in its own 'Tobias and the Angel' in the National Gallery, which is, as to its execution, a much finer example of the same school. A magnificent brush study, heightened with white, of draperies for the lower half of a seated figure—the typical example of its class—is in the Louvre, where it is, no doubt correctly, ascribed to Lorenzo di Credi. It agrees very well with the draperies of the Virgin in that master's superb 'Virgin and Child between St. John the Baptist and St. Zenobius' in the Cathedral of Pistoja. Morelli has pointed out that this grand and severe work is, as to some essential portions of its design more particularly the male figures—traceable to Verrocchio himself. Another altarpiece of the 'School of Verrocchio,' the similarity of which to the last-named work amounts in some passages almost to identity, is in the Museum of Naples.

† It is only fair to point out that Rossellino's 'Madonna' in the marble *tondo* in the Bargello has also the clasp to the bodice with the cherub's head and wings, but on a very much smaller scale.

inopportune to mention the profoundly interesting 'Portrait of a Florentine Lady,' in the Liechtenstein collection at Vienna, which has by modern critics been variously ascribed to Verrocchio and Leonardo. Morelli and his school have put it down to Verrocchio. Dr. Bode, in his "Italienische Bildhauer der Renaissance," has attributed it to Leonardo, hazarding in addition the surmise that we have here the famous portrait by him of Ginevra de' Benci, whom Domenico Ghirlandajo, too, immortalized at Santa Maria Novella. The portrait stands in the most intimate relation to Verrocchio's marble 'Bust of a Lady' at the Museo Nazionale, with which may be classed the same sculptor's marble 'Bust of a Lady' in the Dreyfus collection at Paris, and the less-known, but by no means inferior, terra-cotta 'Portrait-Bust of a Young Girl' from his hand in the Foulc collection, also at Paris. But the Liechtenstein portrait, for all its incisiveness and grandeur of conception, has less charm, less flexibility, a less feminine character than the bust of the Bargello, which it so closely resembles, especially in the sculptural arrangement of the hair and the sculptural modelling of the features. In the picture the face has, in its rigidity, something of the death mask, something which, notwithstanding the youth and the striking aspect of the sitter, repels rather than attracts. It curiously lacks the Leonardesque charm, though it has something of the Leonardesque mystery, and is just such a thing as the painter-sculptor Verrocchio, not overfamiliar with the medium in which he was working, might have conceived and in part executed. To Leonardo, the painter of all painters whom we associate with one peculiarly subtle aspect of "Das ewig Weibliche," to him, even in youth, we cannot surely leave the conception as a whole. On the other hand, there is in the working out, in the reticent yet attractive scheme of colour, in the painting of the characteristically Florentine bodice, in the delightful landscape background, much that it appears equally difficult to associate with Verrocchio's own hand —with the brush of the sculptor who, if we are to believe Vasari, by sheer force of genius made himself a painter.



Terra-Cotta Relief—The Madonna and Child. By Andrea Verrocchio.
Photo Alinari Bros. In the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, Florence.

The landscape, above all, with the beautifully designed complex of spike-like branches forming a background to the figure, with its glimpse beyond of lake and wood, full of the true atmospheric quality, speaks strongly for Leonardo. This is not, indeed, the fantastic and wholly imaginary landscape of his Milanese period, which was imitated, *usque ad nauseam*, by his North Italian and Netherlandish followers. Its naturalistic truth and exquisite precision in the notation of detail recall, on the other hand, his well-known drawings of trees and plants, belonging, for the most part, to the earlier time. Have we not here, then, a work firmly and even sternly blocked out—if the expression be permissible—by Verrocchio; realised, as to the essential conception, by him, but completed and rendered pictorially attractive by the magic brush of his greatest pupil?

To sum up shortly the conclusions which the writer desires without over-emphasis of assertion to submit:—

(1) The terra-cotta of the 'Madonna and Child' in the South Kensington Museum, is not by Antonio Rossellino, but by an artist of Verrocchio's studio, belonging to his innermost circle.

(2) It would be quite possible to contend, upon the data here furnished, that the group is by Verrocchio himself, and was executed in his earlier time.

(3) However bold such a suggestion may appear, when a name like that here made use of is in question, the writer ventures to record his strong leaning towards the conclusion that we have here a tentative work of the quite youthful Leonardo da Vinci, working in the atmosphere and under the immediate influence of his master, and relying in a great measure upon types and modes created by him.* CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

* There should be consulted in connection with the point here raised Leonardo's drawings of the earlier Florentine time, and among them especially that "Sheet of Studies for a Virgin and Child with a Kitten," which is No. 30 in Mr. Sidney Colvin's Guide to an Exhibition of Drawings by the Old Masters in the Print and Drawing Gallery of the British Museum. This, though considerably later, recalls some important points in our terra-cotta 'Madonna.' The great unfinished 'Adoration of the Magi' by Leonardo in the Uffizi, done presumably between 1478 and 1481, is thus also an example of the earlier Florentine time, but one which reveals already Leonardo's genius, rising superior to the influences which it has assimilated, and burning with the brighest, purest flame. Some eight or ten years later in date than our 'Madonna,' as it has here been placed, it yet shows in the type of the Virgin, and especially in the form of her head, some curious elements of resemblance to the group of the South Kensington Museum.



Cottagers.
By W. R. Bigg, R.A.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.*

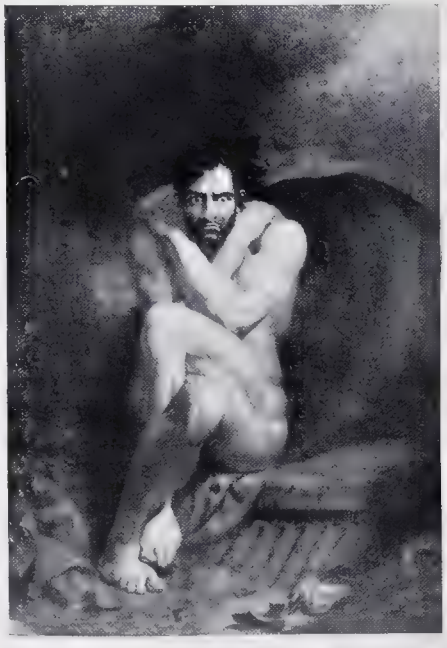
By G. D. Leslie, R.A., and Fred. A. Eaton, Secretary of the Royal Academy.

WILLIAM THEED, R.A.

Born 1764; *Student* 1786; *A.R.A.* 1811; *R.A.* 1815; *Died* 1817.

A SCULPTOR of considerable refinement who commenced his artistic career as an historical and portrait painter. Early in life he, like so many other artists of that period, paid the orthodox visit to Rome, where he spent several years in study. It was here that he made the acquaintance of John Flaxman, through whose influence he turned his attention to sculpture. On his return to England he settled in London, and earned a very good living by designing for Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, the jewellers, and also, as Flaxman had done before him, for Wedgwood.

After his election to the full membership, he produced several works in sculpture, one of which, viz., 'Thetis bearing the Arms of Achilles,' a life-size group in bronze, is in the Royal collection.



The Demoniac.
By Geo. Dawe, R.A.

There are also several monuments by his hand in churches. The influence of Flaxman is very evident in most of his works. He died in 1817 at the comparatively early age of 53, much respected by all who knew him.

While in Italy he married a French lady named Rougeot, by whom he left three children; one of these, William Theed, achieved considerable eminence in his father's profession.

GEORGE DAWE, R.A.

Born 1781; *Student* 1794; *A.R.A.* 1809; *R.A.* 1814; *Died* 1829.

George Dawe was born in Brewer Street, Golden Square, on the 8th February, 1781. His father, Philip Dawe, was an engraver, and appears to have brought him up to the same profession, as several engravings are known to

* Continued from page 140 of The Art Journal, 1868.



The Sailor-boy's Return.
By W. R. Bigg, R.A.

have been executed by him at an early age. When he was twenty-one, however, Dawe seems to have altogether abandoned this branch of the arts, though his productions indicate that he would have taken no mean position among engravers, had he continued to pursue it. In 1794, when only thirteen years old, he entered the Academy schools, and nine years later, in 1803, obtained the Gold Medal for an historical painting, the subject being 'Achilles.'

Dawe's good fortune was really quite phenomenal, though probably well deserved, for if his genius was not of a very high order, his industry and capacity for taking pains certainly did much to supply the deficiency. In addition to his successful work as student at the Academy, we hear of his attending lectures on anatomy, and even practising dissection. He studied also moral philosophy and metaphysics, and later in life acquired a knowledge of French, German, and Russian. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy at the early age of twenty-eight, and five years later obtained full honours, presenting as his diploma work a picture called 'The Demoniac,' of which we give an illustration. To him was awarded the two hundred guinea premium by the British Institution for a scene from 'Cymbeline,' and a second premium in 1811 from the same institution for a picture of 'A Negro and a Buffalo.' Another success was scored by him with his picture, 'A Mother rescuing her Child from an Eagle's Nest.'

As well as these successes in original composition, Dawe had numerous commissions for portraits, and eventually, in this line of art, his fame became quite cosmopolitan.

Soon after the marriage of the Princess Charlotte with Prince Leopold, Dawe was honoured by their patronage, and painted several portraits of the Royal couple in all varieties of costume. After the death of the Princess he obtained the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and went in the suite of his Royal Highness to Brussels, and thence to the grand review of the Allied troops at Cambray, where, and at Aix-la-Chapelle, he painted portraits of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, and several of the most distinguished Russian officers. After this he was engaged by the Emperor Alexander to proceed to St. Petersburg to paint a collection of portraits of all the eminent Russian



The Shipwrecked Sailor-boy.
By W. R. Bigg, R.A.



Joash.
By Edward Bird, R.A.

officers who had taken part in the recent war with Napoleon. He set out on his undertaking in January, 1819, stopping on his way to paint various foreign Princes and Princesses and other notabilities, among them Goethe. Dawe was nine years in completing a series of four hundred (!) portraits of the Russian officers, for which a grand gallery was especially erected at the Winter Palace. Many of the chief of his numerous portraits in Russia were engraved by Thomas Wright and C. E. Wagstaff, whom Dawe had induced to accompany him on his tour. Dawe remained in St. Petersburg busily employed until the death of the Emperor Alexander, when, having received peremptory orders to quit Russia, he returned home in 1828, having amassed an enormous fortune. In the autumn of 1828 we find Dawe again on the Continent, at Berlin, painting portraits of the King of Prussia and the Duke of Cumberland; he also appears to have been restored to favour at St. Petersburg, for in the spring of 1829 he accompanied the Emperor Nicholas to Warsaw, there painting the portrait of the Grand Duke Constantine. This however proved to be his last work, for in August, 1829, he returned, broken down in health, to England, and expired on the 15th October following, in his forty-ninth year, at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Wright the engraver.

On the 27th October he was buried by the side of Fuseli in the crypt of St. Paul's; his funeral being attended by the President and other Members of the Royal Academy, and by the Russian Embassy in London.

He was a member of the Imperial Academy of Arts at St. Petersburg, and of the Academies of Stockholm and Florence.

Dawe's habits were very abstemious, and as he was in constant employment it is not surprising that he should have amassed a considerable fortune; a great part of which, however, owing to injudicious speculations, was lost before his death. How far the charges of selfishness and want of generosity brought against George Dawe by his contemporaries, and which earned for him the sobriquet of "Grub Dawe," were justly deserved, may be open to some doubt. It is quite possible that the extraordinary good fortune which attended his labours from first to last, by exciting the envy of his companions may have given considerable bias to their judgments; especially as at that period the patronage of British Art was at rather a low ebb. The fact that Dawe, early in life, formed a close friendship with that reckless genius, George Morland, a friendship which continued undiminished through all the changes and trials of the latter's life and which prompted Dawe to publish his "Life of Morland" in 1807, certainly seems to imply some generosity on his part; for we cannot suppose it possible that this friendship could have been maintained so long without Dawe's having to render from time to time considerable pecuniary assistance to his careless and unlucky friend.

WILLIAM REDMORE BIGG, R.A.

Born 1755; *Student* 1778; *A.R.A.* 1787; *R.A.* 1814; *Died* 1828.

Of the personal life of this artist very little is known, except that he was greatly respected for his gentle and amiable character, and that he was an intimate friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

That innocence and virtue were the usual accompaniments of humble life in the country, just as surely as that vice, luxury, and extravagance prevailed amongst the rich and town-dwellers in general, was so universally accepted as the truth by poets, novelists, and

dramatists during the latter half of the eighteenth century, that we cannot be surprised at finding many artists of that period employing their talents as exponents of the popular belief. William Redmore Bigg was one of these, his subjects being generally little harmless and blameless episodes from village life, in which the tender feelings of parental affection or rustic society are held up to our admiration. The backgrounds are conventional, consisting mostly of a few trees, a thatched cottage, the inevitable blackbird in a wicker cage hanging by the door, a spinning-wheel somewhere about, a peep of sky, and a few sheep in the distance. All the members of the family are generally introduced — children, youths, maidens, and old people; and as there is a considerable amount of beauty in the faces, one forgives the strong family likeness which prevails. 'The Sailor-boy's Return,' 'Boys relieving a Blind Man,' 'The Shipwrecked Sailor-boy,' are the titles of some amongst many other works by Bigg which have been engraved and enjoyed a widespread popularity. They are often still to be found adorning the walls of old-fashioned country houses.



A Boy and Rabbit. By Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.

These works by Bigg, when compared to those by Morland or Gainsborough, hold in Art much the same position which "Sandford and Merton," "The Blossoms of Morality," or "The Adventures of Primrose Prettyface," do in literature to the writings of Fielding or Goldsmith.

In the present day, at the close of the nineteenth century, there is again a demand for the engravings from Bigg's pictures, harmonising, as they do, with the old-fashioned furniture and bric-à-brac which is so much in vogue amongst those who aspire to the possession of good taste.

Bigg died in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, on February 6, 1828.

EDWARD BIRD, R.A.

Born 1772; *A.R.A.* 1812; *R.A.* 1815; *Died* 1819.

Edward Bird was somewhat of a self-taught artist, and though Constable has remarked that "A self-taught artist is one taught by a very ignorant person," still there is always a certain amount of enhanced value given to the works of such men in the eyes of the public which proves greatly to their advantage. Thus it was that when Bird commenced to exhibit his works in Bath and London, the story of his early life greatly helped towards the sudden and abnormal success he met with. Born of comparatively humble parents at Wolverhampton, he displayed all the usual precocity of genius; drawing on walls and furniture when quite a child, receiving a box of colours from his sister at fourteen, and then being apprenticed to a tin and japan ware manufacturer at Wolverhampton, where he rapidly distinguished himself by the skill he displayed in the embellishment of tea-trays. Bird must have had considerable self-confidence, too, to help him on, for on the expiration of his indentures we find him setting up as a drawing master at Bristol. It was whilst thus employed

that he completed his own artistic education, and not long afterwards began to produce pictures of *genre* for which he found no difficulty in obtaining purchasers. He was hailed by the London connoisseurs as a sort of Bristol wonder, just as Opie had been spoken of as "The Cornish Wonder"; and when at length his picture of 'Chevy Chase' was ready for exhibition, the tongue of praise was so loud in its favour that poor Wilkie, in a fit of timidity, withheld his own picture from the exhibition for that year. The original sketch for this picture of 'Chevy Chase' was presented to Sir Walter Scott, and the finished picture was purchased by the Marquis of Stafford. 'The Death of Eli' succeeded this picture, and was equally successful.

As a proof of the rapid success he met with it may be mentioned that, elected an Associate on November 2, 1812, he was promoted to full membership of the Academy on February 10, 1815, having had but a little over two years to wait.

But Bird's powers were not equal to his ambition, and he eventually found his true *métier* in such subjects as 'The Blacksmith's Shop,' 'The Country Auction,' 'The Gipsy Boy,' 'The Young Recruit,' 'The Raffle for the Watch' (now in the Vernon Gallery), 'The Game at Put,' and others. In his later years he seems to have again adopted subjects of a loftier aim, but without much success, as he had not the imagination necessary for such works. Amongst these later productions are his 'Fortitude of Job,' 'Death of Sapphira,' 'The Crucifixion,' 'The Burning of Latimer and Ridley,' and 'The Embarkation of Louis XVIII. for France.' He was greatly mortified at the reception these pictures met with from the fickle public, and this, together with the loss of two of his children, no doubt hastened his death, which took place on the 2nd of November, 1819.

His friends and admirers in Bristol gave him a grand funeral in the cathedral, where a simple tablet to his memory was afterwards placed by his daughter.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.

Born 1756; *A.R.A.* 1812; *R.A.* 1815; *Died* 1823.

This distinguished portrait painter presents a fine example of the perseverance and energy which are so characteristic of the Scottish people. There is nothing in the facts of his parentage or of his early life to indicate from whence he derived his artistic feeling. He was the son of a manufacturer at Stockbridge, Edinburgh. Left an orphan when only six years old, he received his education at "Heriot's Hospital," the Christ's Hospital of Scotland, and was apprenticed to a goldsmith at fifteen.

During his apprenticeship we find him attracting attention by certain miniatures which he painted. His master, struck by the youth's talents, kindly introduced him to a portrait painter of repute in Edinburgh, named David Martin. Young Raeburn soon made rapid progress under the influence of this artist; and having purchased the remainder of his apprenticeship, commenced in earnest his artistic career. He had many difficulties to contend with, having received no preliminary instruction, but by his indomitable perseverance and energy he gradually overcame all obstacles. Making good use of his intercourse with Martin, he soon began painting life-size portraits in oil, and at the same time lost no opportunity of seeing and studying collections of pictures, so that it was not long before he raised the envy of his master by the popularity which his portraits obtained.

In 1779 he made an advantageous marriage, and soon afterwards came to London, and was introduced to Reynolds, by whose advice and kind assistance he visited Italy, where he remained for about three years. In 1787 he returned to Edinburgh, where he was soon acknowledged the chief portrait painter. Honours now flowed in upon him; in 1812 he was elected President of the Royal Society of Artists at Edinburgh; and in the same year became Associate of the Royal Academy, full membership following in 1815. He was also chosen a member of the Imperial Academy of Florence, and of the South Carolina and New York Academies.

His promotion was as rapid as that of Bird, already alluded to; indeed they were in each instance elected on the same day; but in the case of the Associateship, Raeburn preceded Bird; while for the Academicianship their positions were reversed. Raeburn's offer of his own portrait as his diploma work was declined by the Council on the ground that it was "not usual to receive as diplomas the portraits of members," and he was requested to send "some other specimen of his talents." This he did not do till 1821, when he presented 'A Boy and Rabbit,' of which we give an illustration. He never appears to have attended any meetings at the Academy, either of the Council or the General Assembly, and in 1817 he wrote asking to be allowed to sign the Roll of Academicians by proxy, and so be spared the necessity of coming from Edinburgh for that purpose. His request was complied with, and a copy of the "Obligation" was sent to him to sign, and on its return the General Assembly authorised the President to insert his name on the Roll.

Raeburn had at one time proposed to come South, and set up his studio in London, but he was dissuaded from this by Lawrence. Whether alarm at the brilliancy of the Scotsman's success had anything to do with the tendering of this advice we cannot say, but at any rate the advice was sound, for in the North Raeburn had the whole field to himself, whereas in London, besides Lawrence, there were several other able portrait painters already established.

The great number of portraits, by his brush, of eminent Scotsmen, prove that he found no lack of patronage in his own country. Amongst many other sitters of distinction may be mentioned Sir Walter Scott, Sir D. Baird, Lord F. Campbell, Henry Mackenzie, Lord Eldon, Neil Gow, H. Erskine, Dugald Stewart, and a great number of Highland chieftains and noblemen. In 1822, on the visit of George the Fourth to Scotland, he was knighted, and shortly after was appointed King's Limner for Scotland. He did not, however, long enjoy these latter honours, for he died on the 8th of July, 1823, in Edinburgh.

Raeburn's portraits are broad and effective in light and shade, and brilliant in execution; his colouring is always rich and harmonious; his backgrounds are of the conventional type so much in vogue amongst the successors of Reynolds. Raeburn, like many others of his contemporaries, painted mostly on a twilled canvas known as "ticking," which accounts for a certain easy mannerism of execution which is found in his less carefully painted works.

(To be continued.)

THE DECORATIONS OF LONDON CLUBS

THE REFORM

WITH DRAWINGS BY GEORGE THOMSON *

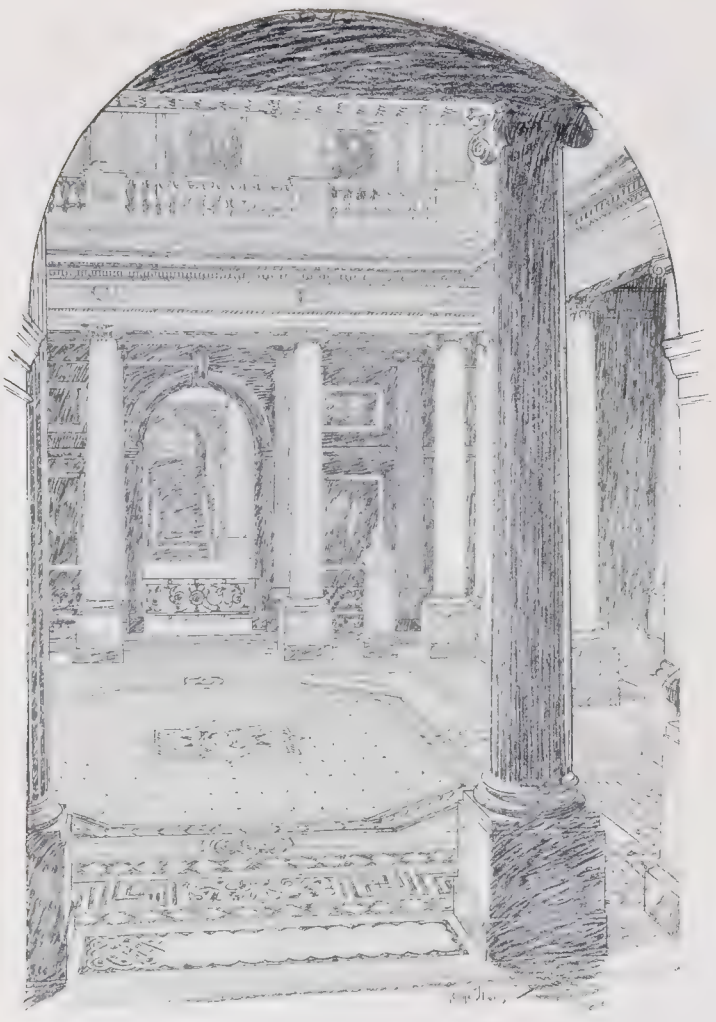
NO doubt concerning the seriousness of the mission which the Reform Club exists to fulfil could be entertained by anyone who had once crossed its threshold, and no hesitation could ever be felt in assigning to it correctly the place which it occupies among the many institutions of the same type which exist in London. It has an air of responsibility, of weighty consciousness of duties laid upon it, by which the part it plays in the social life of the present day is very plainly proclaimed. No touch of Bohemianism, no suggestion of the bustle and hurry of the Naval or Military services, are to be noted as diminishing its dignity or diversifying its atmosphere. It is a centre where matters of great political moment are thrashed out, where questions of public policy are considered, and details of party procedure are put into practical shape and given the stamp of authority. The influence which it exercises is wide and far-reaching, and the effect of its intervention in the affairs of the country is felt in all sorts of directions. All this gives it a character that is more or less peculiar to it—one, at all events, that it shares only with the two or three other clubs which have similar functions to fulfil; and there is in the aspect of the building in which its members meet, a very clear reflection of the dominant conviction by which the many individuals on the roll are united.

The Reform Club can, indeed, present a rare record of distinction among the men who have frequented it. As its history is bound up with the great political and social movements by which this century has been distinguished, so the names to which the traditions of the place do honour are those which mark some momentous steps in our national progress. These names, set out at length, would make an astonishing list, a splendid record of varied greatness and of notable achievement in the most diverse directions. Such politicians as Lord Palmerston, John Bright, Henry Fawcett, Robert Lowe, W. E. Forster, Milner Gibson, Cobden, Bernal Osborne, and Mr. Gladstone; such men of letters as Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, and Charles Mackay, were constant in their attendance, and many of the great undertakings with which they are inseparably connected, were discussed and formulated under the club roof. The little smoking room, to which strangers are never admitted, was a meeting place, "a club within a club," as it has been called, where, over and over again, events of infinite significance were debated by groups of members, every-one of whom has left his mark upon the records of this country. Endless anecdotes could be written about the chief actors in the drama of modern politics, and countless stories could be told concerning the scenes in which they played, with the club rooms as a background. Everywhere the place is peopled with the ghosts of great thinkers and workers for whose existence we have, as a nation, every reason to feel grateful; and the banner under which they were associated is plainly expressed by the title of the club itself. However dissimilar might be the methods which they employed in carrying out the purposes to which they were devoted, they had a common ground upon which they met, and a common motive by which they were actuated. Their conclaves in Pall Mall served to smooth over



The Staircase of the Reform Club.

* The series continued from THE ART JOURNAL, 1898, page 212.



The Central Hall of the Reform Club.

minor divergencies on points of detail; and a clear agreement was made the more easy by the fact that by their very membership of the club, they were pledged to the support of certain great principles that no differences of opinion about trivialities of procedure could perceptibly affect. Under the influence of such an atmosphere they were secure, protected from the danger of careless criticism, and guarded against the thoughtless cynicism which might have weakened the force of their efforts, by discrediting the purity of the creed by which they were inspired.

The fitness of the building itself, as an architectural effort, for its function as a place of assembly for men seriously concerned with the affairs of the nation, is a matter of really definite moment. There is a certain æsthetic appropriateness in the reflection of the weighty aims of the Association in the somewhat sombre importance of the house that serves as the head-quarters. Commonplace or fantastic surroundings would have clashed unpleasantly with the spirit that called the club into existence, but fortunately the taste of the original promoters was equal to the occasion, and, by their efforts, a design was secured and carried out, which is legitimately impressive. The architect responsible for the work was Sir Charles Barry, who adopted, as his model for the exterior, the finely-proportioned front of the Farnese Palace, and was governed in his planning of the interior by very judicious considerations of convenience and artistic effect. The building remains as he imagined it, and unaffected by any later modifications of his intentions. It is a perfectly consistent creation, severe in style, and marked by a certain formal regularity that is stately and well-ordered without being mechanical; palatial rather than domestic, and yet not wanting in any suggestion of the comfort that is tempered with due dignity. The club by no means professes to be a lounge for idlers, nor does it invite the mere man of the world to linger within its walls for the exchange of flippant gossip with people like himself; but as a centre where the heads of a great organisation can collect to deliberate upon details of policy, and can unofficially compare their convictions about the course that is to be pursued in some party crisis, it is extremely well arranged.

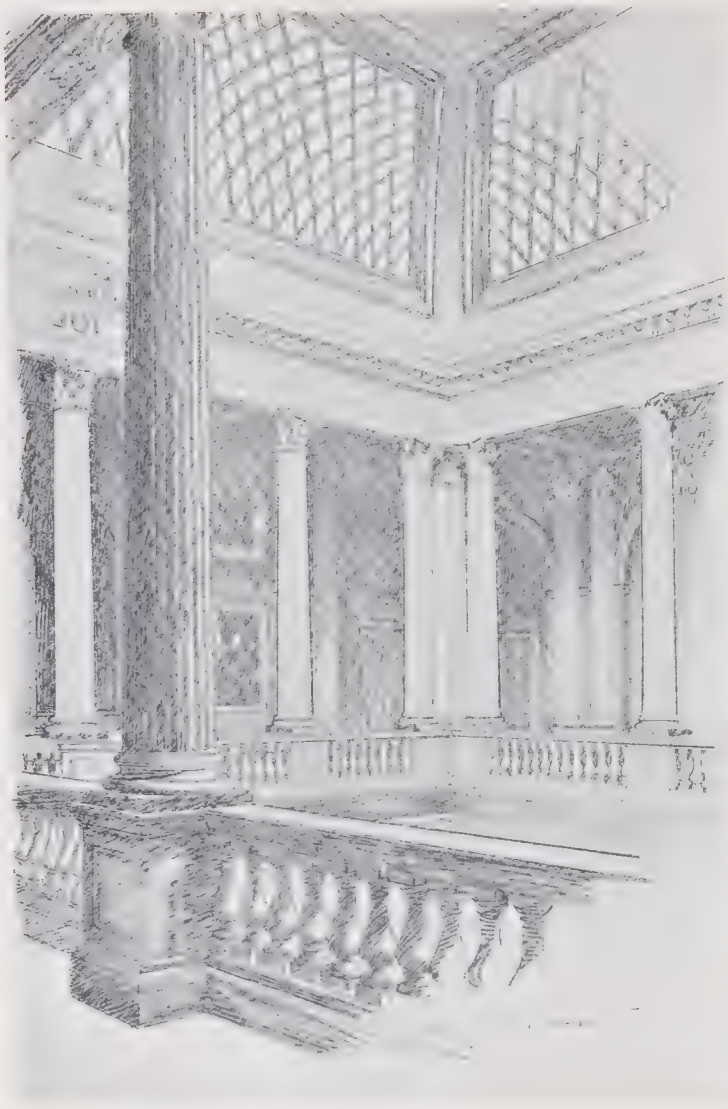
From the main entrance to the club house, access is gained to a small vestibule from which are approached not only the large central hall, but also, by a separate staircase, the basement in which are situated the offices and rooms used by the executive staff. A flight of steps leads through an archway into the hall, which is one of the most commanding and interesting features of the interior. It rises to the full height of the building and is lighted by a glass dome. The square central space beneath this dome is enclosed by Ionic columns of yellow scagliola, which support the landing upon which the first-floor rooms open; and from the white marble balustrade of this landing rise Corinthian columns of a paler yellow, by which the glass roof is carried. The capitals of all these columns are gilt. The cornices are coloured in shades of red and brown, with touches of gold, and the monogram of the club is introduced in a medallion above each capital. The general tint of the walls of the hall itself and of the landing above is a dull red, with yellow engaged pilasters dividing arched panels, in each of which a portrait of someone of note in the political world is introduced. The staircase by which the landing is reached is not,

as in some other clubs, made prominently important, but is kept almost out of sight at one side of the hall; it has a wagon roof, with ribbed domes over the small landings at the top of each flight, walls panelled with coloured scagliola, and is lighted by stained-glass windows. The space it occupies is comparatively small, and, as it does not project into the hall, it makes no break in the severe regularity of the lines of what is actually a very beautifully proportioned and perfectly designed saloon, one that, by its judicious placing in the ground plan, is much more than usually available as a comfortable and convenient gathering-place for members and their friends.



The Morning-Room of the Reform Club.

On the side of the hall, opposite to the main entrance, is the Coffee-Room, which overlooks the gardens of Carlton House Terrace. It occupies the whole of the south front of the building, and has, consequently, the advantage of being brilliantly lighted. Appropriately enough, its scheme of decoration is a delicate one, very gentle in its range of colour, and pitched in a high key. The room is divided, by projecting pillars, into three sections, over each of which the ceiling is decorated with a running key-pattern, raised and gilt, surrounding a square central panel, while the spaces between these panels, where the room is narrowed by the projection of the columns, is filled with small coffering. The frieze is gilt with raised Greek anthemions in white plaster, and the walls are in shades of cream colour and gold, against which the pale lemon yellow columns, with their gold capitals, tell with excellent effect. The whole harmony is delightfully dainty without being weak or inadequate, and is perfectly suited to a room which is open to whatever sunlight the London atmosphere allows. The Strangers' Dining-Room is on the same side of the hall as the entrance, and faces Pall Mall. It is not so delicate in its decorations as the Coffee-Room, but with its red walls, cream-coloured and fawn frieze, and ceiling divided by brown beams into panels patterned in red, brown, and gold, on a cream ground, it is a distinctly attractive apartment, and is in its general effect less weighty than the Morning-Room, which occupies the remainder of the space on the ground floor. Here gaiety of colour gives way to more sombre tones, and walls covered with bookcases, a frieze of dark red, with draped classic figures in



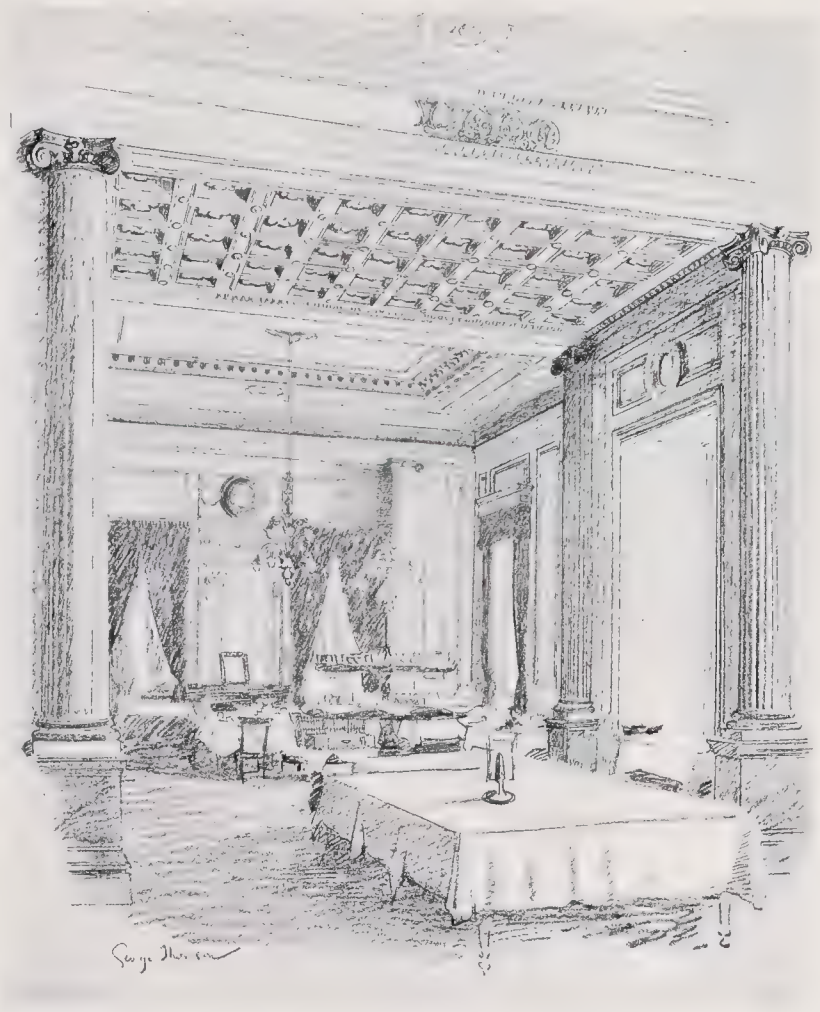
The Upper Landing of the Reform Club.

white and gold, and a coved ceiling with a panel of dull grey-green, red, and gold, make up a serious combination that is impressive in its solid dignity rather than fascinating by its subtlety. A touch of variety is given to this room by the planning of a recess at one end with columns of yellow marble supporting a cross-beam; a feature of very great value in the design on account of the relief it affords to what might have seemed otherwise a little too obvious formality of arrangement.

The first-floor rooms are in size and shape similar to those below. The Library is over the Coffee-Room, the Smoking-Room over the Morning-Room, the Card-Room over the Strangers' Dining-Room, and the structural features are in each case mainly the same. In colour treatment, however, they present some very marked differences, and generally they are more sombre in their decorations than the various apartments on the lower floor. In the Library, for instance, a scheme of dull green and red, with lavish gilding, is used, and in consequence the room, despite its sunny aspect, loses something of the brilliancy and sense of space which are pleasantly evident in the Coffee-Room. The Smoking-Room is treated rather weightily in shades of warm brown, with touches of very dark red, bronze green, black, and gold; and the Card-Room is also brown, but with much more delicacy of tone, and with some gilding as a relief. The little Committee Room, which is also on the first floor, is not noticeable because of its special decorative importance, but it has, with its ranges of bookcases and its domed ceiling, a not unpleasant character of its own. The Library is certainly the most remarkable of the many fine apartments which the building contains, and by its magnificence of size, its quiet, and the agreeable nature of the outlook that can be obtained from its windows, justifies much of the praise habitually bestowed upon it by members of the club. If it is not possible to entirely endorse the claim to pre-eminence as "the most beautiful room in London," made for it by a celebrated novelist, at least it can be said that it is a shrine well worthy of the memories that have gathered round it.

Altogether, the impression made by the interior is quite consistent with the suggestion derived from the masculine reserve of the façade fronting Pall Mall. Beyond doubt much of the severe beauty of the exterior is referable to the keen appreciation felt by Sir Charles Barry for the virtues of Michael Angelo's architectural style, and to his willingness to be guided by the authority of the great Italian. But inside the building the responsibility lay far more with the modern architect, and he had to meet the obligation imposed upon him by

his choice of so important a model for the elevation. Therefore, great credit is due to him for his success in dealing with such a problem as that presented by the æsthetic and practical exigencies of the undertaking for which he had made himself responsible. The right kind of congruity between the internal and external treatment was by no means easy to maintain, for it implied a degree of artistic intelligence on his part which is comparatively rare even among the leaders of the architect's profession, and it was even more difficult for a man of this century, working under conditions far less inspiring than those which encouraged the activity of the Middle Ages, to put himself properly in touch with the motives that originated such masterpieces as the one he desired, in this instance, to adapt.

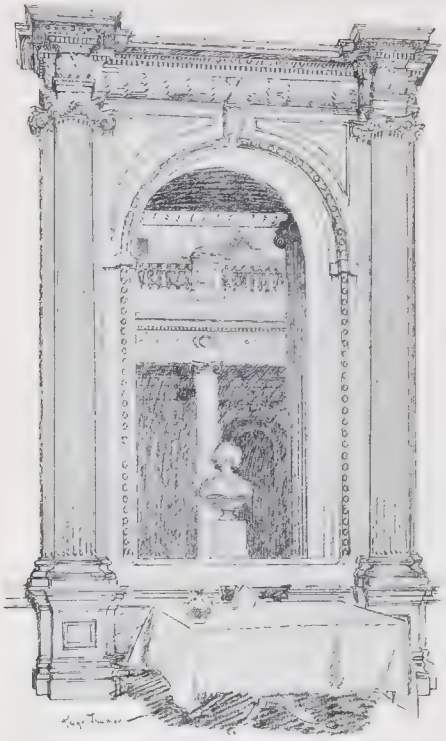


The Coffee-Room of the Reform Club.

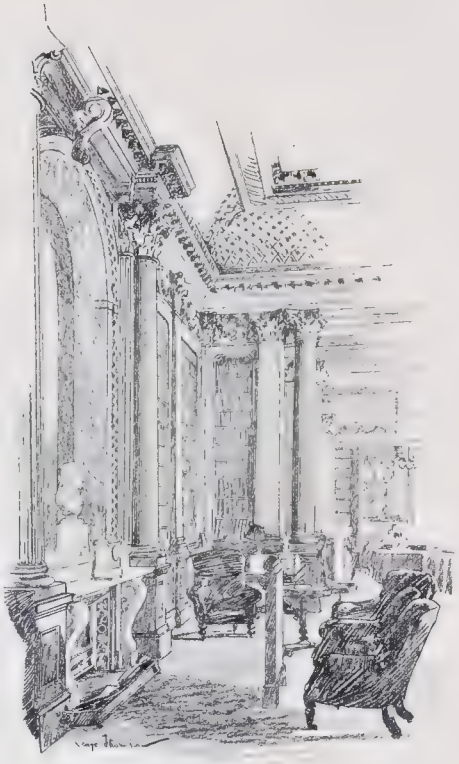
Yet there is no great sense of disappointment felt by the visitor to the club, as he compares the beauties of the interior design with those which distinguish the building outside. Every detail is in its right place and correct in its relation; and nothing can be said to contradict that note of subtle harmony which dominates the completed whole. What has resulted is rarest of architectural successes, a perfect piece of proportion, as complete in its aggregation of parts as it is in its large and general arrangement; and yet, whether as a whole or in its details, completely persuasive by its freedom from cold and mechanical artifice. The house, palatial though it is, is by no means wanting in that air of restful comfort which makes it suitable to modern needs; and its elegance of style does not destroy its charm as a place where cultivated men can find enjoyment.

As it is with form, so it is with colour. Mere prettiness is as conspicuously absent as is that ponderous exaggeration which is one of the worst characteristics of ill-considered decoration. The colour scheme in each room is consistent and appropriate, and has the merit of invariably assisting and accentuating the architectural features, without tending in any way to disguise facts that are essential to the design; and whether light and brilliant as in the Coffee-Room, solid and reserved as in the Library, or richly varied within definite limits as in the Central Hall, presents itself happily as an integral part of the whole achievement, and claims no attention to which it is not fairly entitled as a valuable accessory. It never obtrudes, but yet it makes its influence fully felt as a completion of the architect's intention. Without it, the interior would have been bare and cold; injudiciously applied, it would have defeated its own purpose and would have over-accentuated details not intended for particular prominence; left as it is, it takes its right place, and does its legitimate work with admirable efficiency.

Most of the artistic possessions of the club are busts



Window between the Hall and Coffee-Room of the Reform Club.



The Library of the Reform Club.

and portraits of members who had special claims upon the respect and affection of their fellows, men who have identified themselves with political progress, and have led to success those great undertakings which mark the chief steps in our national development during the present century. Almost without exception these works of Art commemorate those great figures in history whose efforts for reform entitle them to the worship of every man who is in the present day striving to follow the lines laid down by them in years past. The canvases which fill the panels in the hall and on the first-floor landing, and the busts which stand between the bases of the columns on the ground floor, are so many memorials of what has been done to build up the social condition that is the peculiar property of the British nation; and they serve as tangible reminders to present and future generations of the mighty struggles and many sacrifices by which has been gained and safeguarded for all time that liberty to shape our own destinies, which is one of the proudest and most widely valued of the great privileges which, as a community, we glory in possessing. Many of the artistic productions that have found their way to the club are sound examples of the work of painters and sculptors who have claims to the recognition implied by the permanent placing of their achievements in such a centre of intellectual activity as the Reform has consistently shown itself to be from the moment of its first creation. Of these portraits the most deserving of attention on technical grounds are 'The Right Hon. Edward Ellice,' by Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A.; 'Lord Brougham,' by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.; the magnificent likeness of 'John Bright,' painted in 1887 by Frank Holl, R.A.; 'Richard Cobden,' by Mr. G. Lowes Dickenson, and another picture of Lord Palmerston by the same artist; Mr. A. S. Cope's comparatively recent portrait of the 'Right Hon. C. P. Villiers'; a sturdy presentment of a remarkable personality, 'The Right Hon. W. E. Forster,' by Mr. H. T. Wells, R.A.; and the most remarkable of the busts are those by Noble of Cromwell, Lord Palmerston, and Richard Cobden; one of John Bright, by Mr. D. W. Stevenson, and two by Mr. Adams Acton of Lord Brougham and Mr. Gladstone. The need of such reminders, in a club so active as is the Reform in the propagation of the principles professed by these leaders of opinion, can scarcely be said to exist; but, at least, there is a graceful appropriateness in the selection; and the preference of the members for this type of commemorative art for the satisfaction of their æsthetic inclinations is quite intelligible. Art in the abstract has little influence in club life, and the use of pictures as simple objects of decoration is, as might well have been expected, no more felt at the Reform than it is in the other London clubs. Taste of a highly artistic type has played its part most efficiently in the erection and completion of the building, but this taste has not progressed far in the direction of picture-collecting.

(The Series to be continued.)

A. L. BALDRY.



"The Real Thing."

OF JEWELS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—I.

"AS a jewel of gold in a swine's snout":—not elegant, verily, but of such origin that those who are accustomed to my proverbial quotations will see anon the drift of this one.

It's no accurate science, and in the present case I would rather suggest a reversal of the signification. Have jewels always been, and are they now, as beautiful and suitable as they ought to be, for the fair women who possess and wear them? If well-made—and this I grant even to modern work—has the art which wrought them always been suitably applied? Shall we not be obliged, as was the *Times* the very day before dear Dodgson died, to call his "Alice" to our aid and remark, "It's a dreadfully ugly *child;* but it would make rather a handsome *pig!*"

This brings us at once to the assertion, "It's a matter of taste"; and this starts a question harder to answer than Pilate's of old: "What *is* taste?"

Taking "Fancy" for the moment to be one and the same thing as "taste," here is a very old description of it:—

> "Tell me where is Fancy bred?
> Or in the heart? or in the head?
> How begot? How nourishèd?
> . . . .
> It is engendered in the eyes,
> By gazing fed."

That the old poet (I'm tired of "the immortal Bard!") wrote that day of the Fine Art of Love is beside the mark: the sentiment is equally applicable to *all* arts.

So will we at once to this "gazing," and, lest this article should degenerate into a sermon, I, being no parson, will proceed with the matter in hand:—a subject of which sermons seldom treat.

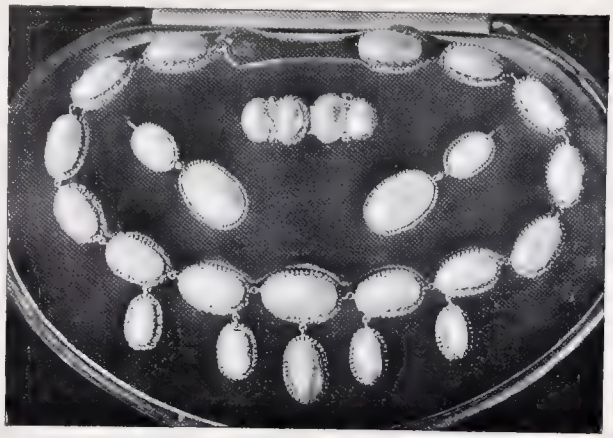
Moreover, my essays having always taken a "hunting" rather than a sermonizing turn, I will choose for my "ride to cover" the subject of the modern craze for originality.

And what a waste of years lies between us and that real "original," Bezaleel, who at least knew he was the first to promulgate a creed of any sort on the subject of working in metals, with their natural adjunct of jewels. I say "original," but from another point of view he was, this cunning artificer, but one of the first examples of inspired genius.

"Nothing if not original," is the war-cry of a certain school, and too often this strained point does but spell eccentricity.

The awful ending of Kunstgewerbe in a reckless race after originality has been pictured of late in the *Fliegende Blätter*, and a diligent study of the same might be productive of good results in many quarters. Caricatures though they be, they possess quaint beauties which can scarcely be said to be the property of much that a discriminating public refuses to purchase. Hence it—the public—comes under the lash of "tastelessness" at the hand of the producers, or perhaps only the designers of these atrocities.

Apt though we be to accuse our Teuton, as we do our Scot cousins, of lack of wit, they have in these caricatures far outwitted us! Here, in glass, is that culture of the snail which one meets in a certain class of efforts at originality in the setting of jewels which are to some extent, though by no means altogether, praiseworthy. One scarcely loves to be reminded of the horned eyes of the gastropod by the jewels which blink at one from some fair maiden's bosom set thus snail fashion. Albeit, this is a softer method than those bossed and shield-like effects which wear one with a sense of weight



The "Duchess of Towers" Suite.

and war and pomp! Suitable, certainly, for Boadicea's wear at the moment when she called fruitlessly on "Ruin" to "seize the ruthless King;" or for the safety of that lady's garments in the present windy situation to which her statue has been relegated in our own day. Possibly also Philippa might have chosen to wear some of these, in conjunction with her steeple head-dress, the day she was "at home" to receive the keys of luckless Calais at the hands of those six sad citizens! Doubtless she made a special toilette for the occasion, though history does but mention that of the sterner sex—a neat arrangement in shirts and rope-ends!

Again, the word "originality" itself has many meanings, and one feels fairly doubtful as to how any jewellery can, in the sense of its being a first appearance on the stage, be said to be original. Listen to my pet poet, Mr. Pope, as to how these matters stood in his days:—

"The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck, in three seal rings;
Which after, melted down,
Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grand-dame's rattle next it grew,
The bells she jingled and the whistle blew;
Then as a dagger graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore and now Belinda wears."

Of this kind of originality it would be hard to beat the notion which converted an ancient teaspoon into a clip for a châtelaine. There I found it, with its hall-marks and initials still intact, fixed to a beautiful old brooch, treasured by some Wattean or Jacobean beauty. Alas! like Sir William Gower's ankles in "Trelawney," how "sadly out of place." So hung is it to-day, with earrings and a heart broken from the same suite, that it can hardly "know itself."

A love of "the tender grace of a day that is fled" is scarcely everyone's heritage, and this is, as in Pope's days, but an adaptation by some departed Belinda to the fashion that she fancied. Efforts such as these for originality, since they result in the destruction of much little heeded beauty, cannot be too strongly deprecated.

Yet another kind, and for this our Victorian era is to blame, could be easily dispensed with. My quotation which shall describe it is again irreproachable, since it had birth in an Archiepiscopal Palace, and is put into the mouth of a certain Babe: "Then she wore a huge silver locket, with 'Kibroth Hattaavah' or 'Jehovah Nisi,' or some such legend upon it."

Much as one loathes the misplaced "Mizpah," after which Mr. Benson's "Babe B.A." is evidently striving, I have once seen even this bearable. Then it was so cunningly concealed with twists and scrolls as to lead one to believe it to be one of those trophies of barbaric art brought home from Ashanti by our soldier lads to their sweethearts in the seventies. I mean the African rings surrounded with the signs of the Zodiac.



The Carbuncle Suite.

Out of respect to my first three illustrations, and in the interests of the mineral known to the geologist as iron pyrites, and to the miner as mundic, I must here introduce a little crystalline lore. This is very necessary, since even now that we are omniscient, much marcasite is catalogued in our treasure-houses as silver, and spelt with a "q."

Here, in the matter of metallurgy, one notices the accuracy of the student of nature which shines beside the slipshod erudition (pardon! Messieurs) of the students of Art alone. To quote this last first—"they (*e.g.*, the iron pyrites) are facetted like diamonds." Now, where Dame Nature fashions facets she is a dangerous rival. Where she tries her hand there is no necessity for tool of art or craft to have a "look in" at all, and the marcasites which form the setting of the Carbuncle Paste Brooches, of the necklace called "The Real Thing," the brooch in the "Duchess of Towers" Suite, and the Blue Paste set entirely are her work alone. For marcasites are born, not made. They are natural crystals, made to the Dame's own laws, and said in our tongue to be "simple, or modified, or in pentagonal dodecahedrons"—but no! I won't do that any more, I promise; it's too alarming. I will only remark that the "gazing" which teaches taste brings also knowledge. For one knows, "by the gleam and glitter" one has so often pored over, how varied are the crystals of one's marcasite. Almost was one's ignorance bliss, for knowledge makes one feel more keenly the coarseness in the imitation cut at a later date in steel by man.

One often hears the word marcasite misapplied to the whole of any jewellery, such as I show, instead of merely to their settings.

My illustrations are most interesting, and upon them I have many theories to base, and about them many stories to tell. But the worst of it is the British Museum has theories too, and little sympathy with tales! Nautilus shell, say they, is the substance known as "coque-du-perle," which I have shown in the "Duchess of Towers" set, and could in many more, as it is the commonest combination with marcasite. Let them have their way *in re* that necklace and earrings, but of the long brooch, as well as of many more unrepresented treasures that I wot of, I say No! Since the quality, colour, and lustre of their surfaces is as different as chalk from cheese.

Midst all the virtues of one's grandmothers with which one has at times been bored, and of which one is tempted to say, with the fervour of the nursery rhyme, "Thank the Lord, I've had enough," one will never be able to reckon that of care for antiquities. Owing to this lack of care I have myself seen the coque-de-perle ancestrally broken, and I know that the interior of one's best beloved bits

has a hairy look as of some manufactured substance. Here comes in the wisdom of my wonted wariness as to rash assertion, for it is also within my knowledge that these medallions have been replaced by lack-lustre *mother*-of-pearl. The doer of this deed possessed a "mind where wisdom" was *supposed* "to dwell," and yet it was quite unaware of the unfairness of the exchange.

For the appearance of the Duchess of Towers' necklace, no apology is needed—has it not an artist's hall-mark of its very own? It is, using the words in their most *original* meaning, "distinctly precious," and it is with devotion that its lucky possessor always dons it!



The Blue Paste Suite.

"Dear du Maurier's"—*that* quotation is from *Punch*, but it has scarcely a comic side—dear du Maurier's "Duchess of Towers," in "Peter Ibbetson," wears it more than once, and it figures again in the delicious drawing of the "young and old darlings," in "Trilby," round the neck of the younger woman. Delicious in the flat it is doubly so in the round, although it can lay no claim to "originality," being but a last-century imitation of its Watteau-esque ancestor, "The Real Thing." Nevertheless, the fleur de lis or trefoil gallery which surrounds the pearl shells, traces still further back for forbears, since it appears in the jewels worn by S. Catherine, at her mystic marriage in Gheeraert David's painting in our own National Gallery.

It is a 15th-century work, and one notes that even *then* the officiating priest wears garments arranged in "accordion pleats," and asks how about the "originator" of our 19th-century fashion?

The tiny true-lovers' knots, and the sprays which connect the medallions in "The Real Thing," date back doubtless to Watteau's beauties as they appear in the pictures of his day; but those of us with a feeling for things French must wait till the wealth of the Wallace Collection be given to us before we date our treasures with the exactitude we love.

A very curious "mingle-mangle" is that Carbuncle set!

Here, at least, I hoped my craft of the pen had coined an original word; but the very day I wrote it I found it in *print*, therefore honesty compels me to use it but as a quotation! The two brooches at the top are indisputably the older. They are real as to their surroundings of marcasite, mock as to their middles of paste. The lower brooch and earrings are tool-cut steel, mounted on real carbuncles, these being in the old "glass-setting," and backed with mother-of-pearl. French are they probably, and but an imitation of an imitation, the steel counterfeiting the pyrites as it for older generations mocked the di'monds.

And hereby hangs my tale, an old-world story which I've known and loved too long to part with. That it was to console the luckless ladies of Stuart times, sighing for the di'monds they'd sold for bonnie Prince Charlie, that this jewellery was made.

Looked at all round it is a tenable as well as a pretty tale, and far daintier is the marcasite than the iron chains and crosses, the so-called Berlin work, worn by German Fraus, from much the same motive, during the Thirty Years' War. "Gazing" again comes to one's aid, and teaches one pictorially that Jacobean beauties wore necklets of the marcasite form.

In the 1897 Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society a set of pale blue paste circled with marcasite were specially catalogued by their owner as "worn at a ball in Paris in 1787." Now granted that any noble family thought this fact worth chronicling at the time, it would scarcely be so, were the jewels then of modern make, and an odd forty years back gives us 1745 easily; and—but further one need not go, since one's case is proven!

One learns a curious bit of the science of reflections in the illustrations of the Carbuncle Suite. Whereas the paste, cut crystal-wise, does but reflect mere light and shade, the rounded surfaces of the carbuncles bear the exact reflection of the Elizabethan window ('tis but a modern reproduction!) in the room where they sat for their portraits.

But, to quote my dear old friend Monkbarns, "that's another story,"—the reflections, I mean. For, here certainly, much as I love Mr. Kipling, I must acknowledge "the antiquary" as the "original" author of that quotation.

EFFIE BRUCE CLARKE.

(To be concluded.)



The Monks Picnic. By P. Heilbuth.
From the Stewart Sale, 1898.

THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.

IT is well known that all the principal art sales in England take place in the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, and also that the same in France are held in the Hôtel Drouot, or in M. George Petit's salon in Paris, but European readers have very little idea of how similar sales are arranged in America. The following notes on the most important art sale-room in the United States will therefore be found interesting.

We may begin by stating that the art sales of valuable pictures in New York are comparatively few in number, and are not, as in London and Paris during the season, of almost weekly occurrence. For example, during 1898 only two sales of real importance took place, these being the W. H. Stewart Collection in February, and the Fuller and Dana Collections in March, and it is of the first of these that we shall chiefly treat.

Before considering these sales of last year it may be mentioned that the American Art Association was founded in 1883 by Mr. James F. Sutton, Mr. Thomas E. Kirby, and a gentleman since dead, Mr. R. A. Robertson. A large establishment in Madison Square, New York, was begun, and the fine suite of five rooms are well adapted to their purpose. The daylight is not so brilliant as in Christie's, or in the Rue de Sèze, but as the auctions take place late in the evening, and usually after dinner at 8.15 P.M., this is of little consequence. The Private Views are also held a few evenings previously about the same hour, although, of course, connoisseurs can always inspect the works offered, during daylight. But as most people in New York are workers, and there are few, if any, drones, this evening arrangement is found very convenient.

Besides auction sales, the Association has held many exhibitions of works of art by American artists, and prizes are offered by it to the contributors, for which considerable competition is made. No less than six thousand pounds ($30,000) has been distributed by the Association in money, besides bestowing a number of gold medals. It will be understood, therefore, that nothing quite like this organization exists either in London or Paris.

The auction sales necessarily forms a very important feature in the scheme, and the success of this may be judged from the fact that nearly two million pounds sterling have been realised in the room in this way during the past fifteen years. With only a few sales each season this represents a large sum for every collection, the largest having taken place in March, 1886, when £240,000 was reached in the sale of paintings, porcelains, silver, and other artistic objects from the estate of the late Mrs. Morgan. In 1887 Mr. A. T. Stewart's collections fetched £115,000; in 1891 Mr. George I. Seney's pictures mounted up to £133,000, and the W. H. Stewart sale in February, 1898, realised over £80,000.

As to individual sums bid in the rooms of the Association, it may be mentioned that some of the greatest prices ever paid for works of art have been reached there. To quote the half-dozen highest pictures and the three highest objets d'art the following list will prove interesting for comparison with amounts realised in England and France.

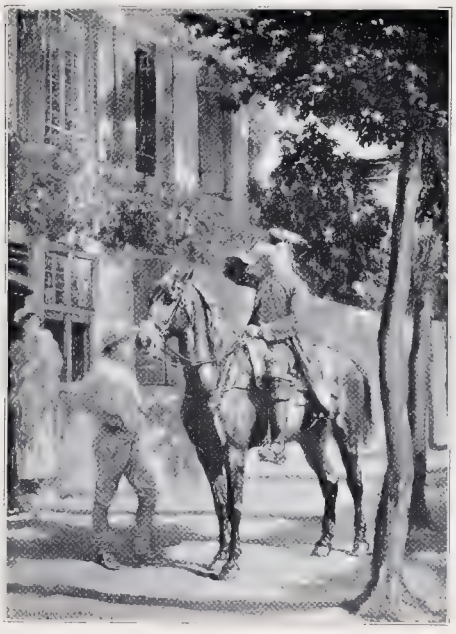
"Friedland, 1807" ..	by Meissonier	£11,000
"The Horse Fair" ..	by Rosa Bonheur.. ..	£10,600
"Marchese de Spinola"	by Van Dyck	£10,000
"The First Communion"	by Jules Breton	£9,100
"The Choice of a Model"	by M. Fortuny . ..	£8,400
"Le Passage du Bac"..	by Troyon	£5,400
Chinese Porcelain Vase, "Peach Bloom" . ..		£3,600
Pair Minton Vases		£1,620
Pair Silver Candelabra		£1,620

It may be thought that if these famous works had been sold in Europe, these sums, even exaggerated as they are, might have been exceeded, for it is well known that examples of all three of the first artists on the list have fetched larger amounts on this side of the Atlantic, but it is very satisfactory to holders of valuable works of art to

know that in New York, with its comparatively restricted market, great prices can be obtained. At a sale in London or Paris all the world competes, including the American, but in New York it is hardly yet known for a large European dealer to be a serious competitor.

It sometimes happens, however, that a collector on this side competes successfully with the American in his own country, and the best instance of this is the sale of J. F. Millet's 'Angelus' to M. Chauchard, of Paris, for £30,000 ($150,000). This picture was bought by the American Art Association in Paris at the Secretan Sale in 1889, for £22,120,* when the French Government declined to ratify the bid made by M. A. Proust on their behalf. The Association took the picture to the United States and Canada, and exhibited it in all the chief cities, crowds viewing the little canvas at every place. All the great American collectors had, therefore, the opportunity to acquire this world-famous picture, but not one of them were able to stand the great price. M. Chauchard, proprietor of the large drapery establishment known as the Magasins du Louvre, was forming his superb collection, and making the big bid of £30,000, he secured the picture, and doubtless as a wealthy man he found fame cheaply at the price.

The catalogue of the Stewart sale, from which we have taken our plate of Mr. Alma Tadema's picture, 'A Difficult Line,' and the two smaller blocks here printed, was one of the series of well-illustrated and thoroughly well-edited catalogues got up by Mr. Kirby, of the Association. These catalogues are far superior to the tradesman's circular style of things indulged in by Messrs. Christie's—a firm which has not yet learned even the elements of making a fine art catalogue—and they are at least equal to the magnificent volumes issued in Paris in connexion with all the great sales. The Secretan sale catalogue, in 1889, in three volumes, was perhaps the most important, but as there are often half a dozen in one year sent out by the auctioneers of Paris, there are others equally good.



The Stirrup Cup. By J. L. E. Meissonier. From the Stewart Sale, 1885.

The American catalogues are large quarto tomes, sent out in strong boxes, in which many people keep them without further binding. They are illustrated with photogravure plates, and for the Stewart sale of last year there were one hundred and twenty-eight of these plates, and all equal to 'The Difficult Line.'

'The Monte Pincio'—our headpiece—is from a picture by F. Heilbuth, and represents the famous terrace overlooking St. Peter's, at Rome, where church dignitaries love to show themselves.

'The Stirrup Cup,' by Meissonier, is a small canvas with all the strength and finish of the painter's best work. It realised £2,300 at the sale, and as it only measures 6¾ by 4½ inches—about double the size of the illustration—the quality of the picture can be understood. T.

* See THE ART JOURNAL, 1889, p. 307.

'A DIFFICULT LINE.'

FROM THE PAINTING BY L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

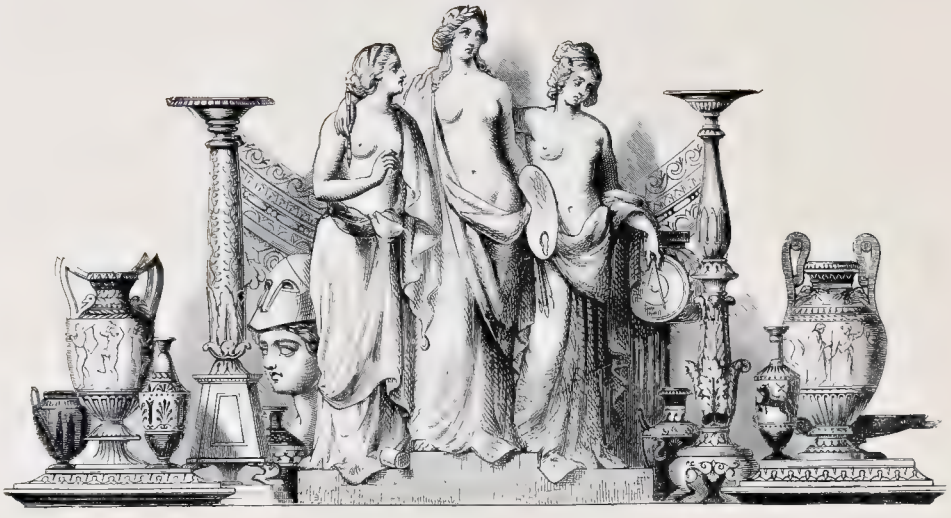
THE works of Mr. Alma-Tadema have so often been treated in this Journal that it is scarcely necessary to say anything about the personality and power of the world-famous artist.

Our reproduction, almost the same size as the small original picture, has been executed by Messrs. Elson, of Boston, and the plate displays the excellence to which artistic work of this kind has advanced in America.

As mentioned in the preceding article, 'A Difficult Line' was sold in the W. H. Stewart sale in New York last year, and it fetched nearly £800, a very high figure for the work of a living artist on a canvas only measuring 6¼ by 9¼ inches.

A Roman of cultivated tastes half-reposing on a marble seat, is meditating 'A Difficult Line' of the poem he has been reducing to written language, after much serious consideration. He toys with his pencil as he thinks again on the choice of a word or the turn of a phrase. He is already half-way down the page of his trim note-book, he has made a fair beginning, but, as all poets experience, he has arrived at the point which seems well-nigh insurmountable, or at least embarrasses the writer for a long time. He does not look a man who will be baffled, however, and it is safe to say that the difficulty, however troublesome for the present, will not really prove too great, and the ballad "made to his mistress' eyebrow" will in due time be set forth.

Mr. Alma-Tadema's picture is marked Opus 132, which means a definite date to the painter, but this is chiefly interesting to others because it shows how well sustained is the artist's handiwork when far advanced in his second hundred finished pictures. No one knows better than Mr. Alma-Tadema the difficulty of reaching the position he holds, but few know so well the yet greater struggle necessary to maintain the achievement, and no one works more earnestly to be considered worthy of it.



The Design on the Cover of THE ART JOURNAL, 1849-79.

FIFTY YEARS OF ART.

THE ART JOURNAL having completed Fifty years of consecutive monthly publication under its present title, forms a mine of wealth of Articles and Illustrations of the Art of the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century, and it has been decided to issue twelve monthly parts containing selected examples from the volumes of the past Fifty years.

Great changes have naturally taken place in this long period. But while the Artists, the Writers, and the Editor are now entirely different, it is hoped that the same spirit of love of art inspires the present contributors, as was the case in 1849 and onwards. Our aims and ideas are far from being identical with those of half-a-century ago, yet the modifications have been very gradual. THE ART JOURNAL of 1899 is, in almost every detail, different from the early volumes, yet in taking each year's work it would be difficult to lay the finger on the exact point of alteration.

This gradual development will be evident, however, in this Jubilee volume; the cream of each year will be taken, and so far as possible, each monthly issue will be confined to the best pieces included within the volumes of every four years. The task is by no means so easy as may appear, not because of any difficulty in finding material, but simply because of the *embarras de richesses* existing in these fine old volumes.

The plates and articles selected will exhibit the modification in the method of producing an art journal, and although it has been found advisable to issue the articles in the modern style of two columns to each page (in place of the three narrow columns of smaller type as in early days) and printed on paper more adapted to what we now consider good printing, a fair idea of the original publication is obtainable.

In 1849, and for fully thirty years thereafter, no other method but line engraving for the plates, and wood engraving for the blocks, was considered possible for the illustration of a fine art work. Lithography scarcely entered into such a scheme; photographic reproduction was unknown. Etchings were out of fashion, and mezzotint was found unworkable for large numbers.

In 1899 line engraving is practically a dead art, and wood engraving most rapidly becoming so. It is several years since a line engraving was published in THE ART JOURNAL, and although it is yet not the same with wood engraving, it is true that reproductions, based on photography in the first instance, are almost entirely alone in decorating the printed page.

We now publish regularly Etchings, Mezzotints, and Photogravures, and other semi-mechanical reproductions, all entirely different from anything done in 1849. The present-day painter prefers to come before his public without any interpreter, as in the case of line engraving and wood engraving; and the great majority of artists find it to their advantage to take their own responsibility for work, to receive the praise alone when it is good, and equally alone to accept the blame if it be found bad, and not to shelter themselves behind the perhaps unsympathetic engraver on steel or wood.

These differing styles of illustration tend greatly to give variety to the publication, and it will be for our readers to judge if the new methods are equal or otherwise to the old.

In this Jubilee re-issue examples will be found from many famous pictures now grown classic. Care has been taken to choose the very finest subjects, and as the original plates still exist in proper condition for successful printing, it is believed an interesting and artistic volume will be found to be the result.





J. C. Stanfield.

Entrance to the quay at the head of Low water at small tides. Lights, warning of danger. Lights, not to be passed, left hand. J. C. Stanfield. Oil on canvas.





F. Hollyer, Photo.

Love and the Pilgrim.
By Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

"Love, that is first and last of all things made,
The light that moving has made life for shade."
A. C. SWINBURNE.

Love, in a white robe, his head crowned with roses, holds an arrow in his left hand, and with his right is leading a pilgrim through a wilderness; around the head of Love is a flight of small birds. To left, on a scroll, "Painted by E. Burne-Jones, 1896-7; dedicated to his friend, A. C. Swinburne." Oil, 61 in. by 120 in.
In the possession of Mary Duchess of Sutherland.

REMBRANDT AND BURNE-JONES.

THE two chief exhibitions of the winter season were one-man shows. Between Rembrandt and Burne-Jones there is an utter absence of resemblance, and since they are most unequally matched as painters, there is no fair ground for contrast. Rembrandt was one of the most powerful naturalists that ever painted: natural not only by his frequent choice of subjects from ordinary life, but by his persistent effort to invest them with no other glamour than can be got from actual shapes and colours reflecting real light. The feeling akin to poetic excitement that moves us when we look at his works, comes to us because we are then allowed to see, with finer eyes than our own, effects of light that are as familiar to us as the day. The human hands and faces of unidealised types, the hues and textures of common stuffs, are revealed by the ordinary light, sometimes more shadowy than usual, which we may see in any interior. To make such scenes effective the painter must have had a knowledge of form, and a passionate admiration for light. That he beautified form so little in the ordinary sense of the word shows that he regarded it not as an abstract existence, but mainly as a deflector of light, as a producer of shadowy abysses and depths, as the cause of passages, gradations, culminations, crescendos, and decrescendos in the impalpable and airy inhabitant of space. If it is possible to sculp form rather by a feeling for nuances of shadow than by a sense of direction and inclination, it is far more natural so to model shape in painting. And one fancies that thus Rembrandt painted, perceiving and admiring shape and colour by their effects upon the play of light and atmosphere.

To Burne-Jones, on the contrary, sentiments about

form and colour came in no way through a poetic feeling for light. It is difficult, indeed, to say how form and colour reached him, and how they affected him, unless one happens to be in very close sympathy with his art. Nothing that he had ever seen, except by hint in Rossetti's art, did he want to paint; unless it were something that human faces could at times suggest. He was persistent in his devotion to a certain type of human being, but he felt no eager longing to realize it, and make it live actual and fully modelled in the real light of day. He was content to suggest certain attributes by more abstract processes than those implied in the naturalistic use of oil-paint. Facial expression of a passing emotion he sought passionately, but he sought it chiefly in line. The more plastic and definite kind of expression, that which depends upon material character, upon modifications of the type, upon subtleties of interior modelling, seemed to have less interest for him, and lay outside the scope of his artistic powers. Colour, shape, the inclination of surfaces, relative depths of space or distance, he rendered by abstract patterns, and scarcely at all by the natural method of light and atmosphere. It is difficult to conventionalise even single objects for the purposes of decorative design, and Burne-Jones undertook the treatment of a whole world. It is little wonder, then, that in some respects he failed. His brighter schemes of colour are often poorly balanced and discordant. When these loud tints exist in no solvent of atmosphere and light, they must produce their own harmony by the interaction of their relations and quantities. His patterns are often so crowded with line and detail, that no man's invention would be enough

to secure perfect harmony and subordination to the ensemble.

It is these qualities of harmony and subordination of parts to the whole that we admire in the Rembrandts now at Burlington House. But this impressive unity of aspect represents the unity of Rembrandt's view of nature. It is not a built unity of decorative design that we are admiring in these canvases, but a whole impression of reality, coloured and modelled by an effect of light. In the earlier works of Rembrandt, the treatment of light is drier than in the later, and less broadly imaginative, but the elements are none the less welded together, and subordinated according to the aspect which nature took on in the painter's imagination. A large canvas, entitled 'The Shipbuilder and his Wife' (of which we make a large reproduction), is the largest and best example of the painter's early work. It bears the date 1633, and it shows the solid, careful construction, the comparatively cold colour and the somewhat tight execution, which distinguish his early work from the gorgeous and shadowed richness of his later canvases. At the Academy the various stages of his art were well shown, and by a considerable variety of subject ranging through portraits, figure-pictures, landscapes, and landscape with figure. To mention all the notable pictures, to say nothing of drawings, would go beyond our space; but we may say that the collection contained all the chief Rembrandts of England. Amongst other canvases were 'The Young Gentleman with a Hawk,' 'The Lady with a Fan,'* 'The Lady with a Parrot,' 'Belshazzar's Feast,' 'A Man in Armour,' 'A Man with a Sword,' and many others. Finest, perhaps, amongst many portraits of the painter, by himself, were Lord Ilchester's 'Rembrandt in a Yellow Gaberdine,' and Lord Iveagh's still older portrait, both painted after poverty had fallen upon him, and he had lost his house, his collection and his wife. Lord Ilchester's 'Rembrandt' stands alone in portraiture. It may not have the strange subtle charm of Leonardo's 'Mona Lisa,' the supreme modelling of some heads by Velasquez, or the broad suavity of some Titians; but it has a more surprising vitality than any of them, a more rugged and romantic vigour of execution, and a dignity of its own both more unaccountable and more unexpected. It is not so well seen in the corner of the third room as it was in its last visit to the Winter Academy. We must not forget 'The Mill,' the 'Shepherds reposing by Night,' and other landscapes which, more even than the works of Rubens, Claude, and Poussin, seem to have influenced the direction of modern art.



F. Hollyer, Photo. *The Prioress's Tale.* *By Sir Ed. Burne-Jones.*

"My litel child, now wol I fecchen thee
Wher that the corn is for thy loves sake;
But Criste, I wot, thou art my felawe."
CHAUCER'S "*The Prioress's Tale.*"

Behind a low parapet, with open door, stands the Virgin in dark blue robes, and holding ears of corn in her left hand; she bends forward and places a grain into the mouth of a little child, who is rising to receive it. In the foreground and at the sides are lilies, poppies, and sunflowers; in the background is a scene in the street of a town, the child being murdered, and scholars entering school on the left, and other groups. Signed E. B. J., 1858-8. Water colour, 10¾ in. by 25 in. The last work completed by the painter.

*In the possession of Lady Colvile.

Burne-Jones has been so fully treated in THE ART ANNUAL by Mrs. Ady that it seems unnecessary to speak at length of the extraordinary wealth of symbolic painting and literary suggestion which was displayed at the New Gallery. Perhaps the purest piece of colour of the bright kind in the gallery was to be seen in the scheme of blue, rose, orange and grey, called 'The Prioress's Tale,' here reproduced. Amongst the best and the simplest in design were: 'The Depths of the Sea,' 'Love and the Pilgrim' (on the previous page), 'Merlin and Vivien,' and the portraits—'Miss Gertrude Lewis,' 'Miss Amy Gaskell,' and 'Miss Margaret Burne-Jones.'

R. A. M. STEVENSON.

* See THE ART JOURNAL, 1898, page 357, with article on the recent Amsterdam Exhibition of Rembrandt's works.

ADDITIONS TO SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

BY the generosity of several gentlemen, who have either lent or given their works of art for exhibition, the collections of the South Kensington Museum have lately been greatly enriched.

Sir T. D. Gibson Carmichael, Bart., M.P., has sent a varied and valuable collection. Four ivory plaques, dating from the 14th century, are of French workmanship, and are most delicately carved in openwork, with scenes from the



Franz Hanfstaengl, Photo.

The Shipbuilder and his Wife. By Rembrandt.

The Shipbuilder, in black dress and cloth cap, holding a pair of compasses in his right hand, is seated to the left, near a window, at a table on which are books and papers and an inkstand, and is in the act of turning to look a letter from his wife, who has just come in through the open door, the handle of which she holds with her left hand, while she gives him the letter, on which is the superscription, "Den seer Eersame Jonge Aert" (perhaps the name of the shipbuilder), over the back of his chair. She is in black, with white cap and collar. Signed and dated on a plan on which the Shipbuilder's hand is resting, "Rembrandt f. 1633." Canvas, 37 in. by 15 in.

In the Collection of Her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

life of Christ. Two other plaques from the same set are in the permanent collection of the Museum. Another very interesting ivory carving is the circular plaque of the Deposition from the Cross. It is probably Flemish work of the latter half of the 15th century; some of the figures bear great resemblance to those on the fine Brussels tapestries of that period. The tiny triangular shrine of silver, holding carved ivory figures of the Virgin and Child with St. John the Baptist and St. Catherine of Alexandria, is decorated at the back with the subject of the Crucifixion on a dark blue enamelled ground. This little treasure is also French work of the 14th century. In a frame are two very beautiful portraits of Dante and Beatrice in niello; these medallions date probably from the first half of the 16th century. A flat circular reliquary of silver is also decorated in niello work, with representations of the Annunciation and the Resurrection. There are several crystal objects in this collection, but, probably, the most interesting of them all is the little cylindrical reliquary of rock crystal, carved, with a Kufic inscription and mounted in silver gilt, of a considerably later date. An Italian rock crystal cross of the 15th century is mounted on a gilt metal foot, with two silver plaques, decorated with angels in translucent enamel. At the other end of the case is a beautiful lapis lazuli cup, carved in Italy in the 16th century; the handle is of pure gold, and is in the form of a triton with a conch. Sir Thomas Carmichael's specimens of metal work are arranged in another case, and first among them should be especially noticed the boat-shaped incense vessel of gilt copper, which was formerly in the Magniac collection.

Above this incense vessel is a 15th-century bronze of a baby, from Florence. By the side of the navette is an interesting inkstand with plaquettes, by Giovanni delle Cerniole, illustrating scenes in the story of Coriolanus. At the bottom of the case is an elaborate inkstand, with figures representing the martyrdom of St. Lawrence. A bronze figure of 'Chastity trampling on Vice' is similar to one on an inkstand by Benvenuto Celleni, formerly in the Borghese collection. Some of the other bronzes are adapted from antiques, which are held in high repute by the connoisseurs of the 16th century; notably amongst these may be mentioned a bronze head (which very closely resembles the famous Medusa Ludovisi), and the small figure of the boy extracting a thorn, the original of which is in the Palazzo dei Conservatori, Rome. In this collection there is a beautiful manuscript of the rules for the conduct of a school at Florence. The third case is filled with Sir Thomas Carmichael's terra-cotta figures from Tanagra in Boeotia, and from Asia Minor.

Major V. A. Farquharson lends a most interesting series of gun-locks: a complete history of this portion of a gun through all its developments, from the primitive match-lock down to the most finished flint-lock used in the early part of the 19th century. Some of these specimens are beautifully decorated, and are excellent works of Art. Another case is devoted to this gentleman's collection of fire-arms, and amongst them are weapons by some of the most famous armourers of the time. There are also some specimens of the well-known Highland pistol, many of which are elaborately engraved.

Mr. T. Foster Shattock lends two large pieces of old French furniture of the 16th century. The first is a cabinet of walnut carved with terminal figures and with panels of architectural and other ornaments. The second is a buffet, with an arcade in front and cupboard and recesses behind. These two pieces of furniture are exhibited in the Tapestry Court.

A case in the South Court contains Mr. Shattock's collection of small wood-carvings, first amongst which should be mentioned the seated figure of Vulcan carved in boxwood. On the shelf below are four groups of the Evangelists, apparently carved for some shrine or altar-piece. One of the treasures in this collection is the conventional lion-mask, with wings on either side and horns above. In the centre of the case is a walnut panel from a French cabinet of the 16th century; there are also many other carvings which are of great interest.

Mr. J. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., M.P., lends a small but valuable collection of so-called Rhodian and Damascus wares. The large mug is of peculiar interest because of its rare salmon-coloured ground, which is covered with floral decoration. The little mug, with sloping side and square-shaped handle, has a diaper pattern on the magnificent red ground. In the same case is a fine tall bottle painted in blue, green and red, with hyacinths and other flowers. Two fine tiles, with olive-green leaves and blue flowers, probably come from Damascus, and form part of a large slab, of which the Museum already possesses three tiles. Mr. Fletcher Moulton also sends a small collection of metal work.

INDUSTRIAL ART.

AS an artistic medium, metal has lately made great progress in the favour of both artists and public. Thanks to many of the former having joined the ranks of the workers in copper, brass and iron, the latter can now be spared the misery of that ugliness which had hitherto seemed inseparable from many of the common objects of everyday life. Nor do they confine themselves only to such improvements, their sphere is that of more naturally beautiful things, and amongst metal-workers we must mention Mr. Alexander Fisher as taking deservedly one of the foremost places both in execution and beauty of design. All his work shows thought and artistic feeling, as well as skill and knowledge of the capabilities of the material he is using.

He is now engaged on a jewel casket, the doors of which are divided into six compartments, each one a picture in hammered metal, representing how and where precious stones are found. A winged Love forms the lock, and on opening the doors a silver statuette of Fortune is discovered, with hands upraised as if she had just pushed the doors apart. A light (unseen by the spectator) is arranged to shine on the figure, as well as on the jewels within; round the base and at the foot of Fortune brilliant translucent enamels are inserted which form jewels in themselves.

At Essex House (Mr. C. R. Ashbee) there is always new work to be seen, and even ordinary and necessary things are made beautiful by skilled hands. The illustration shows some silver salt-cellars and mustard-pots, with coloured glass inside. The design is pierced,



Silver Salt-cellars and Mustard pots. From Essex House—Mr. C. R. Ashbee.

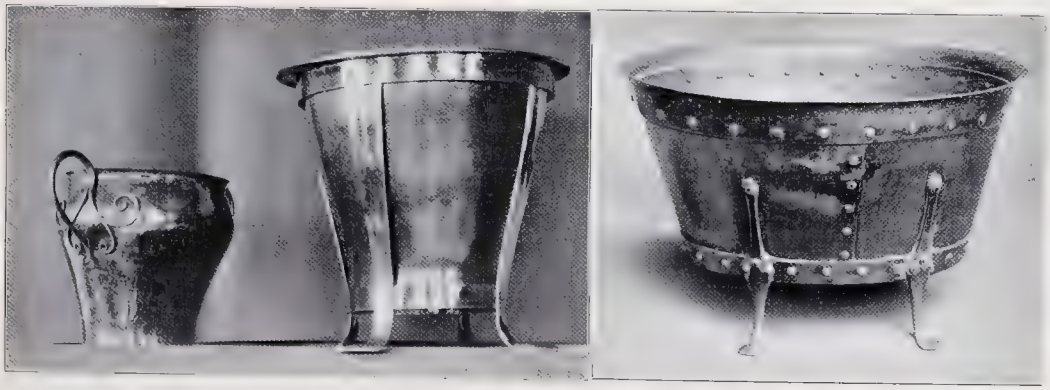
and composed of delicate interwoven lines, some of which terminate in silver balls; no two of these are of the same pattern. One small cayenne-pepper-pot is specially remarkable, being set with small red obesteins, indicative of the pepper within; a tiny salt of equally dainty proportions goes with it. Mr. Ashbee does not only keep to small and fine work, but is very successful in employing beaten metal for fireplaces, as well as introducing it in furniture. A design is seldom repeated at Essex House, a fact which enhances the value of each article and constitutes a great charm for the possessor of any of the work done by the Guild.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson are carrying on successful work at Chiswick. Wrought-iron, designed by them, and executed at their own workshop, assumes quaint and delightful shapes. The handles of some of the fire-irons were twisted in curious knots and devices; the difficulty was to decide which to choose. The grey iron was the most uncommon, and some were inlaid with brass. Besides these were trivets and toasting-forks, also a toasting-stand, to place before the fire, where three pieces of bread could be toasted at the same time, and save all scorching of hands and faces; below this, again, a stand on which to place a plate was cleverly introduced, and even when not in use made a quaint ornament.

At Messrs. William Morris's establishment, the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft exhibit their combination of metals with good results. Thus a brass fender had bars of steel introduced; and, again, some beaten-bronze bowls were mounted in brass, or had brass handles finishing in graceful scrolls; larger coal or log bowls were treated in the same manner. Two caskets—one in silver, the other copper—were beautifully riveted and joined together, the riveting forming the design. The Guild had also a good device for lighting a bookcase—a double-candle pendant attached to a twisted brass bar and moving along a groove, so that it could easily be placed in any position required.

Mr. J. Pearson, also exhibiting at Messrs. Morris, deserves separate mention, as always carrying out the whole work of any of his articles himself, both as to design and execution. Large copper plaques seem the most characteristic of his work, some with mediæval ships in full sail, surrounded by a deep border of fish and seaweed, or perhaps curious animals and birds; but all have a special individuality which marks them as the work of a true artist. Handsome copper caskets, of various shapes and sizes, bore quaint hinges and fastenings of his own invention.

E. F. V.



Bronze and Brass Coal-scuttle and Bowls. Birmingham Guild of Handicraft.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE management of the Rembrandt Exhibition at the Royal Academy is one of the best pieces of work done by the new President. The collection is well chosen and well arranged; only one or two questionable examples have found places, and all the best pictures are hung in places of honour and in appropriate lights. It is organised in a way that carries the exhibition many degrees above the recent Amsterdam collection, which, as we said in our notice of it last year, was far from having been thoroughly well done. Sir Edward Poynter and Mr. Yeames are specially responsible for this excellent result, and their labours ought to be recognised by the public as well as by the Academy.

AT the same time we heard a certain amount of grumbling by both Academicians and Associates because of the return of the Winter Exhibition to a collection of Old Masters; but the splendid Rembrandt display has silenced all critics.

IF there is such a thing as canonization in art, assuredly Burne-Jones has received it during the past month at the hands of those who worship his work, in the very complete collection of the New Gallery and the Burlington Fine Arts Club. A small section of the fine collection of studies and drawings displayed at the Burlington shows the artist in a new light. Everybody knows the brimming humour of Rossetti, and Madox Brown, as witness his 'Baptism of Edwin,' had a very keen sense of the ridiculous. The little nursery sketches done by Burne-Jones for a dear child reveal a very real *vis comica*. Nothing could be funnier than such drawings as 'Mischevia Babiformia' and 'A Picture for Mr. Carr's Exhibition.' They are much in Thackeray's manner, and, of course, delightful.

THERE is some pertinence in the suggestion that the Burne-Jones Memorial Fund should purchase the great 'Arthur in Avalon' which almost fills the end wall of the North Room in the New Gallery. It is essentially a gallery picture (11½ by 21½ feet) and would be best seen afterwards in one of the new rooms in the Tate Gallery. The picture, though described as unfinished, is sufficiently complete to adequately represent the painter. The Koran of Burne-Jones was, indeed, the Morte d'Arthur, and it was fitting that the last chapter in the myth should have occupied the artist for nearly twenty years before his death.

MR. ALBERT GILBERT, R.A., has been elected an honorary member of the Society of Designers in the place of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The other honorary members of the society are H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A. The Society of Designers—whose headquarters are at Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street—has made great progress since its formation in 1896, and now numbers upwards of one hundred members. Membership is open to all professional designers, whatever their style of work; such a broad basis as this should form a sound foundation to a healthy society.

A PASTEL SOCIETY has been formed in London, and will hold its first Exhibition during the present month at the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colour, Piccadilly. Among the committee we note Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A., Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Edward Stott, Mr. W. Rothenstein, and Sir James Linton. With such strong support as this the new society promises to form an important addition to the many art institutions which at present exist in London. The honorary secretary—Miss Marion Gemmell—will be pleased to give any information respecting the society, and communications should be addressed to her at 6, William Street, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.

A VERY successful dinner was held at the Hotel Cecil, in the first week of January, by the Representatives of the Fine Art Publishers, and others connected with the sale of pictures and prints. Mr. Leggatt, of Cheapside, was in the chair, and Mr. Gooden, of Pall Mall, acted as vice-chairman. Amongst the speakers were Mr. Burton, of Goupil's, Mr. Fowles, of Tooth's, and Mr. Barbour, of McLean's. Mr. Lockett Agnew, in a short and clever speech, responded for the guests.

JULES BRETON'S picture, 'The First Communion,' has in its time suggested many imitations. If any artist is in real need of a similar subject, he need make a journey only so far as the Cathedral of the Isles and Argyll. The sole musical official bewails his inability to give special musical services in the following cogent terms: "I have only a choir of eight girls, as boys are unobtainable. The girls wear long white veils, and sit in the choir-stalls."

BY some artists the common hangman is held to be the true functionary to deal with the art critic. The Committee of the 1899 Venice Exhibition has other views. To that writer who can evolve the best critical account (or should it be appreciation?) of the ensuing display, a prize in Italian money is to be awarded. Other honoraria are dangled before the eyes of the poor writer, and competitive efforts may appear in various languages.

AS Mr. Ruskin was born on Feb. 8, 1819, he will on that day this month be an octogenarian. Good wishes should also be extended to Sir Coutts Lindsay (Feb. 2); Birket Foster (Feb. 4); E. M. Wimperis (Feb. 6); J. T. Nettleship (Feb. 11); Val. C. Prinsep (Feb. 14); C. W. Wyllie (Feb. 18); Mortimer Menpes (Feb. 22); G. F. Watts eighty-two years of age (Feb. 23), and Sir John Tenniel, who begins his eightieth year on Feb. 28. The painter should note also the following receiving days: Feb. 1, R.S.A. Edinburgh and Dudley Gallery, also Bradford Feb. 1—11; Feb. 4, Royal Hibernian Academy. The Royal Society of British Artists' sending-in day is at the end of the month.



Important News.
By Louis Boilly.

NEW ARTISTIC BOOKS.



"Senefelder's first drawing on stone before the invention of Lithography, 1777."

THE beginning of the publishing season in the New Year is marked by the issue of the very satisfactory volume, *"LITHOGRAPHY AND LITHOGRAPHERS," by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell (Fisher Unwin). The outcome of years of devoted labour of love, this book relates, for the first time in a consecutive and complete manner, the romantic story of the discovery and application of drawing with greasy ink on stone, down to the present day, when the artistic application of the work is mostly accomplished by drawing on transfer paper. This transfer method was really the first adopted by Senefelder, the discoverer of Lithography himself, and it will be remembered that Mr. Pennell brought a suit against a *Saturday Reviewer*, and obtained £50 damages, for stating that transfer work was not really lithography.

Of the eminent French painters who flourished at the beginning of the century, well recognised on the Continent, but little known in England, Louis Boilly holds a high place. His pictures have that unhappy deficiency in colour quality that prevents them ever becoming collected by the purely artistic connoisseur, but as a painter of French character he had few equals. Mr. Henry Harrisse has just published, in French, BOILLY'S LIFE AND WORK (Paris, and Mr. B. F. Stevens, London), with thirty illustrations, of which our headpiece is one of the smaller examples.—"THE CLASSICAL SCULPTURE GALLERY" (Grevel) contains 144 quarto reproductions from many Continental sources, of great service to serious students of sculpture.

Everyone who employs practical lettering—designers, architects, bookbinders, artists and craftsmen—will be grateful for *"ALPHABETS OLD AND NEW," by Lewis F. Day (Batsford). There are in this book over one hundred and fifty complete alphabets and thirty series of numerals, selected from the earliest periods to the present time, and arranged in chronological order. Mr. Day has written a scholarly and pithy introduction dealing with the development of the alphabet, and also contributes some beautiful alphabets of his own design, besides those given by other contemporary designers.

No one who wishes to keep informed of the attempts of competent modern opinion to solve the hitherto insoluble problems in the history of Art can afford to overlook the three *"LECTURES ON THE NATIONAL GALLERY" from Dr. Richter's pen, just published by Longmans, Green and Co. The first lecture deals with the Paintings of the Fourteenth Century, and the Doctor definitely denies the attribution of the Altar-piece to Cimabue, giving good reasons for assigning it to the great Sienese Duccio. He also questions altogether the authenticity of the pictures in the National Gallery attributed both to Taddeo Gaddi and to Orcagna. In the course of the second lecture—upon the Venetian School—Dr. Richter has occasion to show grave doubt as to the correctness of attributing the 'Circumcision' (No. 1455) to Giovanni Bellini. In the third most interesting lecture—on Botticelli and his school—the Doctor attacks the authenticity of one of the best-known pictures in the Gallery, the tondo 'Madonna and Child' (No. 275), assigned to Botticelli, holding that it is certainly not the master's, and may be the work of Giuliano da San Gallo. The well-known 'Assumption' (No. 1126), Dr. Richter holds is not from the master's hand, though it is the work of his school. The ascription of the 'Adoration of the Magi' (No. 1033) to Filippino Lippi is also considered doubtful. In summarising the destructive results arrived at in these lectures, we must not convey the impression that they contain no constructive criticism. On the contrary they give much elucidation and comparison of the highest value.

The Catalogue of the NATIONAL GALLERY AND NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF IRELAND is com-

* The Editor recommends these books as being specially worthy of purchase.

piled by the Director, Mr. Walter Armstrong, and published by authority. The biographical notes of artists and descriptions of the pictures and sculpture are exceedingly well done. The pictures number upwards of five hundred, and most of the great names of art are represented by one or more examples. The British and Modern Schools are represented by Barry ('Portrait of Edmund Burke'), a small Constable, David Cox, some small Gainsboroughs, three portraits by Hogarth, including a remarkable portrait-group of George II. and family, Hoppner, Angelica Kauffmann, Godfrey Kneller, the famous group of the Sheridan family by Landseer (unfinished), Sir Thos. Lawrence, Sir Peter Lely, Dan. Maclise, Mulready (including his last picture, 'The Toy Seller'), Sir Joshua Reynolds (six portraits, including 'Edmund Burke' and 'Oliver Goldsmith'), George Richmond, Romney, Turner (five pictures, including the 'Opening of the Walhalla,' presented to Ludwig I. of Bavaria, but returned by His Majesty as *incomprehensible*), Francis Wheatley, and David Wilkie; while there are three studies by the late Keeley Halswelle, and a small Watts. We have said enough to show the important nature of the National Collection at Dublin, and it is gratifying to know that its direction could not be in more capable hands.

Much patient industry and *con amore* work have gone to the production of the bulky "BIBLIOGRAPHY OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ART AND ILLUSTRATED BOOKS," by J. Lewine (Sampson Low). This book is a priced guide to collectors, both to those who have to sell and those who wish to buy. There are upwards of four thousand entries, together with thirty-five plates, selected to represent the artists of the time.

Little by little the chaos which confronted the first Europeans who took up that most fascinating of art hobbies, the collection of Oriental Porcelain, is being bridged over. Such admirable works as that on "CHINESE PORCELAIN," by W. G. Gulland, with notes by T. J. Larkin (Chapman and Hall), carry the collector to the water, so to speak; but all the books in the world can't make him drink, if ability or acumen fail him. The book contains 485 illustrations; it is a concise history of the subject, it explains all technical terms and symbols from Chinese mythology and legends, that help one better to understand one's china.

In "THE NATIVITY IN ART AND SONG," by W. Henry Jewitt (Elliot Stock), the author's object has been to bring together in a concise form a few of the flowers of song relating to the Birth of the Redeemer, of which hitherto no adequate collection has been made. The literature of such a subject is practically inexhaustible, and there is ample room for such a book as this. "THE FIELD OF CLOVER" (Kegan Paul) embraces a charming series of short fairy tales with text and illustrations by Laurence Housman, lovingly and artistically engraved by Clemence Housman.

The series of essays upon Art and its relations to Life, which Mr. Edward Carpenter has entitled "ANGELS' WINGS" (Swan Sonnenschein), is the outcome of a wide culture, and will be read with interest. Mr. Carpenter is a meliorist of the brightest hue, and his thesis may be expressed as "the idea that the Evolution of the Fine Arts during the period of civilisation is leading up in the present time towards their amalgamation again with actual life, and towards the reconstruction of life itself as a thing of beauty and indeed the greatest of the Arts." The book is embellished with nine illustrations.

*"HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN NORTH WALES" (Macmillan), is illustrated by Messrs. Pennell and Hugh Thomson, and written by Mr. Arthur G. Bradley. The text is fascinating and readable, not a mere vehicle for the drawings, but a reliable literary work in itself. Mr. Pennell's drawings are as learned as ever, and as charming.

"THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LEWIS CARROLL" (Rev. C. L. Dodgson), by his nephew, S. Dodgson Collingwood (T. Fisher Unwin). We can concern ourselves here only with that side of the career of the remarkable and gifted author of "Alice in Wonderland" which comes within our scope. He had a natural gift for sketching, and some of his work shows much spirit and untutored ability. The book is also illustrated with a remarkable series of photographs taken by him. Further, Lewis Carroll was happy in his illustrators. We learn that his "keen appreciation of the beautiful made him prefer the society of artists to that of any other class of people." Sir John Tenniel's illustrations for "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking-glass" are well known. We are told that "Through the Looking-glass" is the last book Sir John has illustrated, and a letter is quoted in which the artist says that "with it, the faculty of making drawings for book illustrating departed from me." "The Hunting of the Snark" was illustrated by Henry Holiday, "Sylvie and Bruno" by Harry Furniss, "Three Sunsets" by Miss Gertrude Thomson.

Messrs. Bell send us two more volumes of their "Endymion" series, "THE MINOR POEMS OF JOHN MILTON," illustrated and decorated by A. Garth Jones, and "ENGLISH LYRICS, FROM SPENSER TO MILTON," illustrated by R. Anning Bell. Mr. Garth Jones is the master of a fine convention that adapts itself harmoniously to the massive strength of his author. Mr. Anning Bell's illustrations for the "English Lyrics" will not, perhaps, add anything to his reputation; though we do not wish to infer that they are not worthy of it.

"ROCK VILLAGES OF THE RIVIERA," by William Scott (A. & C. Black) will be especially interesting to visitors to the South. There are upwards of sixty delightful pen drawings by the author in the volume, which bring out delightfully the quaint and old-worldly architecture and romantic situations of these rock villages.—"AT THE SIGN OF THE BRUSH AND PEN," by J. G. Reid (A. Brown & Co., Aberdeen) is a series of reprinted interviews with black-and-white artists. The style is easy and eulogistic, but wholly indiscriminating. The accompanying illustrations are well produced.—"THE YOUNG PRINCESS FAIRY BOOK," by Castell Coates (Elliot Stock) contains some pretty stories, but the illustrations are insignificant and of no great merit.

The artistic work of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. was exercised with even more than usual felicity in their display of NEW YEAR'S CARDS AND CALENDARS FOR 1899. The designs were carefully drawn and neatly coloured, and there is no doubt that many opportunities for design and colour are thus afforded to young artists who will afterwards execute less ephemeral work.



The Fight interrupted.
By William Mulready, R.A.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.*

BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A., AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WILLIAM MULREADY.

Born 1786; *Student* 1800; *A.R.A.* 1815; *R.A.* 1816; *Died* 1863.

WILLIAM MULREADY was born at Ennis, County Clare. He came with his parents to England when about six years old, and soon showed considerable aptitude for drawing. Some of his boyish sketches having met with the approval of Banks the sculptor, he determined to adopt the profession of an artist, and when only fourteen years old entered the schools of the Royal Academy, where he made very satisfactory progress, supporting himself by drawing illustrations for books, and giving lessons in drawing, one of his pupils being Miss Isabella Milbank, afterwards Lady Byron. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1804, when only eighteen years old; and eleven years later, on November 6, 1815, was elected an associate, his promotion to the rank of R.A. following three months afterwards, on February 10, 1816. Such a rapid rise had never, nor has since, occurred in the Academy.

Mulready was always a very faithful and devoted member, subordinating his own private and personal interests to his professional duties. Himself devoted to study, he may truly be said to have been always a student, for throughout his long life he served the office of Visitor (or teacher) in the Life Class almost every year, taking his seat beside the students, and making very elaborate and careful drawings in black and red chalk.



Portrait of the Artist.
By William Mulready, R.A.

Although an Irishman by birth, Mulready possessed few of the well-known characteristics of his fellow-countrymen; he was neither bold, dashing, witty, affable, reckless, social, or quarrelsome; on the contrary, he was quiet, patient, and industrious, extremely cautious and guarded in his conversation and conduct, avoiding carefully every chance of giving offence. Neither was he distinguished for sociability. The friendly chaff and fun that went on on the varnishing days amongst the members had no charms for him, and it was on his motion that these festive gatherings were, for a time, done away with, bitterly to the regret of Turner, Chantrey, Stanfield and others, of a more affable and jovial character. These so-called varnishing

* Continued from page 44.



The Duchess of Kent.
By A. E. Chalon, R.A.

days were first established in 1809; three or more days, according to the discretion of the Council, being allowed to members for varnishing or painting on their pictures. Mulready's motion was that the Council "consider the propriety of doing away with the varnishing days, or making such alteration in the present arrangement as shall equalise the supposed advantages of the days to exhibitors generally." The Council adopted the first alternative, the varnishing days were abolished, and a new law passed merely allowing a member to apply to the Council for leave to retouch a picture if it had met with an accident, and then for not more than one day. This self-denying ordinance, however, did not continue long in force, and in a few years "one day or more, at the discretion of the Council," was allowed to members, and one day to non-members.

Of Mulready's private life very little is known, for he was a man who throughout his long life kept himself very much to himself. When only seventeen he married a sister of the well-known water-colour painter, John Varley, herself an artist of some merit; but the marriage was an unhappy one, and after a few years they separated.

Mulready was a hard worker, and as his pictures were always thorough and complete in finish and execution, he seldom failed to find admirers and purchasers for them. By far the best in tone and colour of his works were those he executed in the early years of his membership, when the influence of Wilkie and of the Dutch painters was strong upon him. The character and expression of the heads are finer and truer in these comparatively early works than in those produced in his later years. To give a list of his pictures is scarcely necessary, as so many of them are in the National Collection—a fact which is chiefly due to the great admiration that munificent patron Mr. Sheepshanks had for them; amongst the most important, however, may be mentioned 'The Fight interrupted' (1816), which we reproduce as a headpiece to this article, 'The Wolf and the Lamb' (1820), 'Lending a Bite' (1819), 'The Whistonian Controversy' (1843), and 'The Village Buffoon' (page 67), in the Diploma Gallery.

Mulready lived long enough to witness the Pre-Raphaelite revival, and to his credit was one of those amongst the senior members of the Academy who first gave encouragement to the young school by testifying their approbation of the sincerity of its efforts. His death took place suddenly in 1863.

ALFRED EDWARD CHALON, R.A.

Born 1781; *Student* 1797; *A.R.A.* 1812; *R.A.* 1816; *Died* 1860.

This artist was descended from a French Protestant family that had settled in Switzerland, and was born at Geneva in the year 1781. His father came over to England when his family, consisting of two sons and a daughter, were quite young, and maintained himself by teaching the French language.

The boys early evinced a strong predilection for art, and Alfred, the eldest, became a student at the Royal Academy at the age of seventeen. He possessed a strong sense of beauty, and considerable taste and dexterity of execution, and it was not long before he was able to support himself by painting ladies' portraits. His success was rapid, and for many years he was very fashionable in this branch of art.

He worked principally in water-colour, though from



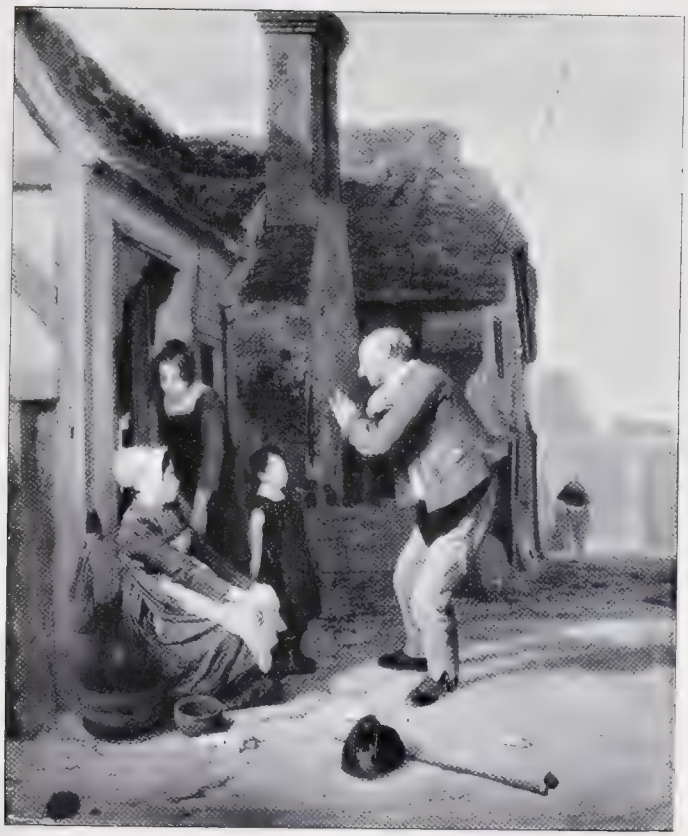
Portrait of a Lady.
By A. E. Chalon, R.A.

time to time he exhibited a few subject pictures in oil, amongst the best of which may be mentioned 'Samson and Delilah' (1837), and 'John Knox reproving the Ladies of Queen Mary's Court' (1844). These and other works of a similar character were generally the outcome of successful sketches made by Chalon at the meetings of The Sketching Club, of which he and his brother, J. J. Chalon, may be considered to have been the founders. The meetings of this club, which consisted of artists and amateurs, and included among its members C. R. Leslie, Bone, Stanfield, Partridge, W. Simpson, Cristall, and others, took place once a month, at the house of one of the members, on a Friday evening during the winter half of the year. The sketches, the subject of which was chosen at the meeting by the host of the evening, were generally finished in about two hours, and became his property.

Alfred Chalon will perhaps be best known in the future by his water-colour portrait of her Majesty Queen Victoria, which was painted about the time of her coronation, and beautifully engraved by Samuel Cousins, R.A., in mezzotint, the plate being deservedly popular.

In person Chalon was tall and picturesque; he was rather dandified in dress, to the last wearing the caped cloak with chain and tassels which were in fashion in the days of Lord Byron. His conversation was brilliant, and he excelled in witty repartee.

He died in 1860 at his house at Campden Hill, Kensington, in his eightieth year, having survived his younger brother John by five years.



The Village Buffoon.
By William Mulready, R.A.

JOHN JACKSON, R.A.

Born 1778; *Student* 1805; *A.R.A.* 1815; *R.A.* 1817; *Died* 1831.

This distinguished and brilliant portrait-painter was the son of a tailor, and was born at the village of Lastingham, in Yorkshire, on the 31st of May, 1778. He pursued for some time the occupation of his father, but a sight of the pictures at Castle Howard is said to have awakened a love for art, and having received permission from Lord Carlisle to make studies from the famous works in the collection, he soon displayed such skill, especially in a copy that he made of 'The Three Maries,' by Carracci, that he attracted the notice of Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont, who determined to give him an opportunity of following art as a profession. The latter, indeed, behaved with the greatest kindness to him, making him an allowance of £50 a year, and giving him an apartment in town so that he might be able to study at the Royal Academy, which he entered as a student in 1805. He had already in the previous year exhibited a portrait of a boy.

Profiting greatly by this liberality, it was not long before Jackson took his place amongst the principal portrait-painters of the day. Lady Mulgrave, the Hon. Mrs. Phipps, the Marquis of Huntly, Lady Mary Fitzgerald, and many other people of fashion were among the sitters at his studio, first in the Haymarket, and afterwards at 34, Great Marlborough Street. His fame rapidly increased, and on November 6, 1815, he was elected an Associate; nor had he long to wait for his full membership, being advanced to the rank of Academician on February 10th, 1817.

In 1819 he visited Rome in company with Sir Francis Chantrey, and while there painted for him a capital portrait of Canova. But his finest portrait is that of John Flaxman, which was a commission from Lord Dover, and of which Lawrence remarked that it was "a great achievement of the English School, and a picture of which Vandyke might have felt proud to call himself the author." He also painted a beautiful portrait of Lady Dover.

Jackson owed much of the brilliancy of his colour and execution to the keen and true appreciation which he possessed for the fine works of the Old Masters. He employed almost all his spare time in

making studies and copies from these works, painting with great rapidity and facility. His copies were always excellent, without being servile; and those that he occasionally made from Sir Joshua Reynolds' works have been considered by competent judges to have his family entirely unprovided for. He was twice married, and had four children, one by his first wife, and three by his second, who was a daughter of James Ward, R.A.

He died at his house in Grove End Road, St. John's



Miss Catharine Stephens (Countess of Essex). By John Jackson, R.A. In the National Portrait Gallery.

fully equalled the original as to the brilliancy of their quality.

Jackson worked with the greatest rapidity, and is said to have once, for a wager, finished five gentlemen's portraits in a single summer's day, and received twenty-five guineas apiece for them. Between 1804 and 1830 he exhibited no less than 166 pictures, 144 at the Academy, and 20 at the British Institution, besides painting many others. But although the income derived from such an extensive practice must have been correspondingly large, he seems to have been unable to save anything, as he left

Wood, on the 1st June, 1831, and was buried in St. John's Wood Chapel. In the National Collections are portraits by him of himself, as well as those of Earl Grey, Sir John Soane, and Miss Catharine Stephens (who afterwards became Countess of Essex), which we reproduce here.

Jackson's art was manly and vigorous. He excelled in the brilliance of his colour and execution; he had much of the facility which distinguished Lawrence, but escaped the effeminate mannerism which so often marred the President's work.

To be continued.



"Flounder, Flounder in the Sea."
By Gordon Browne.

From "Grimm's Fairy Tales." (Gardner, Darton and Co.)

AN ILLUSTRATOR OF BOOKS.



Sintram and his Companions. By Gordon Browne.
From "Sintram and Undine." (Gardner, Darton and Co.)

THERE are few artists to whom publishers owe a greater debt of gratitude than to Mr. Gordon Browne. He has successfully worked at almost every possible variety of illustration, and his originality and vigour seem undiminished: he admits to having depicted "everything from a balloon to a snake," a wide range, offering much scope to so skilled an artist. But it is impossible to catalogue, in detail, all he has done: to do so would require a lengthy treatise: it must suffice to mention some of the chief of his productions, the greater part of which have been illustrations for some of the best books of the day.

Mr. Gordon Frederick Browne was born forty years ago, at Banstead, Surrey, being the son of Hablot Knight Browne, so famous as "Phiz." He studied for a time at South Kensington, and subsequently at Heatherley's: at the age of seventeen he made his first book-illustration

or "The Day after the Holidays," by Ascott R. Hope (W. P. Nimmo, 1875). This led to work for "Aunt Judy's Magazine," then edited by Mrs. Ewing. Mr. Gordon Browne next tried his hand at Christmas Cards for Messrs. De la Rue: after this, he turned his attention to learning how to draw on wood, under Mr. James Cooper, through whom he did some drawings for Messrs. Blackie: this led to his working regularly for that firm, doing illustrations for a number of boys' books by Henty, Manville Fenn, and others. These "caught on," and more work followed. Messrs. Cassell then gave him a commission, and he has since worked for them without a year's break.

Mr. Gordon Browne has done a number of illustrations for various magazines: among others for "The Leisure Hour," "Sunday at Home," "Good Words," "Strand Magazine," "Boys' Own Paper," "Black and White," "The Graphic" (for which he still occasionally works), and "The Illustrated London News." In connection with this last periodical, Mr. Gordon Browne did some illustrations for a story by R. L. Stevenson; the author was so delighted with the vigour and fitness of the drawings, that he sent the following letter to "G. B." (whose real name he did not know):—

"Dear Sir,—I only know you under the initials G. B., but you have done some



Gordon Browne.

exceedingly spirited and satisfactory illustrations to my story, 'The Beach of Falesa,' and I wish to write and thank you expressly for the care and talent shown.

"Such numbers of people can do good black-and-whites!

"So few can illustrate a story, or apparently read it. You have shown that you can do both, and your creation of Wiltshire is a real illumination of the text. It was exactly so that Wiltshire dressed and looked, and you have the line of his nose to a nicety. His nose is an inspiration.

"Nor should I forget to thank you for 'Case,' particularly in his last appearance. It is a singular fact—which seems to point still more to inspiration in your case—that your missionary actually resembles the flesh and blood person from whom Mr. Tarleton was drawn. The general effect of the islands is all that could be wished; indeed, I have but one criticism to make, that is the background of Case taking the dollar from Mr. Tarleton's head—head, not hand, as the fools have printed it—the natives have a little too much the look of Africans.

"But the great affair is, you have been at the pains to illustrate my story instead of making conscientious black-and-whites of people sitting talking.

"I doubt if you have left unrepresented a single pictorial incident. I am writing to the Editor by this mail in hopes that I may buy from him the originals.

"And I am, Dear Sir,
"Yours very much obliged,
"Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Vailima Plantation,
"Samoan Islands.

"To the artist who did the illustrations to 'Una.'"



A Band of most exquisite Music.
From "Adventures of Baron Munchausen." (Gardner, Darton and Co.) *By "A. Nobody."*



"It could not have been better done for a field-marshal."
From "Adventures of Sir Toady Lion." (Gardner, Darton and Co.) *By Gordon Browne.*

Apropos of this letter, it is peculiarly characteristic, too, of Mr. Gordon Browne's work that he always is at great pains to give *vraisemblance* to his details and backgrounds; for example,

in "Sweetheart Travellers," who will not recognise the actual Welsh scenery through which Sweetheart passed? The artist has evidently read carefully his text; nay, he seems (most notably, indeed, in "Sweetheart Travellers"—but elsewhere as well) to be deeply imbued with the spirit which the author intended to convey; thus fulfilling to perfection the true function of an illustrator.

Besides the above-mentioned authors, Mr. Gordon Browne has illustrated "Rip Van Winkle," "The Henry Irving Shakespeare," for Messrs. Blackie, and various works by Defoe, Swift, Scott, Tennyson, Lang, Crockett, Edna Lyall, L. T. Meade, Lucas Malet, and George Macdonald. He has also exhibited in oils and water-colours at the Academy, the Institute, and the Grosvenor Gallery; he was elected a member of the R.B.A. in 1870, and of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours in 1876.



From "Cassell's Magazine."

The Pirate in Fact and Fiction.
By Gordon Browne.



Man-at-Arms. From an Original Sketch by Gordon Browne.

This list, brief as it is, would seem to comprise as much work as any artist could wish for. But we have made no mention of Mr. Gordon Browne's later books, such as "National Rhymes of the Nursery" (see illustration), "Sweetheart Travellers," and "Sir Toady Lion," by S. R. Crockett (see illustration); "Grimm's Fairy Tales" (see illustration); R. L. Stevenson's "Song Flowers," "Sintram and Undine" (see illustration) and "Prince Boohoo and Little Smuts" (all Gardner, Darton & Co.): in these volumes Mr. Gordon Browne has given free play to his fancy whenever possible. But in his wildest flights he preferred to be anonymous. It will perhaps be a surprise to many to learn that "A. Nobody" is Mr. Gordon Browne, the author of "Nonsense for Anybody, Everybody, and particularly the Babybody," and later, of "More Nonsense for the same Bodies as before." These volumes were the result of some scrap-books of nonsense, drawings, and rhymes made up to amuse a lonely little boy. The frontispiece of the first volume is a "portrait of the author, by his son." It is not a flattering likeness. In consequence of these volumes, Mr. Gordon Browne has received scores of offers for work by "Mr. A. Nobody"; unfortunately he does not consider that gentleman's productions as serious work. The drawings seem to be done with unrestrained freedom; yet every line betrays the skilled draughtsman. The latest work by "Mr. A. Nobody" is an illustrated edition of the "Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (Gardner, Darton and Co.), from which we have selected an illustration. The versatile Baron's achievements offer a splendid field for the artist's fertile imagination.

It is hard to say wherein is Mr. Gordon Browne's chief excellence: there is so much variety in all he has done, that little comparison is possible. Even in illustration pure and simple, where he is limited to the text, he contrives to be original. His edition of "Grimm" displays throughout a lively imagination, which he nevertheless keeps well under restraint. But he is not limited to humorous or fanciful drawings; those who have seen the illustrations to the "Beach of Falesa," referred



"I had a little Nut-tree."
By Gordon Browne.
From "National Rhymes of the Nursery." (Gardner, Darton and Co.)

to above, can judge of his capacity for reproducing scenery in black-and-white: one of his most charming pieces of landscape is the frontispiece to "Sweetheart Travellers"; perhaps the best of all are some of the headpieces in "Sintram."

In the drawing of living, moving objects, Mr. Gordon Browne is a master: not only his boys and girls, but his animals of every kind are instinct with movement. A little imp on page 41 of "Down the Snow Stairs," by Alice Corkran (Blackie, 1887), is dancing in a most unmistakable manner. In "Cheep and Chatter," by Alice Banks (Blackie, 1884), there are some splendid examples of many animals, notably a monkey, and a "spiteful field mouse." In the second series of "Nonsense," Mr. A. Nobody has caught a beautiful rhinoceros in the very act of sitting down. It is hard to attribute to anything short of genius the various postures and degrees of motion given to the figures in this drawing; it is, let us hope, impossible that Mr. Nobody has ever seen such an event as that depicted; yet the figures live and move, and seem in no way incongruous. Again, deepest pathos is reached in two maggots in "Cheep and Chatter," in the little Rag-Bag Elephant of "Nonsense," and in "Prince Boohoo," with the labelling of the Professor. The dates of these publications—1884, 1887, 1897—speak for themselves.

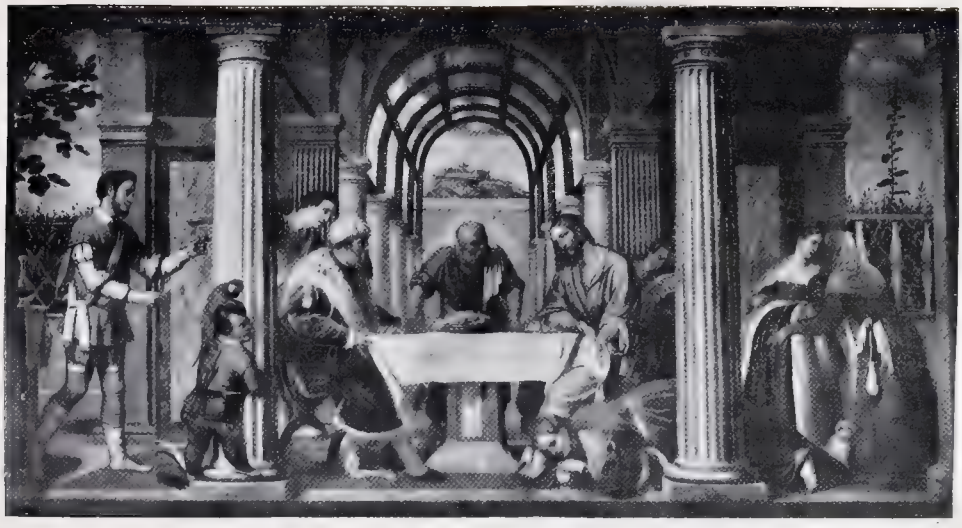
If Mr. Gordon Browne's types are vigorous and lifelike, at the same time they are not wanting in grace. In a recent number of *Punch* a beautiful girl showed the way to carry babies gracefully; and the girls in Mr. Gordon Browne's drawings are always graceful and refined. His Undine is delightful. Another charming example is Jill (and Jack too, for that matter) in his "Nursery Rhymes." "Grimm," perhaps, contains the best specimens of all his many styles of drawing. He is equally at home with princesses, dragons, dwarfs, or witches; at the same time there are many beautiful pieces of landscape, besides head and tail-pieces in a style not unworthy of Mr. Nobody himself. "Down the Snow Stairs" contains a very lovable old gentleman in Daddy Coax. It is hard to realise that such spirited pictures as the illustrations to G. A. Henty's books, the many curious animals in "Cheep and Chatter," the beautiful illustrations to "Sintram and Undine," and A. Nobody's "Nonsense," are all by the same artist; or that one man should illustrate Stevenson's "Beach of Falesa," a selection from "A Child's Garden of Verses" (Gardner, Darton, 1897), "Grimm," and "The Henry Irving Shakespeare."

If, after but twenty years' work, or a little more, Mr. Gordon Browne has such a good record behind him, what will he not do in the future?

JOSEPH W. DARTON.



Wherry on the Bure.
From a black-and-white Sketch by Gordon Browne.



Mary Magdalen at the Feet of Christ. By Moretto.
From the Painting at Venice.

IL MORETTO DA BRESCIA.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A SPEECH AT THE INAUGURATION OF A MONUMENT TO ALESSANDRO BONVICINO.

BY commemorating the fourth centenary of this great and subtle painter, Brescia has performed a good as well as a dutiful act, for few have loved their fatherland as did this artist, whom the world recognises best by the name of his birthplace. There, where so oftentimes he fixed the spark of the real on his canvas, the heart of the artist dwelt; and there the diaphanous dreams of his thought still seem to wander. And there now stands the artistic monument erected to his memory by his grateful fellow-townsmen. This monument is from the chisel of Ghidoni, and needs no description beyond the excellent reproduction we here give.

The name of Alessandro Bonvicino belongs to Italy and to Art, but he chose rather to bind it to the name of the city which gave him birth. If Moretto in Art is to be numbered with the Venetian, Brescia may proudly boast of having given to Venice much more than she received from her. The mild government of the Republic, her good laws, the protection of her arms, Brescia very fully acknowledged by adding two splendid rays to the glorious aureole of Art with which Venice was crowned. Moretto and Romanino were two artists who understood the Brescian character and country, which unite refinement to strength, and which inspire that calm meditation which they succeeded so marvellously in communicating to their pictures.

Alessandro Bonvicino passed his youth modestly and quietly in the midst of turbulent and tempestuous times. Naples and Milan surrendered to the foreign invader; Venice held out against an alliance of all Europe, but came prostrate from the conflict; Rome was sacked; Florence saw the last hours of her liberty, and Brescia, more, perhaps, than any other Italian city, saw troubles and slaughter. She suffered subjection to the rule of the foreigner, made fierce attempts to recover freedom, and after heroic resistance against the French, endured the horrible sacking of the city. It was, indeed, on this Brescian field that the bloodiest dramas of Italian history in the Middle Ages were enacted.

These misfortunes and struggles tempered the bold Brescian character. So many tears and so much bloodshed, necessarily inclined their minds to an austere sadness, and when, in 1516, Brescia was restored to the government of the Venetian Republic, the brightnesses of fancy and the elegancies of culture had, perhaps, no longer an attraction for men who had thus passed their life amidst the clash of arms. Yet it was amidst such a history that a flower of Art was germinating.

History tells us little or nothing of this artist. The family of Bonvicino, originally from Ardesio, is known to have numbered two other painters, Pietro and Alessandro, father and uncle of Il Moretto—a nickname which descended to him from one of his ancestors.

The census return of Messer Alessandro shows us, like a chink of light, his good and beneficent disposition. "I have living with me," so it says, "dona Maria mia cusina et infirma già molti anni, quale è di anni 40 et la tengo a tutte mie spese, non avendo nè facoltà, nè altra roba, nè altro soccorso ch' el mio, et per amor di Dio la sustento di tutto."

In addition, there lived under his hospitable roof, Paula, daughter of "un cartaro povero et bisognoso, et una sua sorella piccola d' anni 5 ad ogni mia spesa calzar et vestir anco lei." At fifty years of age Moretto married, and his family consisted of one son and two daughters He died at fifty-six years of age, at sunset, on a peaceful



The Coronation of the Virgin. By Moretto. From the Painting at Brescia.

day, and was buried in San Clemente, near his own modest dwelling. From the brevity of his story it would almost appear as if to marvellous activity this delicate spirit added an obstinate desire to conceal himself from the memory of posterity.

It is doubtful whether the young Brescian, who learned the first rudiments of his art in his birthplace, did not afterwards go to the School of Tiziano at Venice, but it is certain that his genius matured itself under the warming rays of Venetian Art. Not only in Venice, but in the whole region subject to her, an agitation in the artistic life was felt. And amidst the raging of factions and clash of arms, the Art that redeems from so many misfortunes appeared also at Brescia. Lombardy was filled with the great name of Lionardo da Vinci, and the influence of this divine artist was powerfully felt. Nor could the most rigid conventions stand before that glorious creator of an Art, unique, harmonious, and living. The Lombard School, which had grown up under the strong and severe, but narrow and cold training of Squarcione and Mantegna, came forth on the arrival of Lionardo in 1483, as the heart turns to the green fields in April to breathe the balmy air of spring.

Meanwhile, a ray of the genial Venetian Art had been seen at Brescia in the fresco in San Salvadore, and in the pictures of Santa Maria delle Grazie—works of Floriano Ferramola, Moretto's master—where the ascetic visions of the Middle Ages change by degrees into a pleasant and youthful sense of life. In this place Bonvicino gained his first principles and made his first steps in art.

When his genius had reached its full vigour, Venetian Art, trembling with sap and freshness, had broken out into flower, perfume, and colour. A noble and solemn form in things and in life was transfusing itself into Art. Albert Dürer, a man scanty of praise, who was at Venice in the first months of 1506, wrote to his friend Pirckheimer: "At Venice I have become a gentleman!" And Bonvicino also, the modest son of the people, became a gentleman in the magnificent court of art—a nobility to be honoured among the highest! He, too, entered the radiant Pantheon in the mighty battalion of the Bellinis, Carpaccio, Giorgione, Tiziano, and Paolo. But though feeling the fascinating influence of Venice, he preserved all the originality of his nature. Venetian Art had passed from the pure *gentilezza* of the Quattrocento to the dazzling magnificence of the Cinquecento. In the 'Cene' of Paolo, for example, the scene reveals itself under great porticos, supported by columns of the rose-coloured brocatello of Verona, among rich and majestic edifices, and an inexpressible harmony of tints and colours. And in this radiant atmosphere are seen beautiful women with rose-coloured faces, masses of fair hair, rounded sensuous forms, tempting lips and sparkling eyes. Where are the dignified purity, the holy ignorance, the forgetful devotion, candid faith, warm and chaste affection of Carpaccio and of Giambellino? These new bold ones seek their ideal on earth, and in sensual love. In another scene by Paolo, beside the Redeemer stand nude and licentious figures; there are apostles who pick their teeth with their forks, servants from whose noses blood seems to be issuing, buffoons with parrots, and men-at-arms dressed in the German fashion, with halberds in their hands. This is not the life of the Divine Redeemer, but a noisy Venetian feast. "Il tribunale del Santo Uffizio" was not wrong in summoning the painter and reproving him for having treated with so little respect such venerable subjects; but the artist replied "that painters could take the same licence as poets and mad people without taking so many things into consideration."

Amidst the sensual mirth of the age Moretto passed, sweet anchorite of Art; and almost a stranger to the world that surrounded him, he seemed a man of other ideas than theirs, and in art as in life he thought for himself. In the San Nicolò da Bari, a work by Moretto shows the influence of Vecellio. There is not only the tinting and draping, but also the manner and the forms of the Tizianesque school; and in the 'Massacre of the Innocents' in San Giovanni, the painter displays the influence of Raffael. But the study of the great masters never made him lose the stupendous and characteristic virtues of his genius or originality. He was above all Brescian, and understood very fully the disposition of his countrymen. Born in a city situate between Milan, where the pure Leonardesque tradition continued, and Venice, abounding with pomp and sensuality, he was able to assimilate the qualities of the two schools, while at the same time preserving the local character.

A theory, which contains much truth, recognizes in intellectual forms the action which surrounding conditions exercise on any organism. Works of genius are not a solitary fact isolated from the common existence, but are imbued with the environment in which they develop themselves. Thus, in this beautiful Lombard land, Art, tempered by its surroundings, takes in Moretto an elegant sobriety of line, a moral nobility of form, a marked clearness of outline, that rest the eye. There is here nothing mobile, varying or fantastic, as in the Venetian atmosphere, in which we are struck by the stupendous action of the light, which deprives the outline of marked clearness, but lights and unites all in grand harmony.

This contrast is made appreciable if we consider the nature of the landscape in the pictures of Tiziano, with that seen in works by Bonvicino. In one we find a chain of mountains with snow and verdure, brooks and torrents, flowers and forests, perilous heights and deep echoing caverns. Contrasting with that, we have the solitary and sweetly pensive lyric of the Brescian country drawn by Moretto. The slopes are clad with rich vineyards; the green pastures are lost as if in a veil of light vapours. There is nothing barren in the soil, nothing sad in the heavens, while far off smiles Brescia with her castle illumined by the sun. In Moretto the voice of things is transformed into a solemn and melancholy music of the human soul, and the poetry of nature reaches the serenity that shines in the eyes of Christ and of the Virgin—a serenity that is fully reflected in the mind of Bonvicino, and also manifests itself in the colouring of his pictures.

His imagination is guided by a very pure affection.

"Lo ingegno affrena
Perch' non corra, che virtù nol guidi,"

one might say with Dante. His fire shines more than it burns, and his works are as his life was, without remorse, doubt, or grief. Moretto occupied an obviously distinct position, and in the Venetian school, he is really the only one who desired to forget the world for his art, which to him was the effusion of a solitary mind. He, too, as Vasari says, loved vestments in gold and in blue, like Tiziano and Paolo, and purple and brocade, and embroidery; but the witchcraft of the age did not conquer him, and did not touch his delicately austere character. In all his works, amidst the gaiety of the new life flowing in the veins of Italy and the voluptuous visions that inebriated the mind, he preserved the tender poetry of an earlier time. He was the last truly Christian painter of Italy. "It might almost be said," well observed Ransonnet, "that he only used his brush in the cause of religion." Faith, indeed, suggested his thoughts, created his expressions, blended his colours and stirred up all the sympathies of his heart, and further than this, extended its influence to the mind of the spectator.

Bonvicino unites himself with the primitive painters, the suave Quattrocentists, interpreters of an Art that possesses all the candour of infancy without its inexperiences. The sunset of a world and the dawning of another are lost in him. Wavering between diverse desires and hopes, he partook of the nature of both. He smiles at that Ideal that he seeks in vain among obscure ways of life, and breathes sometimes of that melancholy, not barren like an exhausted spirit, but rested and sweet, the product of a peacefulvision of things. He has intense and profound dreams like a primitive man, and has disquieting aspirations like a man of finished culture. Like the first, he indulges in the dreams of beyond the tomb; like the second, he reveals a remarkably fresh, young, and healthy nature.



Monument to Alessandro Bonvicino Moretto at Brescia.
By Ghidoni.

The artistic manifestations of these different tendencies of the spirit are curious to study. In the Duomo Vecchio of Brescia 'La Vergine Assunta' of Moretto has for nearly four centuries had confided to it the affections and longings, prayers and tears, bitternesses and rejoicings of the Brescians. The face of Mary, full of matronliness adorned with virginal innocence, unites to ecstasy of faith the perfume of a beautiful earth. The oval face smiles placidly with a light transparency of sadness, the eyes shine with the far look that goes beyond the earth. There swims in these eyes an infinite

suavity of love that calms and heals. The mind is not moved, although the eye is bewitched, by the plastic seductiveness and material glory of the 'Assunta' of Tiziano. This is no saint, but only a fine woman, made to give and to share in pleasure. These are two different arts, but each has its attractions. The one appeals to the heart, the other to the eye.

In the two great Brescian rivals, Moretto and Romanino, this difference of form and conception manifests itself. "It still remains undecided to whom the palm ought to be given, and to whom the triumph be decreed," exclaimed Averoldi, comparing the two painters. While Vasari holds Romanino inferior to Moretto, Lanzi says that Romanino is in advance of Moretto in genius and in frankness of brush. And critics give ear now to one, now to the other of these judges. It appears vain to make such comparisons, for both are great. But in character the one differs essentially from the other. Moretto sought the expressive form, the interior thought, and, perhaps unconsciously, put forward problems that still employ the men of our time. This is the reason why we moderns feel drawn towards this solitary searcher, who, although confused by the noisy gaiety of Venetian Art, followed with intense desire his own sweet conception of the religious ideal. In Romanino there is more dramatic passion, more vivacity of motive and effect, especially in those fresco works in which he reveals himself as a marvellous improvisatore, whose genius at times is almost superabundant. He does not seek, like his rival, timid beauties, pure sweetness of expression, innocent affections and lovable inventions, but knows how to unite boldness with study, yet ever preserving originality in the most varied manifestations of art.



St. Anthony, the Abbot.
By Moretto.

Moretto, on the other hand, finds it hard to represent human troubles. He does not disturb with complex and dramatic artifices the serene calm of his conception. His tranquil spirit rejects forced action and the pomp of unusual motion. But he was not so absorbed in the heights of the religious ideal as to neglect the real. On the contrary, at times he took from nature the most minute details, as in the 'Sacra Famiglia' of the Galleria Martinengo, where there is so much rustic simplicity, and where at the foot one finds a goitred shepherd, the type of an idiot—or as in the 'Cena, in Casa del Farise,' at Venice, where a dwarf jester is strolling round the table. But those grotesque figures do not disturb the serene colour of the scene, nor do we find in the Brescian painter that gay, merry, and irreverent recklessness of Paolo, who "took that licence poets and mad people take."

Perhaps for us, knight-errants of our fancy, and a little surfeited by our own ideals, placed as we are at the junction of two centuries, the pictures of Bonvicino, ingenuously grand and robustly modest, cannot but have an irresistible charm. That peace which after the tumults and storms of life one seeks in the secret recesses of our mind, thirsting for faith, comes also from the work of this artist, simple and true, candid and strong. As he approaches nature, he perceives a lofty and noble meaning, like a soul that agrees with his own, a harmony in beauty, suavity, emotion, and meditation. From the 'Santa Giustina,' of Vienna, to the 'Maddalena del Banchetto del Fariseo,' which appeared to Richard Wagner one of the most ideal conceptions of woman that painting had ever attempted; from the 'Madonna di Paitone,' who breathes devotion and sweetness, to the 'Gloria' of the Museum at Berlin, that attracts the eye for gaiety and lucidity of colour; from the 'Incoronazione,' in SS. Nazzaro e Celso, of Brescia, exceptionally beautiful for elegiac sweetness, to the 'Sant' Orsola,' in San Clemente; and to the 'Santa Margherita,' in San Francesco of Brescia, striking for nobility of invention and correctness of design; from the 'Sant' Eufemia,' in the Galleria Martinengo of Brescia (a picture of grandiose effect, stupendous masterliness, of easy manner and rich impasto), to the divine Madonnas, rising like visions in the mystic penumbra of churches, far from the noise of civilization, in the churches of Sarezzo, Pralboino, and Manerbio—all creations, in fact, of this painter-poet have this in particular. They are not only figures to be admired for beauty, which a consummate artist has painted on the canvas, but are figures that suggest in themselves many mysteries of the mind—figures that have suffered our griefs, that have been present without despairing at the struggles of life. All this is abundantly illustrated in the reproductions of work by Moretto now given. The 'Coronation of the Virgin' we have already referred to. In single figures, we give 'Christ at the Column,' now in Naples, and 'St. Anthony'; two characteristic works. The fine detail in the landscape, and the striking architectural features, both near and distant, in the Naples picture, attract the admiration, while the attitude and expression of the bound figure illustrate the strongly human power of the artist. 'St. Clement and the Saints' is a work still in Brescia, while the large and grand 'Mary



St. Clement and the Saints. By Moretto.
From the Painting at Brescia.



Christ at the Column. By Moretto.
From the Painting at Naples.

Magdalen at the Feet of Christ' is in Venice; we reproduce both these works. The extraordinary variety and power in characterisation in the last named makes the picture worthy of most careful study, and the suavity of the distant glimpse of landscape will not escape notice. The dwarf and monkey illustrate what has already been said of the grotesque side of Moretto's art.

Truly, Moretto in the vast field open to his conception and his brush chose that which furnished him an inexhaustible nourishment in the inspiration of the Ideal. This ideal was formed of three sublime conceptions: God, Fatherland, and Art. What a comfort to the last hours of that dying man must the divine voice of religion have been: his humble room must have been filled with phantoms of the art to which he had imparted so much of God: the love of his native land must have smiled to him—his native land where one still feels the presence of his great mind, and which now rejoices after four centuries in the remembrance, the reverence, and increasing admiration of posterity. But Moretto would, perhaps, still more rejoice, were it given him to hear how that in honouring him we are honouring that simple and honest Art that he professed as a religion. This ardour of study and love that to-day surrounds the Brescian painter are not only a hope and a promise, but an affirmation. A great and candid wave of passion pervades the whole of art and exalts it. The artist of to-day no longer wishes a picture to be only a wise alternation of tone and colour, but to be the development of an idea; nor does he wish that art should be merely a display of technical skill, but that it should be also a deep psychological manifestation. Humanity appears to be tired of mere enjoyment, and returns to a desire to dream; and the poet, after having, perhaps, in rebellious verse, dashed to pieces mitres and crowns, now amidst nervous meditations uncovers himself at the sound of the Ave Maria:—

> "Un oblio lene de la faticosa
> Vita, un pensoso sospirar quiete
> Una soave volontà di pianto
> L'anime invade." *

May we not hope that this light of the Ideal may illumine the triste shadows of the era that now ends, and radiantly shine in the future century; causing to burst forth the flower of a simple and sincere art that may inspire the mind with meditation, or with a timid and profound joy as those who, in the dying summer and the sad silence of autumn, watch, as a glad presage, the far distant Alps, bright, cerulean, and free from every dark cloud?

POMPEO MOMENTI.

* Giosuè Carducci, "Alla Chiesa di Polenta."



No. 1.—Door of St. John's Palace, Bottle Lane, Nottingham.
Now in the Castle Museum, Nottingham.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

IT is hardly reasonable to expect much to be done in the way of external decoration where the system of leasehold houses exists. Neither landlord nor tenant will expend money in embellishing a building which is only required to last for a certain number of years. But recent social developments have encouraged a more widespread luxury, which has brought in its train elaborate building and decoration; and as the desire to erect genuinely beautiful structures for the occupier's own use is extending rapidly, the claims of the house-door to share in the general improvement cannot be too strongly urged.

The outside of a house which has not been built expressly for us is almost beyond our control, and we are compelled to accept it as we find it. The architect is responsible for the general construction, the builder for the rest; and to the latter's uneducated hands the absolutely indispensable entrance-door is generally relegated. Yet when we consider how it must be seen and used by thousands day after day, passing by or standing before it, some slight effort might be made to render it interesting, if not attractive. We would never dream of allowing our visitors to see a reception room on which no thought or care had been bestowed, yet we leave the door through which all must pass, and in front of which all must wait, to present an utterly common appearance.

Thoughts like these have occurred to me many times during the last few years, as I have paused before the doors of all sorts of houses, both in England and Scotland, and I can say with truth that hardly one has borne evidence of any originality of design or even consideration on the part of its living occupant. I say *living* occupant, because in the picturesque mansions erected in bygone centuries the old oak doors, with their black bosses and quaint external hinges, still stand to bear testimony to the care and thought bestowed upon them in the long-dead past. Everything which taste can devise is to be found in the interior of our modern houses, while the approach is utterly devoid of art or skill.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the æsthetic school, the greater proportion of London doors are of ordinary deal, painted and grained. The absorbent nature of this material certainly requires the protection of paint, but graining is such an expensive and transparent sham that it is a mystery why it has remained so long in favour.



No. 2.—Door of the Minor's School-House.
Lichfield, Staff.

In the old days when oak and mahogany were commonly used, the grainers' art was unnecessary, so the custom has not even antiquity to recommend it; and at the present time every one knows and can see that the door is not constructed of oak, so why should it be treated to imitate that wood when any other method would be cheaper and more artistic? Stain and varnish would be preferable, and the wood thus protected resists the weather equally well and reveals its own natural grain. If a house-door has been already painted it must remain so, but a dark chocolate brown, or deep blue, is a far more honest and effective decoration, and sage green, with copper furnishings, is still more to be recommended.

Should circumstances permit any of my readers to build a house for their own occupation, or to have one built for them, it would be well if they would plan or think out a door which will be not only a pleasure to them, but lasting enough to go down to their descendants. A well-known artist has chosen plain, unembellished copper for his entrance, and it certainly possesses the merit of originality and beauty. The sheet of fine colour is conspicuous enough to attract attention, even at some distance, but, though curious and uncommon, it is too expensive for ordinary householders. Wood is the material best suited to the purpose, but let the wood be good and fine. Oak suits our climate best, as the old buildings throughout the country testify, and a door of solid oak will stand the wear and tear of centuries, and yet admit of carving and decoration.



No. 3.—Door of West Front, Lichfield Cathedral, Staff.

Let us take the commonest forms of ancient English house-doors. They were constructed either in one piece, or in two opening from the centre, and the most frequent style of embellishment consisted of heavy iron knobs studding the wood at intervals. These still survive on churches, manor houses, and farms that have seen better days. I have sketched the door of the Minor's house at Lichfield (No. 2), which is set in a stone portal, and is a good example of an ordinary door of this description. The same idea of ornamenting wood with metal is carried out on the west door of the Cathedral (No. 3), in the same city, but the iron-work in this case is much more elaborate and profuse. The style is quite suitable for adaptation to a dwelling-house.

Copper and brass ornamentation is sometimes introduced on entrance-doors, especially abroad, where the climate is less severe; but in this country these metals soon discolour, and require constant cleaning and polishing. Bronze might be substituted, but nothing is so suitable to the purpose as the strong, yet malleable iron, which can be worked into such graceful forms. In the suggestion given for a door (No. 4), the plain sides have metal scrolls fastened by screws in the old way, and handles might be added in the form of twisted snakes.

An ordinary panelled door can be converted from a very common into a very ornamental one by simply removing the wood in the upper panels, and inserting elaborate scrolls of finely wrought iron in its place, with glass on the inner side. The spaces between the door and the wall can be similarly treated, rendering the whole entrance artistic, without detracting from its utility or convenience. In fact, both have been added to, as the glass conveys more light to the hall within. The idea is so simple that there can be no difficulty in carrying it out for either an inner or an outer door. It is surely a pleasanter production than the coloured glass panels for which the modern builder displays such inordinate affection.

This fashion can hardly be described as new, for it is merely an adaptation of the metal door tops (No. 5), so frequent in the last century, and to be found in the books of design published by Manwaring, Ince, Mayhew, and other forgotten names of the Chippendale era. A hundred years ago the embellishment of the outside of the house was considered of quite as much importance as the interior, and such men as the Adams excelled in metal-work of every description, designing street railings, lamps, door knockers, and handles, all breathing the same spirit of harmonious and graceful decoration as the rest of their work. No. 20, St. James's Square, is about the best example of an untouched Adams doorway, for Robert's own residence, in Portland Place, has been altered of late years.

Now let us consider the wooden door without metal ornamentation. It can be carved, either wholly or in

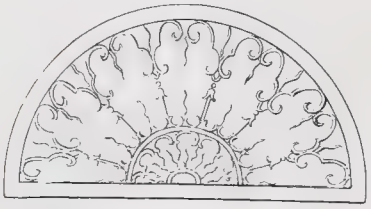


No. 4.—Door ornamented with Metal-work.

parts, and, if the pattern be cut deep enough, it will be as lasting as the door itself. At the beginning of this article there is the headpiece of the door of St. John's Palace, in Bottle Lane, Nottingham, dating from the fifteenth century, which was in perfectly good preservation when the house was taken down about thirty years ago, and part removed to the museum.

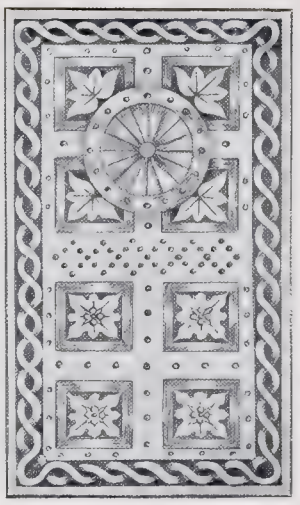
As it would be expensive to have doors entirely covered with carving, I give ideas for some partial decoration, but they are merely suggestions to be altered to suit individual tastes. No. 6 has the design deeply cut into the wood, while the old black nails are introduced in a set pattern in the middle and between the ornaments. The ground around the leaves can be stained, and the whole door polished, but it is preferable to allow the wood to darken with time and weather.

No. 7 is from an old house in Hereford, and is now in the possession of Mr. Phillip of Hitchin. The date is about 1650, and the plain solid design is characteristic of the period. The door is of massive pine, and gives that impression of strength and solidity which an entrance door ought to possess. It still bears the original knocker.



No. 5.—Door Top. From Designs by a Society of Upholsterers, about 1753.

No. 8 shows yet another form of ancient door. The framework is entirely of English walnut, the ground panels being of greenish ebony, while the arabesque inlay is of light coloured holly, the same tint as the now fashionable satinwood. The door is double, inlaid on both sides, and the hinges and handle are of bronze. This door is believed to have been made in England about the time of William and Mary. If fears are entertained that the weather might injure any door constructed on these lines, it could easily be placed in a porch for protection; though, if the wood and workmanship are thoroughly good, there is every likelihood of its outliving its constructor and many of his descendants.



No. 6.—Original Design for Carved-wood Door.

While considering front doors, the knocker must not be forgotten. The old-fashioned brass kind at least gave a touch of hospitable brightness which the cast-iron monstrosity lacks; but when such beautiful wrought-iron knockers can be procured at any of the mediæval metal-works, there is no excuse for the oblong metal lumps which disfigure the doors of so many modern houses.

It ought to be needless to remind our readers how superior the work of the hammer and anvil is to the productions of the mould, and it may be interesting to give a few illustrations of old door knockers that show the differing styles. No. 9 is Italian Bronze, 1650; No. 10, Florentine Bronze, 1650; No. 11, Norwegian Brass; No. 12, Old English; No. 13, French Wrought-iron, 15th century; and No. 14, French, of the 16th century.

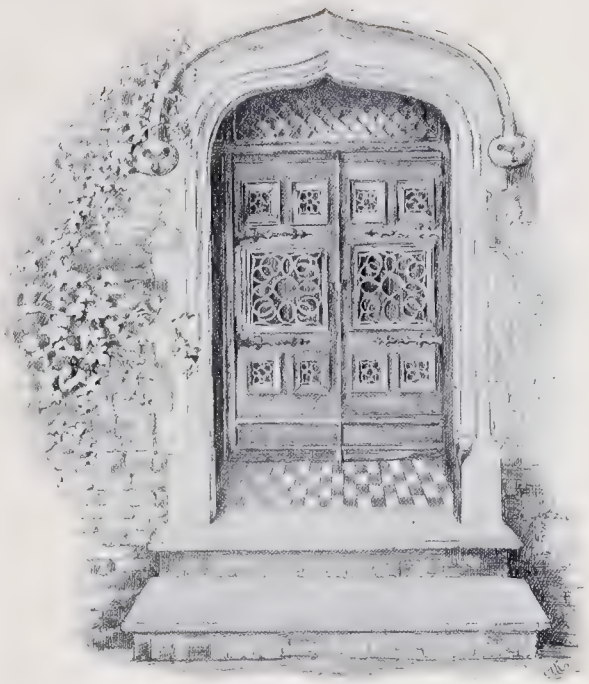


No. 7.—Old Door in Hereford, 1650.

When we can make our designers understand that every article manufactured ought to be in complete accordance with the nature of the material employed, we shall come nearer to the true spirit of decoration. All materials used in art manufacture are restricted by the nature of their substance to certain conditions of form. Thus glass, which can be thrown into a thousand fantastic shapes, is utterly unfit for any purpose in which strength is required, and stone does not admit of that minute elaboration which we admire in wood-carving. Whenever these conditions are forgotten, and the material made to assume an appearance foreign to its own particular attribute, the result is invariably common and vulgar. If we apply this to cast-iron, we will see that a material which has lost its essential quality of strength in process of manufacture, can only be further lowered by being made to feebly imitate something else, such as wrought-iron or stone carving.

These remarks are applicable to the hinges of our front doors. They are usually kept as much out of sight as though they were something to be ashamed of. It is almost impossible to construct such hinges as these of sufficient strength to support a door of any weight. Now the old hinges were stout straps of iron (No. 15), more or less ornamented, stretching across the whole of the door and bolted through its thickness to give it complete support. These hinges can be seen on most of our old church doors, both here and in France, and even in a ruder form on manors and farm buildings. One house in Aberdeenshire, which was originally the Dower House of the "Laird's" family, but which is now let as a farm, has a wonderfully massive oaken door with curious initial hinges running right across the surface. The whole construction is as strong and useful as ever, though it must be over two hundred years old.

The locks, too, in by-gone days, instead of being carefully concealed and let into the door, were attached to the outer surface, and, with the keys (No. 17) belonging to them, were objects of art in their way. Even the bolts, straps, nails and rivets, used to connect the vigorous scrolls of ancient iron-work, were never concealed in the least, but were executed in such a manner as not only to serve a practical purpose, but to become decorative features in themselves. Modern builders and artizans have somehow reasoned themselves into the belief that to hide construction is an art gain. To me it savours too much of the Arabian Nights to have a door with concealed mechanism. What we want for our houses is not a door which opens on pronouncing a certain word, but a really solid substantial piece of work that has been made by human hands, and which is not ashamed of the fact.



No. 8.—Old English inlaid Door of the Time of William and Mary.



No. 9. Italian Bronze Knocker, 1050.



No. 10. Florentine Bronze Knocker, 1650.



No. 11.—Norwegian Brass Knocker.



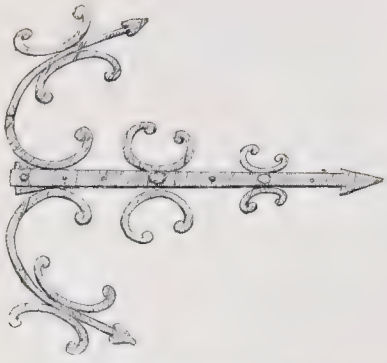
No. 12.—Old English Knocker.



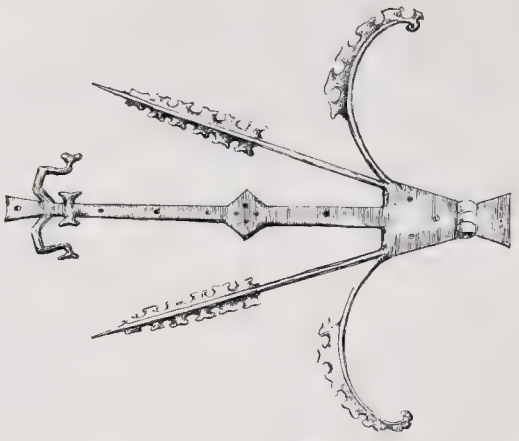
No. 13.—French Wrought-iron Knocker, 15th Century.



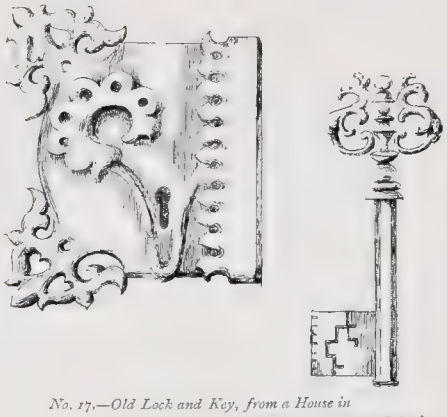
No. 14.—French Wrought-iron Knocker, 16th Century.



No. 16.—Old English Iron Hinge, from Side-door of Lincoln Cathedral.



No. 10.—French Iron Hinge, 14th Century.



No. 17.—Old Lock and Key, from a House in Gravel Lane, Houndsditch.

I am glad to say that the taste for hand-wrought ironwork is steadily reviving, but we must not go too much in the other direction and purchase it simply because it is fashionable, without considering whether the design is good, well suited to its purpose, and carried out in accordance with the true principles of decorative art.

Our museums supply many suggestive examples for even amateur decorators to seize upon. The recently acquired collection of early French metal-work at South Kensington, is a liberal education in the matter of door ornamentation, the specimens of hinges, handles, knockers, and scroll ironwork, belonging to the last four centuries, being peculiarly rare and fine.

In bringing forward examples of ancient work, it must not be supposed that I, in any way, decry the new. One of the most hopeful signs of the present day is the revival of the spirit of English decorative design, which has lain dormant for nearly a hundred years. Architects are again taking the details of a house under their control, no longer thinking their duty done when they have constructed the outer walls. If the public can be roused to support this movement, and consent to be guided by their judgment as of old, it is extremely likely that our entrance-doors will become things of beauty as in the past.

K. WARREN CLOUSTON.

OF JEWELS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—II.*

THE Jewellery of Art fills one, as does the food of fiction, with great and unsatisfied longings. I illustrate the feeling by a picture of "a mere man" wearing a brooch calculated to rouse the worst forms of envy in the female breast. Possibly his 17th-century stolidity and the jewels one can't see in his cap are still more rousing! What would we not give to-day for the constant recurrence of that length of brooch in common daily stuffs for use and wear! "to hold the 'laces' that we love, and keep them safe and sound," for its splendid length makes pinholes and the rents consequent upon them an unnecessary woe. Another most excellent example of this kind of brooch appears in a magnificent portrait in a Flemish hôtel de ville clasping priceless treasures of Point d'Argentan laces.

"The heart" which "knoweth its own bitterness" is but a matter-of-fact title, since it possesses in its interior what its vendor knew as a "vinegar-ette." The bitterness had to be hidden in my illustration (and 'tis better it were always so!) in order not to miss the daintiness in decoration on the case. Taking a heart as the form towards which a love-token has always tended, one shrinks to compare the present piece with the brazen articles of the year of Jubilee, with which the fair sex so liberally adorned themselves. In my heart every corner is *petite*, everything fits to a nicety. The spring of the clasp is a work of art in itself, and must have kept some hand which

* Continued from page 53.

has "lain for a century dead" busy for many a long day. It—the hand—had naturally plenty of time, too, and so made both sides alike.

No! that's no dagger that "puts an end to pain." 'Tis but an Elizabethan stomacher-pin, unluckily reversed by modern photography. The paste ornament conceals a ledge on which the elongated point of the bodice rested after the rough steel pin had crunched through the metal-stiff brocade. It sets one's teeth on edge and one's brain a-pondering. Verily the busking of a bonnie bride in those days was no mean task, and possibly deserved the breakfast of beef and beer which went with the times.

Of the pattern of the leaf-like brooch I have seen yet another. That in paste, this in pink topaz, both of the date which produced the two more-often-to-be-met-with brooches of paste and aqua-marines. Not original? Well—no! and yet the form, colouring and workmanship have pleased so many art-full eyes that I am therewith content. Moreover they, the two small brooches, show the beauty as well as usefulness of the so-called "glass-setting" so prevalent of old, and unobtainable to-day without much wearisome persistence. They prove, too, a pet theory of my own, that points of light should be obtained by stones, not by cut metal, which is tarnishable; for to our marcasites alone belong the enviable property of being little or not at all affected by atmospheric influence.

A study in golds, green, red and coloured are the bracelets and the buckles, these last filched from old court suits, the first in fashion last time we wore gauged sleeves with jewelled bands outside early in this century, though one can scarcely claim for them the antiquity of the 16th-century craze for the same. The workmanship in both cases carries one to the date of those hand-wrought interiors of watches where one seldom sighs in vain for a touch of originality. And here I mind me sadly that my own choicest specimens of these were lost by the cruel irony of fate at the unguarded doors of the Hall where an Association whose whole aim is but to be original held its yearly carnival. Constantly recurrent both in the buckles and the bracelets is the daisy form of the flowers of fate which one finds upon the heart. In the bracelets there is a breaking-out into the scrolls which grow in old silver and in lace so plentifully. Little is there to say about them. They speak for themselves, and leave one filled with that poetical but most unpractical longing, "backward turn, backward, oh time! in your flight!"



"A mere Man."



"The Heart" which "knoweth its own bitterness."

But poetical longings are generally chronologically indefinite. I fancy the buckles count to themselves but a century or so; at the same time, I found recently at a museum in Bruges a picture which would give them much greater antiquity—blackened with age and "skied," so that the study of it was a matter of difficulty; it hangs in a dark entrée. It is called 'Tableau Allégorique du Métier des Orfèvres.' The jewellers are this time cherubs, and very careless are they in the arrangement of their art. Strewn around them lie the dainty buckles I allude to, and one notes that our modern fashion of using up-turned pearl shells for the display of unset jewels is no new thing. These cherubs did it too, but alas! both artist and date of the picture are unknown.

The bead bands of the bracelets are of butterflies, wrought by some "gentle ancestress, dove-eyed and fair." One does not covet these; one simply marvels at such industry, and thinks that "strong-eyed" were possibly the more suitable epithet.

The "details" which the great Duke swore by still go to make the sum of Art, which is so long, and time, which is so brief, and lack of attention to these in the wearing of one's jewels frequently produces an inharmonious whole. "Brief" cannot be said to describe the earrings of the suite worn in Turban times, which I have called "The 'Prentice Hand." Still, one sees their suitability to the dress of the period. Lately we have returned to a fashion in which, as Bret Harte's boy puts it in the "Idyll of the Ballusters," our dress is "off of our shoulders." We don't, as he feared, "catch cold and die," but there is

a lack round the face, which suffers from colour-sameness in the expanse of neck below. This, the long earrings not reinstated by fashion, and possibly deserving of the term "barbaric," went far to relieve artistically.

There is a well-known portrait of the Duchess of Kent in her youth, and also one of the Empress Josephine more than a century agone, which illustrate my meaning well. This suite comes, of course, far nearer our own day than my other treasures, and yet, dating as they do from the mother of a Queen who has celebrated her Diamond Jubilee, they have comparative antiquity as an apology for their appearance. To me they are specially interesting as a link between the times of hand only, with its patient hammering, and the mental dawn of mechanical method in the punch or die. Even this is not altogether of the machine. "I'll make you any punch you like to design yourself in your own workshop any day, and destroy them after," said one of my workers to me of late; so here at least one could be "original." Each tiny piece dependent on its own die was united separately, as are bobbin-made sprays in lace by the needle. The plaited chain, too, is very dainty and wonderfully light, and the same may be said of the wire-drawing used in the flowers *à la mode des Indes*. Here I must proverbially confess that "All that glitters is not gold," and that the 'prentice hand used mock materials. "Doesn't matter two pins so that the work be good," said a designing craftsman of my acquaintance, and in this case I'm with him. Strange is it, and yet an indisputable fact, that the counterfeit has often held its own for design, even if it did not beat the real "up-street and down." Do we not linger at the top of Bond Street at this minute to feast our eyes with the designs used, which we see not in the more satisfying, since they may be real, temptations in the windows lower down?



Buckles.

Two theories are there for the birth of this suite—the one that we have here that rarity, the replica or copy, which is as well known in the jewel as in the picture world, and which, like the dead donkey, is seldom or never seen, this being made in both worlds in impoverished times to do understudy during a temporary disappearance of "my great-grandmother's amethysts," or the family Gainsborough; the other notion being that they were a labour either of love or necessity, perhaps both—the work of some 'prentice hand making his first *opus magnum* in his art in material he could afford to spoil. Personally, I prefer the 'prentice, possibly because he leads me fairly to my *finale*, since to a 'prentice one dares offer at least a petition, even if one have not the audacity to advise.



Bracelets.

I have certainly cantered on the cabbage-leaf of originality till any caterpillar

resident thereon must be considerably bruised, if not trampled to death; but I fear me that I shall incessantly find that I have not laid his ghost. Be that as it may, *he* lived but on a cabbage-leaf, and it was the occupant of the toad-stool (for by this time I am back again with Alice and in Wonderland), who, manlike, with his hookah's help, lived but to give advice. So I must e'en to that task myself.

Very possibly, it is not originality "that I've no mind to" (that quotation, by the way, won't do *in extenso*), as that "I'm not inclined to" severity, to hardness, or (though I love the *reductio ad absurdum*) to the grotesque in female decoration.

No one will deny that I have shown that the men of long ago—I have left the enamellers; they demand an article and atmosphere of their own—united with their fashionings in silver and gold a feeling for the fair women they were meant to adorn.

Leave, then, my 'prentice of to-day, the impossible task of restraining the flowing garments of Boadicea. Philippa's fancies, remembering her headgear, would be too roomy for an age of motor-cars. Even so latter-day a saint as Belinda is scarcely worth catering for, since the simplicity of the dagger worn by herself and her mother leaves little room for design. Give us, if you will, something that's new, but let it, I pray you, be beautiful too. For which beauty I, and to the last my quotations shall be unquestionable, am content to "only stand and wait."

EFFIE BRUCE CLARKE.



"The 'Prentice Hand."

LOUIS ANQUETIN, PAINTER.

THE painter in whom the Paris art-world of the day professes, perhaps, the most interest; the painter of whom, perhaps, the greatest things are expected in the future; and certainly the painter who has succeeded, without recurrence to any of the devices of self-advertisement, in rousing public curiosity the most of any painters who have exhibited in Paris during the last few years—is Louis Anquetin.

What more particularly characterizes Anquetin and his art is an absolute sincerity of purpose, a tenacity of will in effort, which is not usually an attribute of a temperament so artistic as is his. This sincerity of purpose is, it must be admitted, a somewhat rare quality in the Paris art-world of to-day. Modern painters seem to have acquired the habit of founding their reputations on their intentions rather than on their achievements. New schools, with weird names, are brought into life with tedious recurrence, whilst the old, old school, which Balzac described when he wrote that the law of all art is constant labour, seems to be forgotten and put aside. And, curiously enough, when Anquetin first drew attention to himself, it was thought and said that here was only another of the young men of Montmartre who wished to push himself before the public by eccentricity and to build up for himself a boulevard popularity with the old and contemptible devices of those whom Balzac describes as "semi-artists." There was never a greater mistake. Be it added, at once, that it was no long time before this mistake was rectified and that Anquetin entered into the enjoyment of that esteem which always goes out towards the real artist, the conscientious workman.

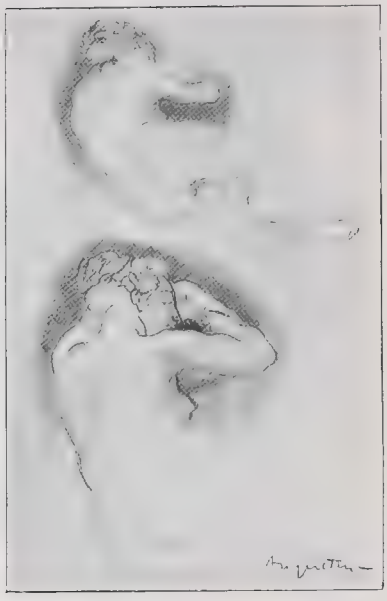




Monsieur Louis Anquetin in his Studio, 1899.

It was in 1887 and 1888, at the Exhibition of the Independent Artists, that Anquetin's work first attracted the attention of the critics. "There were"—writes M. Arséne Alexandre—"some very striking drawings of girls seated at a café table, drawings on rough grey paper, heightened with pastel in only the slightest manner. These drawings were noticed for the extreme acuity of observation which they displayed."

"There were also"—he continues—"some landscapes, a 'Moissonneur,' a 'Boulevard,' a river-bank with a boat; paintings which were treated in very intense level tones, strongly contrasted, and separated by lines of colour. They afforded a moment's amusement, and people thought that, in the new painter, might be saluted the creator of a new



Pencil Studies. By Louis Anquetin.

school, the *école cloisonniste*." That people were mistaken in their man, that Anquetin does not work for a "moment's amusement," has long since been recognized.

Louis Anquetin was born on January 26th, 1861, at the little town of Étrépagny in Normandy, the son of a local tradesman. In the photographs which have been recently done, there is one of a sculptural project which Anquetin offered to the Municipal Council of his native town, for the decoration of the door of the parish-church of Étrépagny. Never did the old proverb that no man is a prophet in his own country receive clearer demonstration than on this occasion. Étrépagny being in the midst of an agricultural district, Anquetin had sought to symbolize the adoration of God between labour and maternity. His composition from this point of view was clear, naïve, and full of charm. The municipal councillors, however, found the project much too simple, and



Pencil Study. By Louis Anquetin.

rejected Anquetin's offer, in spite of the efforts of one of their number, a worthy farmer, M. Chevalier, who endeavoured to impress upon his colleagues that a love of complication in matters artistic is rather the proof of a lack of culture.

From his earliest boyhood Anquetin was passionately devoted to the art of drawing and painting, and relates that he does not remember when his vocation first impressed itself upon him. At school he always spent his spare time in drawing, and acquired some reputation even as a boy. Unlike many other painters, there was little or no opposition on the part of his family to his desire to embrace art as a profession. Having completed his studies and having taken his degree as a Bachelor of Arts, a degree which enjoys prestige in the eyes of the French bourgeoisie to an extent difficult to understand, he deferred to the wishes of a relation of his, who was at the head of a big drapery business in relations with South America, and began life at a clerk's desk. But after a few months, during which he had never ceased to beg his parents to let him study art, he was released from an occupation which was most uncongenial to him, and entered as a student at Bonnat's studio. After the close of this studio he went to Cormon's atelier. He was then twenty-one years old, and had just finished his military service.



Decorative Panel bought by the Government. By Louis Anquetin.

M. Raymond Daly, the art critic, was a fellow-pupil of Anquetin's at Cormon's. He has been good enough to supply the writer of this article with the following note on the atelier where Anquetin received his first artistic education. "Cormon"—he writes—"trained in his studio artists of the most different temperaments. Lautrec, the pastellist and lithographer, who with such wit has depicted the morbid and intense life of Montmartre, was also one of the pupils of the painter of 'The Flight of Cain,' and of 'The Battle of Salamanca.' This is tantamount to

saying that the master never sought to impose his particular views on art, his private way of seeing things, on his pupils. However, after working for three years under this master, Anquetin had not yet 'found himself,' and came to the conclusion, in which he was perfectly right, that the best form of study for him would be one that was entirely independent."



Pen-and-ink Sketch.
By Louis Anquetin.

Japanese art, which at that time was greatly in fashion, at first attracted the young painter by its marvellous decorative qualities. Two female studies, which were exhibited at a private exhibition in Brussels, give the note of his manner at this period of his career. The use of flat tones, separated by a line of colour, to which Arséne Alexandre refers in his note, was next applied by him to contemporary life. Whilst the critics were still laughing at the chief of the "new school of cloisonnistes," Anquetin, abandoning this method, was studying and applying the methods of the school of impressionists. Like all young men who are feeling their way with sincerity, he began by imitating the masters of this school. It is interesting to hear him relate how after long gropings in the dark, he at last reached a rational method of work. His experiments in Japanese art as also in the field of the impressionists had taught him, so he relates, that he was ignorant not only of the human body, but that he was ignorant of colour also. His love for Japanese art was less, so he admits, a love for simplicity, than an ignorance of form. Impressionism, as he was not long in finding out, was rather, in the case of most of its adepts, a want of clearness of vision, than the expression of a passion for vibrations of colour, hesitation, incapacity to seize upon the light and the shadow of the same colour according to its *milieu*. For a long time past he had been a constant visitor to the Louvre. It is a frequent remark of his: "There is but one truth, and that truth is to be found at the Louvre. There, and there only, does one learn what it means to know how to draw and to paint." Having come to the conclusion from his visits to the Louvre that he ignored the principles of his art, and that he had gone astray from the outset, he determined to treat all his past efforts as if they had never existed, and to commence his education as "a workman" all over again. "I wanted to acquaint myself thoroughly with the technique of my trade, so as to be freed from its bondage," he says.



Study of a Girl.
By Louis Anquetin.

Anquetin then disappeared from the public eye for nine years. Such an act of courage is unfortunately so rare as to merit special mention. It is not often that a young artist, after having achieved some success, and excited some curiosity, is prepared to admit that what he has done was all wrong, and to resign himself to years of fresh study in oblivion and self-effacement.

It was not until 1897, at an exhibition of his works which he opened at Cubat's, that Anquetin was again heard of in Paris. This exhibition was a great success, and not only the critics, but the general public, were astonished at the great progress which had been achieved by the artist, who, at his first appearance, had been greeted with smiles of indulgent amusement. Anquetin had carried out his plan, and by the results obtained had demonstrated how right had been his courageous retreat.



Crayon Studies. By Louis Anquetin.

As a kind of public confession of the errors of his youth, as well as in order to allow the critics to judge for themselves what a change in

his methods his long course of study had brought about, he exhibited all his works, his essays in Japanese art, his impressionist studies, side by side with the vigorous studies of his later period, when he had "found himself." Of this period the most remarkable specimen is perhaps his portrait of the actor, M. Janvier, of the Odéon Théâtre, in the rôle of Lampourde in "Le Capitaine Fracasse" (here printed). There was an admirable street scene 'La Rue, le Soir,' a 'Centaure,' all life-size. It became evident that the desired result had been obtained, that Anquetin had learned his trade and was enfranchised, that he could think as a painter and view nature athwart his own temperament, without being impeded by phrases and systems. In the words of the critic, Raymond Daly, "there was no more literature in Anquetin's art."

How had this result been brought about? In this way: applying to his self-education the traditions of the Renaissance, he had devoted himself to the study of anatomy, and had spent more than six months in dissecting human corpses, and in drawing the different parts of the bodies, at the Clamart Institute, side by side with the medical students, who were greatly surprised to see with what regularity the painter came day after day, putting on his white blouse at seven o'clock in the morning, and never leaving off his work till seven o'clock at night, more devoted to his studies, indeed, than any one amongst them. Doctor Arrou, one of the most skilful surgeons in the Parisian hospitals, was at that time preparator at the Anatomical Institute of Clamart. He has since admitted to Anquetin, that during the thirteen years of his stay at Clamart he had frequently admitted painters to the dissecting rooms on their representation that they were desirous of going through a serious course of anatomical studies, painters who had since become famous. "But not one of them ever returned a second time," he added, "and I was very much surprised when I saw with what assiduity you devoted yourself to your studies. I had felt sure that you would act as all the others had done." Simultaneously, Anquetin applied himself to the study of the mensuration of the human body. "At the art schools"—he relates—"I had always been shocked by the irrationality of that method of instruction which consists in obliging the pupil to draw from Nature on sheets of paper of such a size that, as an inevitable result, the *ensemble* of his drawing is missed by the student." He applied himself to the sketching of movements, to the annotation of human gestures; and studied at the Louvre that theory of proportion to which he attributed much of the perfection of the sculpture of the ancients. By a comparative study of the human body, and of the antiques at the Louvre, he came to understand the sublimity of the work of the ancient sculptors, just as its scientific simplicity had been impressed upon him by his study of human anatomy. He confesses, however, that at the outset, his wish to think freely, and in an independent manner, had made a "rebel" of him. "At the outset"—he said to the writer, during a recent visit to his studio in the Rue Clauzel—"I was filled with disgust for the ancient masters. The art of the Renaissance, moreover, appeared to me full of complications." At his exhibition at Cubat's he showed himself, however, as an artist well informed in the technique, not only of the ancient masters, but of the painters of the Renaissance as well, a new apostle of a tradition which had been lost to a great extent in modern painting, mainly owing to a neglect of the study of the technique of painting, and the desire for too rapid production.



Portrait of Janvier, the Actor, in "Captain Fracasse."
By Louis Anquetin.

For some time past Anquetin has been studying horses. An excellent horseman himself, he loves them, and spends much of his time in breaking-in colts. His next picture, which will be exhibited at the Universal Exhibition in Paris in 1900, represents the races at Auteuil. In this picture, which will be life-size, will be shown a number of famous horses, some of the best-known jockeys on the turf, and a number of people who frequent the race-courses. It will give numerous portraits. For the preparation of this picture, and in accordance with his invariable system of self-documentation, Anquetin visited various race-courses. At Longchamps permission to study his subject from life was grudgingly accorded to him, though he was made to feel that his request was altogether an irregular one. At Auteuil on the other hand, the stewards answered in the words to Hedda Gabler: "One does not do such things." Like most painters who have applied themselves to decoration, Anquetin has tried his hand on pictorial posters. Much as his work in this field has been appreciated by his admirers, he does not hesitate to say that it is a branch of art which has little or no interest for him, and, to the regret of many, it appears certain that his brush will not again be employed for the decoration of the streets, now—thanks to Chéret, Lautrec, and other masters—such veritable art-galleries. The first *affiche* that Anquetin painted

was one for the advertisement of Madame Dufay, a singer at the Eldorado. This was published six years ago. It reminds me somewhat of Gustave Doré in his illustrations of Rabelais. The *affiche*, however, which attracted most attention to Anquetin's skill in this art, was one which was published for the proprietors of the new comic weekly paper, *Le Rire*, in 1894. It has been described as a masterpiece of the art. Here also Rabelaisian influence may be detected, and this would class this piece of work in that period of Anquetin's career when he had not yet affranchised himself from literary preoccupations. Above a motley and allegorical crowd of social puppets, of whom each symbolizes some corrupt social class, rises the convulsed figure of a man who, with outspread hands, invites us to join in his satirical derision of the crowd at his feet.



Portrait of the Artist.
By Louis Anquetin.

Anquetin, however, holds that the art of the *affiche* is infinitely less interesting than might be fancied from the great attention which the public has bestowed upon it during the last twenty years. "It is, to my thinking," he says, "far too summary as a form of art. Decorative no doubt, but decorating nothing. The effect of this poster or that is often entirely destroyed by the fact that it is posted side by side with some other poster which harmonizes with it in nothing." He holds that other forms of decorative art, as for example tapestry, are much more worthy of attention; and is surprised at the indifference shown towards them, in favour of the *affiche*, both by painters and by the public.

Anquetin is at present working on the huge picture, eight mètres by six, which is to figure at the Universal Exhibition, in his vast studio in the Rue Clauzel, one of the quietest streets in that noisy quarter of Montmartre which was rendered famous by Salis and his band of singers. There are certainly few studios in Paris a visit to which is more full of interest. In the sketches and pictures which hang upon the wall, as well as in the decorations which the painter has applied to his home, one can read the whole evolution of the artist, study his gropings after light, and appreciate the brave efforts by which he has raised himself to the position that he now holds. For the rest, the excellent portrait of himself, which has recently been exhibited at London, will have prepared the visitor to meet a man of indomitable energy and resolution. The story of the effort has been told, the pictures in Anquetin's study illustrate it. It is, to my thinking, one of the most instructive lessons that the lives of modern painters afford.

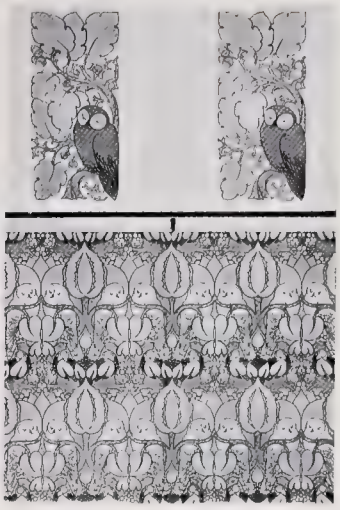
ROBERT H. SHERARD.

RECENT INDUSTRIAL ART.

THE difficulty of choosing wall papers is one which has been felt by all those lucky or unlucky enough to have had at any period to face the ordeal of furnishing a house. The variety of styles, colours, and designs still further tend to bewilder the chooser, but happily there are certain houses where a bad choice is impossible. Space does not allow of mention being made of all these, but of the following at least I can speak from personal knowledge that their taste and experience may confidently be relied upon. Messrs. Jeffrey and Co. spare no expense and trouble to bring before the public artistic papers; most of their designs are by well-known artists. A new one by Walter Crane, of pomegranates and cockatoos, was very striking, with its blue background, and white and yellow birds intermingled with orange fruit and green leaves. Heywood Sumner is another of Messrs. Jeffrey's artists. They have just brought out a complete collection of his wall papers in book form, which well illustrates his excellent qualities in colour and design.

One quaint pattern by Lewis Day is printed in green, red, and blue, on brown paper; this last sounds homely, but for texture as a ground nothing has been made to come up to it. "The Rose Bower," by Horace Warner, is one of the newest ideas that has been brought out; the pattern is arranged to represent panels of growing roses. This is to be had in several colours, and would look well for a small room. One uncommon paper is printed in black, orange, and white, a novel but pleasing combination. For a drawing room there is a delicate embossed design (in low relief) on a white ground, imitating watered silk, the whole copied from an old Italian brocade.

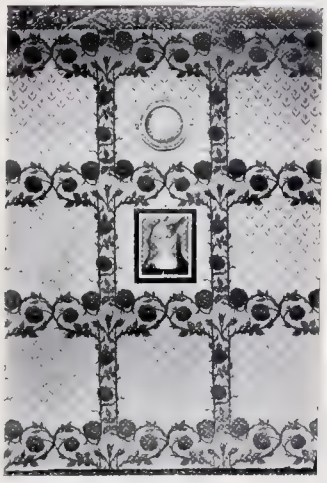
Mr. C. F. A. Voysey designs exclusively for Messrs. Essex and Co. One of this artist's chief characteristics is the constant introduction of conventional birds in a most unconventional and happy manner. This may be specially remarked in the owl and frieze design, columba design, and Welbeck frieze, the Magnus, bird and tulip, and the Meadville. Another of his designs consisted of pheasants in different shades of blue with purple flowers introduced on a white ground. This daring combination



(Messrs. Essex & Co.) "*The Owl.*"
Designed by C. F. A. Voysey.



(Messrs. Jeffrey & Co.) "*Pomegranates and Cockatoos.*"
Designed by Walter Crane.



(Messrs Jeffrey & Co.) "*The Rose Bower.*"
Designed by Horace Warner.

proved at once harmonious and original; a white ceiling paper representing birds in clouds would go well with this pattern. I may take the opportunity of saying that Messrs. Essex's papers can be printed in any shade of colour.

Messrs. Rottmann and Co. are already well known as importers of Japanese leather papers made at their works in Tokio; but they have lately opened a new department for stencil work, which is actually carried on in London, though it still retains a distinctly Japanese feeling in colour and design. Mr. Rottmann is a great advocate for decorative friezes and plain coloured walls, either of paper, canvas, or linen, to harmonize with them. He is also advising dark friezes, which have a very fine effect; the Mundesley, or sea-holly design, well illustrates this, the ground of which is a dark blue, and the pattern printed on it in several shades of soft but rich colours. There was also a very artistic frieze, in highly raised flock, of yellow tulips and green leaves, on a pale grey ground, the walls to be plain but of the same pale grey. Some more delicate patterns were printed on white



(Messrs. Jeffrey & Co.) *Designed by Lewis F. Day.*



(Messrs. C. Knowles & Co.) "*The Crecille.*"



Messrs Jeffrey & Co.) "*The Rhododendron.*"
Designed by Heywood Sumner.

watered silk. Mr. Rottmann carefully adapts and alters his friezes to suit the rooms in which they are hung, and this prevents the monotonous effect that is so often noticeable in ordinary friezes.

Messrs. Charles Knowles and Co. have a large collection of both hand-printed and machine wall-papers. They are making a quantity in the old-fashioned crimson colour that has come into great favour again, and which, allied with new designs, looks very handsome. A gold ground is sometimes introduced with good effect.

The ribbon pattern was both quaint and pretty, and well adapted for a panelled room. It can be printed in all colours, on a white watered ground, but perhaps the best combination of shades was produced in the paper where a green ribbon, running all round the side of the panel, ended at each corner in a bow and a large bunch of violets.

There are also machine-printed papers to be found at all these firms, which are extremely pretty and less expensive than the hand-printed ones which have been mentioned above.

E. F. V.

'THE DEPARTURE FROM THE MASQUERADE.'

FROM THE PAINTING BY RAYMUNDO DE MADRAZO.

THIS picture so well tells its own story that very little in the way of explanation of the subject is required. In the cool air of the early morning, the Masqueraders are dispersing after a night of exceptional brilliancy and gaiety. The ladies and gentlemen have spared neither money nor trouble to find attires at once becoming and uncommon, and now that the entertainment is over they are starting on their return home in high spirits.

The group in the foreground are disputing as to some event in which the lady with white fur round her cloak has apparently borne a special part. Perhaps the head looking out of the carriage, passing the gate, has had some share in the incident, and is wondering how the lady so energetically defending herself will come through this cross-examination. At the foot of the steps an Indian prince is escorting a lady to her carriage, while other picturesque figures crowd out of the doorway. At the left of the picture, the footmen are discussing the news in an early newspaper, while one poor man placidly takes forty winks on his hard and cold seat.

Raymundo de Madrazo is of the third generation of Madrazo known to fame. His grandfather, José de Madrazo, was a recognised artist early in the century. He had two sons, Frederico and Luis. Frederico was Court painter to the Spanish Court, and in the Paris Exhibition of 1878 he exhibited a fine portrait of Fortuny, who was his son-in-law. Frederico had two sons, Raymundo and Ricardo, both distinguished painters. The artist of 'The Departure from the Masquerade' is the better known, and in 1878 he received the ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

'The Departure from the Masquerade' was sold at the W. H. Stewart sale in New York, as described at page 54, and at that auction, in February last year, it fetched the large sum of £3,700. It is painted in oil, on canvas 28 by 46 inches only, so that the artist is one of those specially in favour at present in the United States.

ON A PICTURE BY LORENZO LOTTO AT WILTON HOUSE.

AMONG the pictures preserved in the famous palace of the Earls of Pembroke at Wilton, there is one which, though it bears the great name of Correggio, has hitherto escaped not only criticism but detection.* Even Waagen, who visited Wilton, does not refer to it. The picture is painted on wood, and has suffered more from neglect than from restoration. It measures 16 by 13½ inches. The subject is the Temptation of St. Anthony, but it is presented in a manner so original and fantastic as to leave no room for doubt that we have to deal, not with Correggio, but with an artist who for a time moved parallel to him, and so closely that he is apt to get lost in the more even splendour of Correggio's name.

The scheme of colour with its somewhat sharply contrasted blue and white, the landscape full of sentiment and mystery, the attitude boldly conceived but feebly drawn—all this points to what the face reveals as clearly as if the artist had done what he rarely omits, and added his name, Lorenzo Lotto. The fact that Correggio and Lotto passed, so to speak, the same point, but in different directions and apparently without mutual recognition,* is one of the strangest in art-history, and it should dispose us to be critical, if not incredulous, of the theory that would subordinate Titian, whom we see and know, as an appendix to Giorgione, whom we are too often compelled to invent.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the full freedom of the external world had already been won for art. The body with its mysteries of form and motion having been conquered, the other, deeper, side of the problem remained to be grasped. Leonardo had experimented in physiognomy, varying the balance of his lines until he reduced them to what might be called their limiting ratio for successive types of emotion; but his interest lay rather in describing the physical causes or accompaniments of mental states. Correggio and Lotto came later, and, stirred about the same time by the same subtle breath, they presented the world no longer in the old fashion, as a thing seen and recounted from point to point, but as the cause and substance, now

* I have been able to find no reference to it later than that of Richardson, who writes (*Æder Pembrockianæ*, 1774): "This picture belonged to the Duke of Parma, from whom it was stolen in 1693, and a reward of 200 pistoles was offered for it. A nobleman of Venice bought it, and afterwards sold it." I owe this reference to the kindness of Lord Pembroke.

* "The two men have so much in common that they seem to have been companions, and yet the silence of history as to their personal acquaintance is complete."—Crowe and Cavalcaselle, *Painting in N. Italy*, ii. 511.



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of apprehension and protest, now of exultation and hope.* Correggio, repelled, like Shelley, by the coarseness and hardness of reality, enwrapped himself in a dream of perfection when all things should be made young — *vox turturis audita est in terra nostra, surge amica et veni*; while the other, too self-conscious to submit to be led, but too weak to stand alone, seems to brood for ever upon the complexities and contradictions that beset the pilgrim in a transient world.

In the solitude of a forest glen the Saint sits or rather reclines in an uncomfortably distorted attitude. The sun has set, and the powers of darkness are beginning to be abroad and busy. Absorbed in himself, like all Lotto's creations, St. Anthony seems to be making an earnest appeal to the sympathy or the pity of the spectator. Meanwhile the tempter approaches, stealthy, and unseen, in the form of a dragon, but on a small scale to suit an easy prey.



The Temptation of St. Anthony.
Hitherto known as a Correggio, but now found to be by Lorenzo Lotto.
From the Picture at Wilton House.

The date of the work can only be fixed approximately. I am inclined to attribute it to the period of Lotto's residence in Bergamo, about 1516, when he executed the great altarpiece of S. Bartolommeo.† The attitude, which displays feebleness in the very fact of overstrain, the favourite pose of the foreshortened hand, the colour full in body but sober in key—are one and all features that recur again in the Predella which is now preserved separately from the altarpiece in the Gallery at Bergamo. It may be worth noticing that Palma must have hit upon a very similar model for his St. Anthony in the Church of S. Maria Formosa at Venice,‡ though in his case the sentiment is more manly, as the treatment is more general. The figure is probably a portrait. In any case it belongs to that tribe out of which Lotto chose most of his sitters, or into which he admitted them by some strange sort of baptism—the tribe of those for whose vanity or whose weakness the world is too strong, too complicated, or too real, who are haunted by secrets which they are afraid or ashamed to confess or to confront, who have failed in the pursuit of hope and other phantoms on the road that leads straight from sensuality to superstition. In the National Gallery (1047) we have an unhappy family group where the lady, frankly animal and prosaic, despises and resents the constant inadequacy of her wool-gathering mate. In the Doria palace§ there is a sickly-looking personage, "who seems to count the beatings of his heart;" but everywhere, in fact, it is the same story. Lotto, though to the superficial observer he may seem to have explored human character in its many coloured phases and tortuous recesses, had no eye and no touch for the sane and the strong. In reality, like Byron, he painted a single person—himself; he uttered a single voice, that of his own aspiration and complaint. Remote even from the coarse-grained simpleton of Teniers, who is more than half inclined to welcome any interruption, even from the devil, of the difficult drudgery of spelling out the Bible; here on the contrary to be tempted is obviously to be fashionable. Our saint is cultivated, fluent, winning. He has even the air of a critic who having declared Science bankrupt to the satisfaction of those who do not even know where science begins, flatters himself that he has made the devil semi-reasonable. Lotto, in a word, embodies that spirit which afterwards found work and opportunity in the counter-reformation, with its furtive obliquity of vision, its suppleness and sensuousness, but with all its uneasy consciousness of incurable decay. And it is probably this circumstance that has earned for him the more than dubious honour of being styled *modern*. At any rate, in that sense, he is modern here with a vengeance. Decadents of the type of those to whom he appealed and whose weakness he shared were never more busy, more loquacious or more self-conscious than at the present day, when men who have lost the wit to think and the pluck to act allow themselves to be captivated by the picturesqueness of superstition, and run the risk of evoking from the charnel house of the past a spirit whom, when he does appear, it may be difficult—for the tribe of Lotto—to control or to lay.

S. ARTHUR STRONG.

* Cf. what M. Séailles says of Renan; "il a gardé l'art de peindre la nature par des traits moraux, d'en suggérer l'image par les émotions qu'elle éveille, allant non de la sensation au sentiment, mais du sentiment à la sensation."

† Morelli: *die Galerien zu chünchen u. Dresden*, p. 68.

‡ Phot. Alinari, 13651.

§ Morelli: *die Gallerien Borghese u. Doria*, p. 391.

PASSING EVENTS.

MR. ALFRED EAST'S election to an Associateship of the Royal Academy is a very tardy recognition, not only of personal claims, but of the just dues of British Landscape Art. "Paradise and the Peri" is the best title to apply to the relations between the Academy and Landscape. Mr. A. S. Cope's good fortune came somewhat as a surprise, although his portrait of 'The German Emperor,' in the 1896 Academy, showed him to be *persona grata* at Courts. By the election of Mr. Goscombe John, the decorative branch of the sculptors' art is honoured. In connexion with these elections, it is pleasant to note that Mr. Edward Stott, the Amberley painter, received much support.



Photo. Elliott & Fry. *Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A.*

SCULPTURE can ill afford to lose such a votary as the late Harry Bates. His equestrian statue of Lord Roberts—a model of which was exhibited in the Burlington House Quadrangle three years ago—was an excellent example of the newer British school. Just before he died he had completed a new statue of 'The Queen,' commissioned by the Corporation of Dundee. This will face the fine Albert Institute containing the Victoria Art Galleries. It will be interesting to see whom the Academy will elect in the late sculptor's place. Mr. Drury's or Mr. Pomeroy's turn should come soon.

BY the election of Jules Breton as Honorary Foreign Academician, these members now number six, viz., Jules Breton, Paul Dubois, J. L. Gérome, Claude Guillaume, Ludwig Knaus, and Adolf Menzel. It was in the Morgan Sale at New York, in 1886, that Breton's famous 'Going to the First Communion' realized £9,100. At the French Academy M. Cormon's recent election calls to mind his striking decorative paintings in the Paris Natural History Museum, illustrating, in a somewhat diverting manner, the life of mankind from pre-historic times.

JULES BRETON published his autobiography some years ago, under the title of 'La Vie d'un Artiste,' otherwise 'Art et Nature.' He always had the artistic temperament, and describes how fond he was of reading, when a boy at Douai School, Racine's description in 'Athalie' of morning breaking over the Temple. He has ever been appreciative of other artists' work, and in this connexion he lays much emphasis on the epigram, "Admiration is the soul of good taste."

VANDYCK'S tercentenary is to be celebrated at Antwerp by an exhibition to be opened on March 22nd. There are signs that British owners of valuable works of art are growing chary of risking loans to foreign exhibitions. The admitted superiority of the Burlington House Rembrandt display to the Amsterdam exhibition, gives rise to the thought of what a British Vandyck show would be.

BIRMINGHAM'S good fortune in art is becoming notorious. Following upon Mr. J. T. Middlemore's offer comes Mr. C. Fairfax Murray's generous gift of six cartoons for stained glass and embroidery. Lady Burne-Jones has also signified her intention some day to leave to her husband's native city the fine portrait painted by Mr. Watts.

IN connexion with the Jubilee issue of THE ART JOURNAL, which has met with remarkable success, it is worth recording that, on March 16th, ten years will have elapsed since the death of the first editor, Samuel Carter Hall.

NEW GALLERY sending-in days are so important to artists that it is necessary to state that the dates given in THE YEAR'S ART were communicated to the Editor in error by the Gallery authorities. The days should be March 4th and 11th, *not* 7th and 13th. Birmingham Receiving Days are in the first week, Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, March 4th, and of course the Royal Academy Receiving Days at the end of the month will be duly announced in the press.

ON January 19th, there died, aged 82, at Russell Road, Kensington, J. M. Youngman, landscape painter, formerly of Saffron Walden. He studied at Mr. Sass' School of Art, in Bloomsbury, in 1836, and was a member of the New Water-Colour Society, where he exhibited until 1864. He contributed to the Academy between 1840 and 1856.



Snows of the Himalayas at their highest points in Sikkim.
By Vasili Verestchagin.

EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON.

THE Society of Painters in Oils, formerly the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, has not changed its nature with its name. It still remains an imitation of the confused unwieldy Academy on a smaller scale. The canvases were many and of all kinds, of all aims, and of all degrees of merit. It may be said that the bad cannot take away the merit of the good. But they can distract the attention of visitors and buyers; they can confuse the mind with a jumble of various aims; they can accustom the eye to cheap and false standards of realization. It is very difficult to judge works in these large congregations of good and bad, naturalistic and decorative, symbolic and literal renderings of nature; it is still more difficult, after so much searching and so much adjusting of sympathy, to enjoy a picture naturally, even when you feel sure you have struck a good thing. I have said before that the artists' illustrations of their pictures in the Catalogue were often better than the originals, and I felt it strongly on this occasion. It is especially the case with the older members, who keep an artistic unity in black-and-white, and in work on a smaller scale, while in oil they seem to lack directness, and cannot go boldly for the main effect. After seeing the reproductions, one is often disappointed by the spotty, scattered, toneless look of the canvases.

Without pretending to have seen all the good things in the show, without attempting even to mention everything I did like, I shall name a few painters who contributed work of various merits: Messrs. G. F. Watts, F. Mura, Fantin-La-Tour, J. Weiss, G. Wetherbee, Llewellyn, E. M. Hale, Wimperis, J. L. Henry, Heath Wilson, A. Withers, A. Mann, E. Parton, Fulleylove, and Miss Isa Rae. Other painters, men and women, sent work which quite entitles them to be included in this miscellaneous list, but one cannot do justice to nearly five hundred oil pictures. Mr. Watts's child picture, 'In the Land of Weiss-nicht-wo,' was a fine example of his colour, large, warm, agreeable, well balanced. Another figure picture, stately in arrangement and full in tone, came from M. Fantin—'Le Lever.' Mr. Hale, in his cavalry sketches, showed more spirit in execution than he did in his drier and larger 'Siren.' Mr. Parton seemed too clean and clever in the brush-work of 'Along the Stream,' and Mr. Wimperis poetic, but a little formal, in his 'Moorland Sign-Post.' Miss Isa Rae deserved great credit for her forest upright (51); the large effect of sunset was well preserved; the colour was broad and simple; the execution powerful and unaffected in style.

I have omitted some of the men whose works I liked best: Messrs. J. Aumonier, Leslie Thomson, Peppercorn, R. Allan, and J. S. Hill. Their work could be seen to greater advantage in the small Landscape Exhibition which they, together with Mr. E. A. Waterlow, annually hold in the Dudley Gallery. I may say, however, that Mr. Leslie Thomson struck new ground in his 'Normandy Church,' a large, rugged picture, bold rather than delicate, but exceedingly effective on the walls of the society; that Mr. Peppercorn wore his savage humour in the Oil Painters' Show, rather than the grave, yet dulcet, cheerfulness of his better moods.

Compared with the show of the large society the little Landscape Exhibition at the Dudley is a haven of rest for the true lover of pictures. The men agree fairly well as to the objects of landscape painting. It is neither the still-life of English hedgerows, tickled up so as to define separate leaves and objects; nor is it the panorama of show scenery, embracing a vast view thick set with remarkable forms, that employs these men and brings out their skill and the quality of their sentiment.

R. A. M. S.

The collection of M. Vasili Verestchagin's works filling the Grafton Gallery was chiefly remarkable for the three great pictures, Views in the Himalaya Mountains. These were wonderfully realistic in execution, and it is certain that no more technically perfect representation of snow has been done. The picture we reproduce gives the highest point in Sikkim of these giants of Northern India, where M. Verestchagin has spent many months at different times.



Ambidextrous co-ordination drawing in four directions.

This exercise illustrates how readily children can make complex physical co-ordinations in all directions. The exercise is repeated until the child can swing all the various curves with (1) facility, (2) balance, (3) proportion, (4) fitness, grace and beauty, automatically. Mental co-ordinations are being made as well as physical. All the varieties of the anthemion should be practised in different sizes and memorized. The children should be encouraged to draw them in lead pencil, and to note variety of forms on surfaces and in material.

NEW ART BOOKS.

AMONG the things that British people can afford to learn from the Americans, the training of the young is one of the most important. Our friends on the other side of the Atlantic seem to have obtained a better hold on the theory of imparting knowledge to young children than we have, although the Americans cannot do more than distantly approach us in the system of education of youths and girls in our public schools. The Orange Judd Company has just published, as one of the books on "NEW METHODS IN EDUCATION" (London, Sampson Low), an engrossing volume on "Real Manual Training in Art and Nature Study," by J. L. Tadd, who holds a recognized position as Art teacher in Philadelphia. This publication, which is full of illustrations, explains processes whereby hand, eye and mind are educated by means that conserve vitality and develop a union of thought and action.

Mr. Walter Crane, with all the responsibilities of his new position, makes progress still very markedly in his publications. "A FLORAL PHANTASY IN AN OLD ENGLISH GARDEN" (Harper) is one of the most delightful colour books issued this season. A gallery of fully forty designs, figures, flowers, and animals, all drawn with dignity and tinted with taste—the foxgloves and jonquil particularly pleasing—form an album delightful to young and old.

In the "HISTORY OF MODERN ITALIAN ART" (Longmans), Mr. A. R. Willard has accomplished a task that must have proved difficult in the highest degree. For the last generation, Italian Art has been at about its lowest ebb, and no serious collector of pictures in France, England, or America has found it possible to include more than one or two examples of the school, even in the most cosmopolitan gathering. Occasionally a print publisher has found an Italian picture from which a good engraving has been made, but the glaring colour of the original has appalled every one but the passing tourist without taste or knowledge of art. Recently a new phase of work has presented itself, and Segantini, Michetti and Morelli, have redeemed their country from entire barrenness of artistic production. Segantini has achieved distinction in London, and Michetti at the beginning of the year had an exhibition of his works in Berlin, which attracted great attention there. Mr. Willard has given full accounts of these artists, and of many of whom few outside the peninsula have heard; and as no other work on the subject has been done in English, the volume, which has a fair number of illustrations, will be accepted as a standard work.

The excellent series of Bell's handbooks to English Cathedrals is continued by well-illustrated works on "GLOUCESTER, YORK, AND BURNLEY MINSTER."—Mr. Francis George Heath has issued a fourth edition of his "AUTUMNAL LEAVES" (Imperial Press), one of the most charming of country books, and the source of much pure pleasure to nature-loving minds. — Messrs. Longmans have issued the lecture by William Morris on "ART AND BEAUTY OF THE EARTH," delivered at Burslem in 1881.



The Roc's Egg. By Elihu Vedder.
From the Oil-painting in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

ELIHU VEDDER.

FOR the reason that the writer has never yet seen a single original work by this painter, it is thought that he should confine himself to such generalisations as may be permissible under the circumstances, and to the expression of such individual opinions as result from the study of photographic reproductions and book illustrations.

A photograph, though it may seem to do very little, gives at least an idea of the intellectual range of the artist, and also, as the composition and forms are preserved, of his capacity for realizing his conceptions. In the selection and disposition of colours, as in the manner of handling, and in the scale of his operations, there is generally more than a slight indication of temperament, and having said this it cannot be said too emphatically that the original works should be studied.

The mere facts of the life need not be detailed. It is with parallel lives as with parellel lines, which may be extended ever so far without meeting, and we shall be but little concerned with the points of resemblance between Mr. Vedder and his contemporaries. The touch of nature unites, insomuch that he and his friends may shake hands, but "over a vast," as Shakespeare said.

APRIL, 1899.



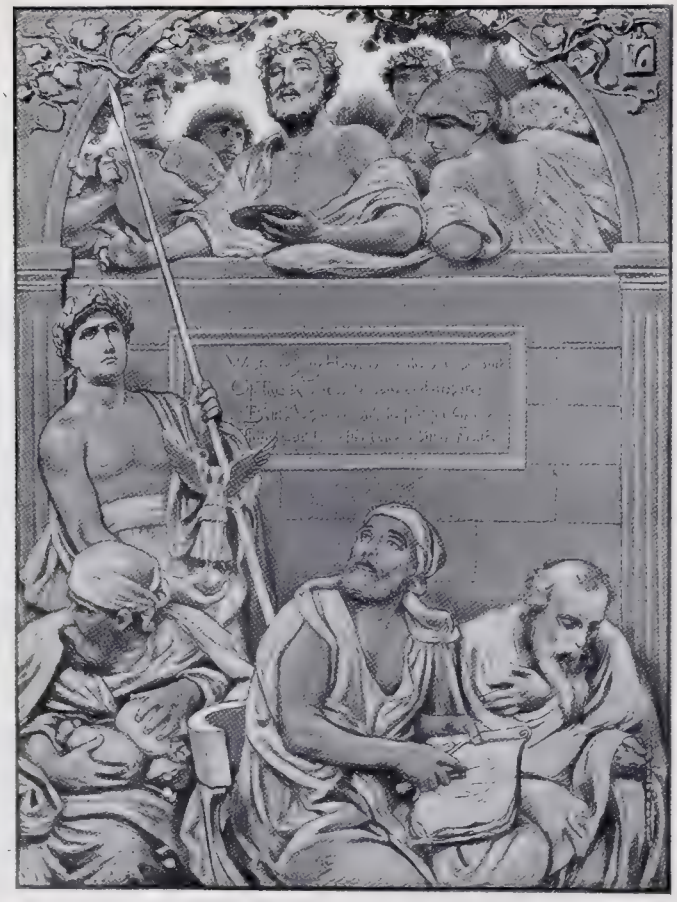
St. Cecilia. Bas-relief, coloured.
By Elihu Vedder.

It happens that during the past year, and with a view of concluding arrangements for an exhibition of Mr. Vedder's work in London, I have been the recipient of a great many letters from him, and have obtained from published articles and other sources an amount of information regarding the artist which now, as it becometh my business to recombine the whole into a more or less compact and consecutive record, I find not a little embarrassing. I have discovered incidentally that, notwithstanding what has been said and done since the painter won fame, the English know less than they should, and there are many who would be surprised if I showed them only a tenth of what has been written. I have had to sift the whole matter, and find it convenient to place on one side the notices which appeared before 1883, because in that year the painter, born 1836, was engaged upon work which marks an epoch in his career—the illustrations to Fitz Gerald's "Rubaiyat." It is impossible to think of an artist with such matter in hand being less than entirely absorbed for the time, and neither before nor since, I suspect, has he worked at such speed. If speed implied carelessness it would be regrettable, but with the conviction of inspiration it

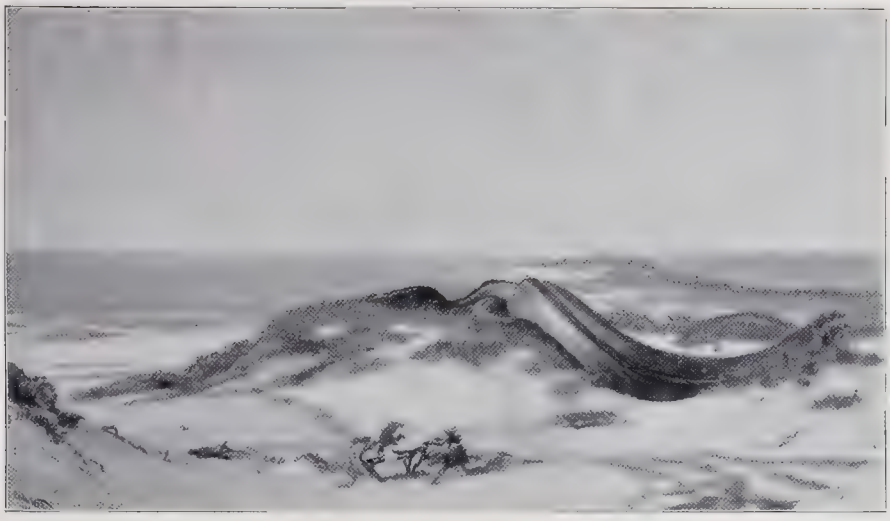


The Fisherman and the Djinn. By Elihu Vedder.
From the Oil-painting in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

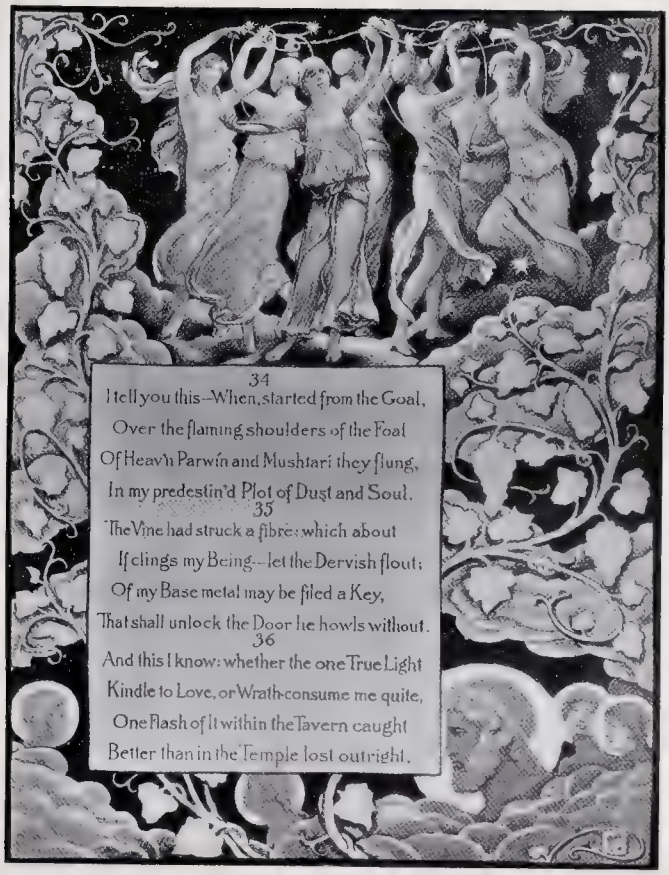
becomes a necessity. As we speak of inspiration, it may be remarked that there were two artists concerned in this matter, and even Fitz Gerald's most devoted admirers will hardly maintain that his work maintains the same level, so if here and there the pictured page disappoints, it may be that the cause of what seems to be failure will be found in the verse. It is only when the inspiration appears to have failed that the artist's "manner" offends. It would be unwise, though it would make this exercise easier, to mention by name the painters and poets of whom the same might be said. When this stage has been reached, it would be better for them to open a school, could pupils be found, than to hope against hope for inspiration. That Mr. Vedder is not of this number will be proved, I expect, by not a few of the works in this exhibition, and the remark above made applies with more force to the drawings prepared for this book than to his independent creations. In the case of a single picture the hand refrains, or should, so soon as the impulse fails, whereas the artist who is committed to the production of illustrations in series is "sustained by the harness," as somebody said, and obliged to keep going, whether weary or not. As Mr. Vedder had hoped to present the work to the poet, the news of his death was the saddest from England that year. We shall return in due course to these same designs, but



Frontispiece. A Drawing by Elihu Vedder.
From Omar's "Rubaiyat."



The Lair of the Sea-Serpent. By Elihu Vedder.
From the Oil-painting in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.



"The Pleiades." A Drawing by Elihu Vedder.
From Omar's "Rubaiyat."

nevertheless room must be made for something which should be said here. First, as to our own reproductions. Our friends have shown their good taste, not only by what they have written, but by what they have selected at different times, and the consequence is that we, coming later, have had to choose from a few. The introduction of the Pleiades into the design which pertains to the verses (34-36) is singularly apt, for the Greeks had the prettiest name for this constellation, "a cluster of grapes"; and as to embodying the idea, the artist cannot do otherwise. So let us think of these stars as maidens.

Secondly, what makes the designs appear to be wedded to Thought in this work is the fact that an exquisite English classic has received from the hand of the artist an appropriate classical setting. When stress is laid on the prevalence of the transcendental or mystical element in the original, it is enough to say as to this that Vedder, in common with all sorts of artists, has the intuitionist's impatience of Dogma, and would not have found it difficult to adopt the poet's position, even if Nature had not endowed him with the exceptional imaginative powers which were shown in his earliest works. But we would go further and say that, as it would have been impossible for Fitz Gerald, shaped as he was, to present the Persian's work in anything but a classical guise, so would it have been for Vedder.



A Soul in Bondage.
By Elihu Vedder.

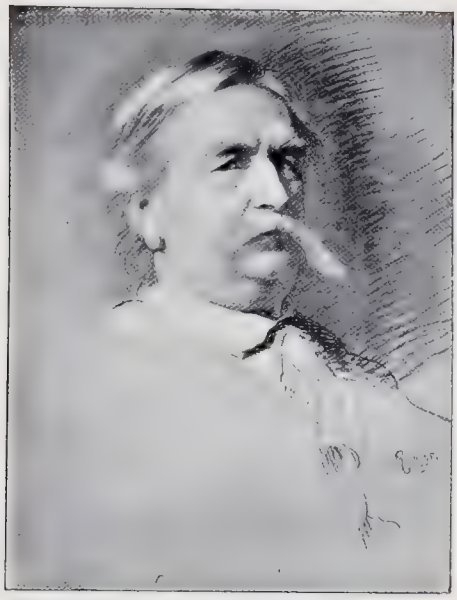
(His earliest master a classicist-pupil in David's school; and to knowledge so gained must be added the vast amount that is due to his having so long resided in Rome.)

I hope before concluding this paper to be able to give an idea of the impression conveyed by the paintings of earlier periods, and am working gradually backwards; an unusual course, I believe. The fact that so many of these have found purchasers, will probably serve of itself to recommend the artist to the members of an entirely commercial community, and will, at any rate, account for some of the most celebrated being unillustrated. It must be remembered that Mr. Vedder has been largely engaged upon decorative works, which can only be seen in their places, and of which we in England know nothing, excepting the little that may be obtained from such reproductions as have appeared in the papers. For private enjoyment I have to be content with a photograph representing a beautiful figure which can only give an idea of the contour, not of the scale, nor whatever colour it has, and this from a painting over the mantelpiece in Huntington House Dining-Room. The manner in which the ceiling is decorated was shown in a number of "Scribner's Magazine," February, 1895—the plan together with this illustration and others, accompanying an article by Mr. W. C. Brownell. One cannot quite tell from the illustrations what surfaces the ceiling presents, and criticism must be left to those who have seen the whole work; but such as they are, they serve to correct the impression conveyed by Mr. Vedder's earlier paintings, for the figure already referred to, called 'Fortune,' I believe to be unsurpassable. But painting or drawing nude figures, with no other motive than showing how well they agree in this state with a general scheme of design, is not the sole aim of the artist. If this creature is loved, it is because she is human, and might be of some use in the world. She is nude, it is true, and winged, the appendages being little in evidence, but will shortly be one of ourselves, as she is seen in the act of descending by steps to our level. The difference between this apparition and angels in general, is that one feels inclined at once to give place to her; to provide what may be required of raiment and sustenance, for we hope, when clothed and refreshed, that she may discourse to us of regions at "the Back of Beyond," whence she came, and of things that are "deeper than knowledge."

The forms accepted as typical of beauty and charm in woman, have been evolved by eliminative processes, requiring more labour and thought than Time has kept count of, and the artist stands highest to-day who to the types already accepted is held to have added one. According to our way of thinking, the conception required to be humanized simply, neither debased as it may be, nor transfigured beyond recognition.

Were painters distinguished, some as Idealists, the others as craftsmen merely, it would be easier to deal as a critic with the matter at one's disposal. If then, coming closer and closer, and regarding her form as the loveliest, we set woman apart, we shall have assigned to the artist his limits, and be able, with more or less fairness, to estimate his performance. In his regard, being chiefly concerned with the figure, she is either maiden or mother. As the former she may be spiritualised until the body can scarce be seen for the clothes, or the mere flesh forms may, in such wise be idealised, excluding all that pertains to real life, that there will seem to be no peace for her here, excepting perhaps in the Bath Room, where, whatever the system of heating may be, one cannot remain for ever. That there is a mean between these extremes is obvious. The sculptors and painters who seek inspiration in legend and romance are by comparison fancy-free, and what has been said about the paucity of typical forms applies more particularly to the influence on art of tradition potent as law, which has had the sterilising effect of rendering the classic and mediæval types almost, if not quite,

immutable. I am here on my favourite ground, and might be disposed to stay longer, but have learned by experience that one idea is enough for one essay, and shall be content if it can be made clear that Mr. Vedder has evolved and matured ideas of feminine form that are amongst the most beautiful, and already secure of fame. Although residing so long in Italy, where nature keeps reproducing something so nearly classic that one is tempted to take it for granted, and residing moreover in Rome, where the "incubus of tradition," as his compatriot says, is heavier than anywhere else in the world, he has lived his own life not the less. If his reputation depended on this one figure he would yet be entitled to quite a high place amongst painters—so engrossing to artists at least, is the idea of woman, and so seldom is anything of novelty apparent in the conception! Another of which the same might be said, though it charms in a different way, is the sweet little figure of 'Spring,' which appears in the central panel forming part of the same work.



Elihu Vedder.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.

A more opulent type, suggested perhaps by the Poem, is chosen to represent woman in the illustrations to the "Rubaiyat;" the most beautiful being that presented with quatrains 29-30, full-faced and bared to the girdle. The words "willy-nilly" seem to have brought to her face the look of absolute innocence which we find so remarkable. "If born to sin, why create us?" she asks, with a child's curiosity, and without a hint of passion.

The critics of the earlier works, even those which brought fame, were for the most part exceedingly generous, but held, nevertheless, and were probably right in the main, that Mr. Vedder sought rather to express himself than to paint or draw to perfection. When the desire is intense as in youth, it will often be found that the artist is impatient under restraint, and in all probability thinks nobody fit to teach him. The conceit of inspired youth is phenomenal, and particularly easy to study. When the fever abates, and he becometh aware of his faults, he will probably submit, working backwards, to a course of self-training as arduous as what he escaped in his youth.

Whether because he was criticised freely, or because he himself knew what he lacked, it is certain that Mr. Vedder has schooled himself in this way, and in one department at least has virtually silenced his critics. It still may be said that he does not rank with the greatest brush-masters, but this is depreciation, and once on the subject of limits there would be no end to the matter.



Dying Sea-Gull and its Mate.
By Elihu Vedder.

As a decorative artist, adopting Sir Edward Poynter's idea that everything in the "grand style" is essentially decorative, he must rank very high indeed.

Grand as a figure painter, great as a decorative artist, the charge that remains unanswered is that he is not a pleasing painter; but all we have read on the subject refers to his earlier works, while from what I have heard, though not seen, I fancy the verdict will be that Mr. Vedder has done much to repair this defect, and perhaps as much as could be expected, considering what a diversity of talent is displayed in his work. Not by greatly daring, perhaps, but by adapting the tone to the idea, and evolving something like a consistent colour scheme which cannot be other than decorative.

The last word, speaking still of the earlier works, must relate to the effect produced on the mind by landscapes, in which the idea of the vast prevails, and by paintings introducing the figure, a figure uncouth, perhaps, but impressive to a degree. I can but mention the names of those that made the most stir at the time, only quoting in the case of one picture an appreciation from the "Athenæum." 'The Lair of the Sea-Serpent,' 1864; 'The Questioner of the Sphinx,' 1865; 'The Roc's Egg,' 1865, all from subjects which are to be found in the "Arabian Nights"; 'The Lost Mind,' and 'The Enemy Sowing Tares'; 'The Young Marsyas,' 1878. 'Dead Abel' I judge from the number to have had a conspicuous place in the Academy, and this, with a series of designs illustrating 'The Fable of the Miller, his Son, and the Ass,' exhibited in 1870, evoked an appreciation which seems to me admirable, as it at once epitomised and amplified what others were saying, and may be regarded, referring to works of that period, as the last notable word on this subject.

"A northern land would not supply, unless in exceptional cases, elements of pathetic expressions which are at once so sad and so sweet, so dignified and so severe as those of Mr. Vedder's 'Dead Abel' (No. 34). The atmosphere is still as death; for the smoke of the altar rises, and drifts not at all; at the foot of the altar a corpse; by its side is a fireless pile, and a rejected offering; shadows are spread in the valley, and the summits are seen in a light which, however lovely, seems Medusa-like to be growing paler and paler with a horror that transcends fear.

"The pathos of this work is monumental, its effect produced by masses essentially different from those to which a painter must have recourse if he would produce an equally powerful appeal to our minds with the elements of northern landscape. The motive of northern art, as in Romanesque and Gothic, is to be sought in the signs of an ever-present and indomitable activity, of which passion and exhaustion are positive and negative states. On the other hand, what may be called classical and passionless landscape reflects the motive antique artists rendered in what at first sight seem the *unvarying features of stature*, which, nevertheless, impart an idea of the agonies of Medusa and the horror of those who looked on her face." Enough has been said, and quoted, to prove that the works of this period were strangely impressive. "There began," as one writer says, "to be Vedderites and anti-Vedderites very early in his career, and moderation in their expression of their opinions has never been the most marked trait of either." The illustrations here given are mostly of more recent works, and they, in turn, prove that the artist's progress has been continuous. What sufficed in those early years to express his sense of the vast in Nature,



Rippling Water.
From a Water-Colour Drawing by W. Monk.
(SEE ARTICLE ON THE BERRY ART SCHOOL OPPOSITE.)

and of the weird in the Drama of Life, was felt to be less than enough for the purpose when the artist's own sense of the beautiful was quickened by other objects. With liberally inclusive ideas as to the subject-matter of art comes also the need of commensurate means of expression. The painter would still, if he could, be at school, and I imagine that Mr. Vedder, if one could profitably create and think at the same time, would be able to give the critic a lesson in the delicate art of fault-finding. Miss Mary Robinson (Madame Darmsteter), in a beautifully written article, has drawn attention to a very lovable trait in his character which should be placed to his credit. "Mr. Vedder is capable of all manner of executions from his own domain of painting. I remember especially a cup which the artist had modelled, and some strange little ear-rings." To her incomplete list may be added, as the thing is in fashion to-day, a whimsical book-plate, which pleases me greatly, showing a dead mouse in a library, with the remains of his meals about him. Mr. Linley Sambourne has perhaps unconsciously appropriated the idea and the legend, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Fanciful also, and appropriate to a degree, is the initial displayed as a colophon on the last page of the volume so often referred to. The letter is composed of a reed, root, and branch, which is broken in twain; the parts bound together so as to form the capital V, and bringing both pan-pipe and pen into the design.

ERNEST RADFORD.

THE BERRY ART SCHOOL, HAMPSTEAD.

THE reason for the success of this well-known school of art at South Hampstead, founded some eight or nine years ago by Mr. Berry F. Berry, and having now a regular attendance of about seventy pupils, is not far to seek. The method of instruction is one which follows a middle course between the haphazard go-as-you-please method in vogue at some centres, and the rigorous insistence upon unessentials and strenuous exertion after some particular model or pattern which one finds adopted elsewhere. The utmost latitude is given each pupil consistent with a policy of thoroughness, and although every student is at first required to begin with drawing from casts of the antique, the pupil is soon induced to draw direct from life, with the result that a measure of individuality and power of perception is developed at an early stage, and to an unusual degree.

To say that the method of instruction adopted is satisfactory, and being satisfactory is justified in its success, is really but another way of saying that those who instruct have proved themselves well qualified for the task they have undertaken, and undoubtedly the Berry Art School is exceptionally fortunate in being under the direction of two men of great personal ability and experience. Mr. W. Monk, A.R.E., and Mr. Edward C. Clifford working coequally for the good of the school, it may perhaps be said that the former concerns himself most in cultivating in the pupils his own admittedly fine feeling for line, and the latter strives more after tone, and on this personal point it need only be added that, even amongst those whose own work in that direction best enables them to give an expert opinion on the subject, in the autographic art which Mr. Monk has adopted as his own favourite medium, more especially etching on copper, his work is entitled to rank with the first half-dozen painter-etchers in Great Britain, whilst Mr. Clifford has earned distinction in his feeling for colour and his discernment as a painter. Mr. Clifford is, and has been for some years, the honorary secretary of that flourishing institution, the Artists' Society and Sketching Club, so well known as "The Langham," of which Mr. Monk is also a member.



The Portrait. From a Water-Colour Drawing by Edward C. Clifford.

Enjoying the advantages of such instruction, it is not surprising that the Berry Art School is amongst the more successful of the suburban art schools, although not a little of its progress must also be assigned to the popularity and ability of the "visitors," Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., and Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A.

One distinctive feature of the school is the free use of charcoal, permitted with the object of stimulating a freedom and vigour of touch which can hardly be acquired in any other way, while pastels have also been a favoured medium, more particularly as Mr. Berry made use of pastel in his system of tuition by correspondence. Miss Ethel Wright was for some time a student; whilst among the good work which I saw I should have selected the names of Mrs. Chamberlin (a clever miniature painter), Mrs. Harley,



The Precarious Street.
From an Etching by W. Monk.

Miss Audrey Watson, whose youth has not prevented her from reaching very high achievement indeed, Miss Richardson, and Miss Wuidart, for special mention, while I was greatly interested in the etchings of Miss Bramley-Moore, and the first-rate work of Mrs. and Miss Baumer, the wife and sister of the well-known black-and-white artist, Mr. Lewis Baumer.

The course of instruction includes the usual curriculum of an art school, but I am inclined to think that the attention given to etchings, and the use of a copper-plate printing press specially arranged, or invented, by Mr. Monk, is a special feature, and it is not to be wondered at if some of the pupils excel other workers of the same age and similar experience, in the direction of the beautiful art which Mr. Monk loves so well, and in which he displays such exceptional skill and dexterity. Mr. Monk's freedom of line, the main essential in a good etching, is well evidenced in the specimen which I am able to give, entitled 'The Precarious Street,' while his work at the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and at the Royal Academy will be remembered by those who are interested in etching. Nor should one forget his water-colours, such as 'Rippling Water,' a bit in Trafalgar Square, and the publication on "St. John's, Clerkenwell," illustrated from Mr. Monk's plates and written by Mr. Underhill, at that time secretary to the late Lord Leighton. Although, even to summarise the excellent work which Mr. Monk has done, apart from his clever painting, and solely in reference to his excellent etching, would require an entire article.

The accompanying study 'Across the Common,' by Mr. Clifford, is a good example of his feeling for form and colour, and amongst his bigger work 'The Stranger,' exhibited at the Royal Institute and Liverpool, and the various pictures hung on the line at the Royal Academy and elsewhere, have afforded proof of his painting ability; and besides larger efforts, Mr. Clifford has done particularly good work in many of his Langham time-sketches and life-studies.

Mr. Monk and Mr. Clifford worked together at Antwerp, where they both studied under Verlat, and from him imbued many of the ideas which they have brought into fruition at this school, not least in regard to the importance of making each pupil thoroughly acquainted with the use of one medium rather than experimenting in too many directions, and in the endeavour to draw out individuality rather than inducing the pupil to attain a certain expertness by a rule-of-thumb process; but at the Langham and elsewhere the work of Mr. Clifford, as a painter in water-colours and oils, and of Mr. Monk, as a clever painter and a master of etching, is so well known and appreciated, that nothing more need be said with regard to their high qualifications. Nor is their tuition less appreciated because of the fact that they are themselves learners. Herein I am purposely guilty of some naïveté of expression, for one cannot but lay stress on the fact that they are far removed from the class of teacher who is, luckily, fast dying out, who taught art because he had realised his own inability to do good work, just as people are prepared to teach the piano because they have lamentably failed to reach any high attainment as executants or musicians. Unlike these ancient "professors," both of the Berry School directors are amongst the younger men of to-day, and one is the happier in finding the instruction of the coming generation in the hands of so many of the younger men, for they are themselves full of resource and ambition; to them there is no such thing as finality in art and its teaching, and having attained a well-founded and recognisable position in regard to the particular medium which they have chosen, they are ever acquiring fresh knowledge, and are particularly well able to sympathise with the earlier difficulties which beset the absolute tyro.

The self-evident fact that no art, strictly speaking, can be taught, is no justification for carelessness as to the way and method in which the young aspirant is trained in the handicraft. It is difficult to understand what basis any writer can have for the assumption that a thorough training in that which pertains to any one art or form of art can possibly tend to suppress any originality which otherwise might be exercised by the pupil, while there is certainly considerable danger, in regard to which there may indeed be some cause for alarm, that the young artist of ideas and ability may never give adequate expression to that which is in him, owing to lack of training, or having been badly taught. The best of tuition demands something more of the teacher than personal ability in the subject taught—for good tuition, or the faculty of imparting knowledge is, as we all know, in some measure an art in itself, and the pupil who has enjoyed the best of tuition is incomparably in a better position to use the best means for his own artistic expression, than the pupil who has received no tuition, or even worse, who has endured a tyrannous system of bad teaching.

ARTHUR LAWRENCE.



Across the Common.
From a Water-Colour Drawing by Edward C. Clifford.



Angel on the Tomb of Prince Stigliano Colonna, at Naples.
Designed by Francesco Jerace.

AN EMINENT ITALIAN SCULPTOR.

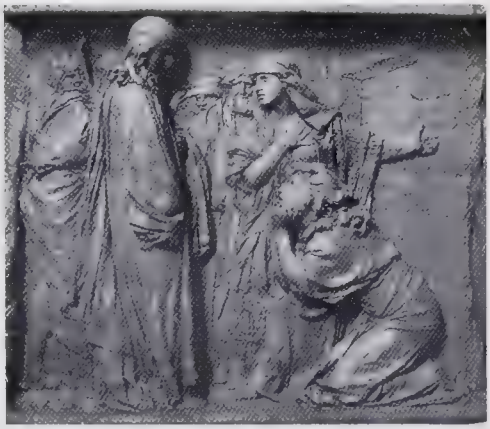
FRANCESCO JERACE.

I HAVE known Jerace for many years. We were boys when we first met, and our lives were different. When he came to Naples from his native Polistena, my father—who was at that time the centre of the artistic movement in the south of Italy, and of whose superiority, Prince Gaetano Filangieri said: "He was a strenuous vindicator of Neapolitan Art, and the first"—recognised in the young man, who was then taking his first steps in the arduous field of art, the genius which was bound to assert itself some day. He praised him much, and was attached to him still more, because he was modest, of gentle bearing, with charming, winning manners, and inspired all who approached him with sympathy.

Thus I met him once or twice in my father's house; he pleased me, and I ever retained a pleasant memory of him. For many years we did not happen to meet except on the road, or at long intervals, when returning from my voyages, after a lengthy absence, only to set out again shortly. In the meantime Jerace went on rapidly and steadily towards the highest summits of Art, which he has since succeeded in attaining.

A born artist, he only required to study the mechanical difficulties which opposed the free expression of his thoughts. Hardly was that accomplished, when his genius soared away, mounting ever higher to the sublime and giddy heights which are the dream of many, and the reality of few. Having once attained this eminence, it requires the eye of an eagle not to become blinded by the light, and an equal balance of all the faculties not to become intoxicated with insane pride.

Jerace's first work represented a Neapolitan street-boy—he called it a Guappetiello—and the graceful statue



Monument to Oscar Meuricoffre.
Designed by Francesco Jerace.

fully rendered the artist's thought. The subject, although chosen from among the lower grades of the Neapolitan populace, was not wanting in beauty—although, at first sight, the work may be considered as belonging to the realistic school.

Assiduous and eager as ever for study, Jerace enriched his mind with new culture, and sought inspiration from the eternal book of history, not, however, forgetting the beauties of nature. Thus was inspired the 'Victa,' thus originated the successful monument to Germanicus, "the Revenger of Varo."

For strength of conception, his greatest triumph is 'Il Soggetto romano.' The Germans, as one knows, erected the monument to Arminio, conqueror of that 'Varo' who six years after had been revenged by Germanicus. To this vendetta the German monument makes no allusion; Jerace conceived it in a powerful group. At the feet of the Roman soldiers lie the trophies of war. One of the three sounds the trumpet of victory, another lifts the avenging flag, the third inscribes on the stone the names of the conquered nations, and has already written "Germany." Here there is virility of thought, nobility of sentiment, truth and vitality of imagination, and breadth of style. Jerace thus wrote in marble with that monument a glorious page of history, and showed that he felt strongly and generously that noblest of all noble sentiments among men of heart, that of love for his country.



Staircase at the Palace of Prince Sinignano, at Naples. Designed by Francesco Jerace.

This 'Triumph of Germanicus,' which we reproduce on page 109, took the first prize at the Exhibition of Turin in 1880; and that prize was well given. Jerace, like an artist of ancient Greece, moved by patriotic love, had given to that monument—grand, beautiful, and harmonious in conception, and so wonderfully rendered—a high political signification, a noble and dignified reply to the Germans. In more remote times, and less political, it would have been destined to the artist—who knew how to make such a diplomatic note resound from the marble, more piercing in its correctness than any issuing from the multiform coloured books of the period—to execute such another monument in some great city of the kingdom, or, better still, among the Alps which guard the frontier. Instead of which, the great prize of Milan would have been his only reward, had he not the inner consciousness of being equal to that Phidias who executed immortal works because moved by a sublime love of his country. But unfortunately we are without a Pericles who rules over the things that might be for the instruction of the public! I have named Phidias, and to anyone who does not know Jerace's works well, the comparison may seem exaggerated.

Jerace has not built a Parthenon. It is true, I reply; but only because Italy has no Pericles who intrusts him with the commission. However, one can quite well compare one of Jerace's works to one of Phidias', to the *Minerva of Athens*. I am not the only one to say it; and the first to write it was Rocco de Zerbi, a man of genius, endowed with culture and exquisite artistic views.

If Jerace would dedicate some hours of his precious time to teaching, he could found a school, and inspire it with the potency of his individuality, as Palizzi did in olden times, and became great on account of his being a master as well as for his productions. But we in Italy, in the country of art, have not, as our neighbours in France have, a Minister of Fine Arts, who knows how to value talent, which the country offers largely, and which he should cultivate and turn to useful account for the credit of the country.

As I said before, one of the first powerful revelations of Francesco Jerace's genius was the bust of 'Victa.' This was reproduced on page 7 of THE ART JOURNAL, 1886, but only in the original marble can one get the perfect impression of the artistic power of the work.

Entering his studio, crowded with marbles, which are

continually renewed, and halting before a statue, a bust, a head, without the artist to explain who or what it is, one can tell from the expression, from the characteristics of the figure, what it represents. One says: "That is a warrior, that other a churchman, that is an artist, that a bon-vivant." One can distinguish the portrait of a beautiful peasant from that of a lady, the charming portrait of a child, smiling with life, from the sad features of a dead one who lives in the marble, whose lips are parted and who seems to speak; but if such were the case, he would say, like Dante's Beatrice: "Such as you see me, the world held me for a short time."

He modelled the slender form of a lovely creature who came from above, seemingly, to bring joy to the very young parents, to the grandparents of two illustrious houses, and who, after a few months, flew away to the angels. Inspired by the gentle subject, the artist puts into that little face such an expression of idealistic grief, giving to him a thoughtful look beyond his tender years, but which harmonises with the two little angels' wings which spring from his shoulders. Those little wings carried him away to the spheres from whence he bends to gaze upon the grief-stricken ones left behind to lament his loss. Works of other kinds beautify the rooms of the princely houses and of the rich foreign residents of Naples.



Monument to Beethoven. In the Musical Conservatory at Naples. Designed by Francesco Jerace.

Decorative and industrial art is well suited to the aristocratic surroundings to which it is adapted; for instance, that which is revealed in the two works which are reproduced here—the staircase of the Prince Sinignano (page 107), and the chimney-piece in the Meuricoffre Salon (page 110). In the 'Victa,' and in the 'Triumph of Germanicus,' we have an idea of artistic creations which have their source in the depths of the inspired soul of the author. Art thus conceived is really fine: it is the sovereign extrinsication of a sentiment, of an idea. Here art adapts itself to the tastes of the people, and creates a sumptuous staircase which corresponds to the spaciousness of a fine palace, and an elegant stove, harmonizing with the well-balanced richness of a drawing-room, where good taste is not separated from the comfort which is the necessity of the people of the north.

The 'Anacreontica,' which the Conte de Bardi acquired at the Venetian Exhibition in 1895, is like the point where the two sorts of arts meet to mingle in one: it is not art applied to industry, as in previous cases, it is not one of those creations, more than potent, which reveal a high immortal thought. It is a little figure, exquisitely modelled as a love caress, flexible and sweet in form, in movement, in the expression which brings to mind one of those statuettes of Tanagra, which have remained to reveal the other side of Greek sentiment, which does not appear in the monuments of classic art. Reproductions of this 'Anacreontica' have been ordered for many an aristocratic salon in Italy and abroad.

Different is the character which Jerace gives to his figures in the monuments which he executes. In the historical monument, the personage who appeals to the people, whom death itself has rendered immortal, who relives in history and in the memories of the generations which succeed each other, appears full of life and energy, as when full of one great thought of vindication, he proclaimed to the nations his declarations, and pushed forward boldly on the battle-fields held against the foreign usurper. Francesco Jerace represents in a monument Victor Emmanuel of Magenta and Solferino. The statue is fine, but would be better in a broader place: down in the Lombard plain. In the situation where it is, and where it appears to be falling from lack of space, it appears to disadvantage. Next to the monument of a soldier king, who with a firm hand could hold the sceptre and the sword, I place that of an artist—of Beethoven, reproduced on this page. Jerace considered long before setting to work at this. He, a master of the harmony of lines, had to produce a master of the harmony of sound. In some works, inspiration comes to us from on high, in others we are inspired by our surroundings, by the life around us, by



The Triumph of Germanicus.
By Francesco Jerace.



Chimney-piece at the Meuricoffre Salon, at Naples.
Designed by Francesco Jerace.

the events which unfold and develop under our eyes, by the voices which come to our ears, by the sounds which reach us from the plains, from the forests moved by winds, from the sea, from the booming of the waves that dash against the rocky sides of caverns, which parry them with the immovable apathy all their own. Thus I see in this monument the inspiration of Beethoven; thus it seems to me Jerace saw it also in the same moment that he wished to represent it.

On the rock which rises above the resounding ocean rests the master, and looks far out to the horizon. He listens, and hears what others hear not, sees what others perceive not. From illimitable space a thousand different sounds come to him, which he is intent to catch and treasure in his tenacious memory, and then transmit to paper. And he rules these sounds, crushing though they be, and disciplines them with the laws of harmony. That is the thought which lies behind the ample forehead, which plays in the glance, in the shadow of the knitted brows. Such is the will of the master, which he reveals in the firmness of the closed fist resting on the rock, in the tenacious expression of the mouth. Also the nationality is well expressed in that marble. The man is undoubtedly a musician, and a German. An Italian or a Spaniard would have a sweeter, less obstinate expression than the northerner who hears the bellow of the Baltic, and the tremble of the Black Forest under the stormy cold blast which comes from the pole.

In the sepulchral monuments executed by Jerace, the majesty of death reigns supreme in every line; by this adaptability of his genius to the subject which he treats, it seems as though the marble cries and laughs according to the wishes of the master.

Here is Mary Somerville, the eminent English astronomer, whom I knew for many years, and whom I saw often sitting in her studio on the Riviera di Chiaja, just as Jerace represents her in marble in the English cemetery at Naples.

The bas-relief, reproduced on page 106, belongs to the monument erected to the consul, Oscar Meuricoffre, who in his lifetime was so bountiful to the poor, by whom he is ever remembered. Here also the conceptions are admirably expressed in the marble.

The angel who seems to live with a supernatural life, whose extended wings seem to vibrate from the force of his long flight, belongs to the tomb of Prince Stigliano Colonna, which forms the headpiece to this article. Of any of the many and various works of Jerace, one can only say that it would be necessary to write a volume in praise of each, to well describe it.

I would like to describe the monument to Voscano, the Calabrese priest who emulated the courage of Peter Micca setting fire to Viglienas powder, and the monument to Francesco Fiorentino, the great Calabrese philosopher, the monument to Donizetti, the one to Vittoria Colonna and many others; but to even enumerate them would be to outstep the limits of an article.

An artist and a gentleman, Jerace sees the flower of the aristocracy pass through the vast rooms of his studio and his drawing-rooms at his villa at Rione Amedeo. Great lords and statesmen, illustrious ladies, queens of the world and of beauty find in him the graceful and wise master, who explains while showing his work, and also tells of the conceptions which prompted it. He is also an admirable host, who dispenses the honours of his own house in an unequalled way. In courtesy he is exquisitely matched by the noble companion of his life, by the lady who has the soul which is necessary to understand him, and a good heart which is necessary to love him.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was lost in admiration before some marbles of Jerace. He was engaged to breakfast with the Princess of Gerace. In bidding "Goodbye," the Duke said, "Jerace, the Prince of Art, has almost made me late for the Princess of Gerace." A curious coincidence of title and of surname, which have a common origin from that ancient Hyerace, the land of southern Italy, from which he derived his name, and which was changed afterwards by his forefathers. Lord Rosebery, after a visit to the Duke della Regina, went to visit the studio at Rione Amedeo. Here many carriages draw to his door during the afternoon. Ladies and gentlemen whose names are Colonna, Carafa, Del Balzo, Tilangieri, Alvarez de Toledo, Ravaschieri, Imperiali, Ruffo, Avarna, Somma, Suardo, Caracciolo, Grifeo, Capece, Acton, Severino, Dentice, and so on through all the record of the élite of Naples, enter into this sanctuary

of art. English and Americans, Russians and Germans do their utmost to visit that studio, to take back with them some marble, or at least a souvenir. It seems superfluous to add that Jerace belongs to many academies. He is decorated with orders both Italian and of other countries, and has been many times, when he could not help accepting the position, member of the High Congress of Fine Arts, in the exhibitions, in the judging committees, in the Archæological Society, and in all the different posts which fall to the lot of eminent men.

When he thinks right to accept these duties, he fulfils them conscientiously; he does not allow his judgment to be warped by influence. He avoids those petty offices where the rewards are too often manipulated, where friends and followers are numbered among the elected, and others rejected without their artistic merits being sifted in the least. His dignified firmness and honesty procure for him the esteem of the good and hate of the spiteful. Through the ranks of both he passes serene and smiling, loved, admired, respected by the great majority, by people of worth, by the elect spirits. He takes no notice of the wicked, of the mediocre, even of rivals who cannot arrive at his level, or much less get before him in art, and who resort to unworthy means with which to fight him. He excuses them, he pardons them, being himself high as an artist and good as a man, remembering the verses of our poet:—

"Cimabue thought to hold
the field of Art,
And now Giotto has the
cry."

LORENZO SALAZAR.



Bust of Mdme. Vigée-Lebrun, at Paris.
By Francesco Jerace.

THE PORTRAITS OF FLORA MACDONALD.

"ARE you the little rebel that dared to aid the Pretender against us?" asked Frederick Prince of Wales ("Fred, who was alive and is dead") of Flora Macdonald, when quieter times permitted of colloquy between the Hanoverian heir and the dauntless little lady who at four-and-twenty took, with cheerful courage, the big unknown risks of succouring Prince Charlie. "Sir," she replied, "if I had met you in the same miserable plight as Prince Charlie, I would have aided you in the same manner." That was spoken with womanly spirit; but we may doubt whether her heart would have been in the business to the extent that it was when the tattered and starved, weary and broken hope of her nation's dynasty was in question.

"The bonnie young Flora" was a Stuart-lover to the tips of her fingers, and we have it in evidence that, even in her old age, when the legendary hero had disappointed all the great hopes that had been built upon him, so strong was her Jacobite spirit that "she would have struck any one with her fist who presumed in her hearing to call Charles the Pretender." Yet we may dismiss the popular legend expressed and crystallised by the Ettrick Shepherd in "Flora Macdonald's Lament," that she was in love with her Prince even in the stormy days when he was handsome and brave, gallant and hopeful. Her proceedings, then and afterwards, were not those of a young woman consumed by a hopeless passion. We may be quite sure that she did not sit

"Weeping alane,
At the thought o' the lad
She will ne'er see again."

She wasted no great amount of time after her adventurous passages of Jacobitism in marrying Allan Macdonald, the young Kingsburgh, and as she lived to be sixty-eight, and spent, to all appearance, the life of a contented matron, there is no evidence to suggest that she pined for the Prince over the water more ardently than any other loyal friend of the luckless exile.

Queen Elizabeth remarked, upon a historic occasion, that although she was only a poor weak woman, she had "the heart and stomach of a king." Flora Macdonald might have made the same proud boast. No grenadier of a woman was she, fitted to strike terror into any soldier of King George who should be suspicious of her dealings with Betty Burke, the Irish spinning-maid, whose name and petticoat covered his Royal Highness the Prince Regent *in partibus*. There was nothing of the strapping Scottish wench about her. We know from Boswell, as from earlier descriptions, that she was small and gentle—despite her aforesaid readiness to commit assault and battery upon those who should venture to speak disrespectfully of King Charles III. We have a

picture of her at the time she left that imprisonment in the Tower, which, although brief, reflects no credit upon those who sent her there. "She is a young lady about twenty"—who was this flatterer who thus cut four years from an age still youthful enough?—"of graceful person, good complexion and regular features. She has a peculiar sweetness, mixed with majesty, in her countenance; her deportment is rather graver than is becoming her years; even in her confinement"—although released from the Tower she was still *gardée à vue* by Mr. Dick, a King's Messenger—"she betrays nothing of sullenness or discontent, and all her actions bespeak a mind full of conscious innocence and incapable of being ruffled by the common incidents of life."

How fortunate a man was Kingsburgh to win this rare pearl, "mistress of herself though china fall," and unmoved by the daily worries which sit so heavily on some of us! But without endeavouring to discount the serenity or belittle the composure of this heroine who had found historic immortality so early, we may remember that at this time she was a lioness such as London has very rarely seen. Her name was upon all men's lips; her short imprisonment in the Tower was over, and she was being kept under an honourable restraint which had little of captivity in it, save that she was unable to run away. Presently she might hope to be fully absolved from her complicity in the escape of the young man who was so badly "wanted" after Culloden. Why then should she not be radiant? A sunny temperament she seems always to have had, for, when Boswell saw her, writes Dr. Johnson, in Skye, in 1773, he found her "a little woman of a genteel appearance and uncommonly mild and well-bred." A sly sense of humour she appears to have had, too, for did she not tell Boswell that she had heard shortly before that he was coming to the island, "and one Mr. Johnson, a young English buck, with him"? Well can we realise how hugely delighted the "young buck" was with this fancy.

Exactly what Flora Macdonald was like at five-and-twenty or so, when she was enjoying the sweets of London and liberty, we may see from the four portraits of her which we reproduce, three of which must have been painted about this time—to be precise, in 1747. She had been brought South by a vessel of war almost immediately after Charles Edward, thanks to her courage and resource, had got safely away, and she was released from the minor form of arrest which had succeeded her confinement as a State prisoner in the Tower, in the following year. She was thereupon taken under the wing of Lady Primrose, wife of Hugh, third Viscount of that name, and daughter of that Peter Drelincourt, Dean of Armagh, whose father's tractate on "Death" remains, to this day, the high-water mark of sterile dreariness in religious literature. Viscountess Primrose lived in Essex Street, Strand, a sufficiently fashionable resort in a day when Dukes still abode east of Charing Cross. There Flora continued to carry on the perhaps not altogether ungrateful trade of lioness. There the great world which had not already visited her, called to pay its respects, more to the pleasant, comely girl from the Isles than to her widowed ladyship. We know by Flora's own testimony that while she was under the wing of Lady Primrose she had her portrait painted more than once—perhaps several times. In her autobiography, published by her granddaughter, Mrs. Wylie, she says:—"While staying with Lady Primrose she insisted on my sitting to some of the first artists, and her ladyship had me dressed in a grand style. I really forget how often I had to undergo the penance." Here, of course, we must make some allowance for feminine self-deception. No woman ever found it to be a penance to have her portrait painted even unto seventy-times seven, especially when the result was so agreeable as it was in Flora Macdonald's case.



Flora Macdonald.
From the Portrait by Thos. Hudson.

It would have been of the highest artistic interest had the lady left a list of the artists to whom she sat. We know, however, with tolerable certainty, that the most familiar of all her portraits, that by Allan Ramsay, was not painted until long after she married. Even then it is the portrait of a young woman, and, as will be seen from our reproduction opposite, it is distinctively Scottish. The features are Scottish, and the effect is heightened by the tartan plaid that is thrown over the shoulders. The details are very similar to those of the other portraits—there are none of the startling discrepancies which are often found in the likenesses of historical personages. The features are obviously the same as in the other three pictures; the hair is of the same dark brown; the same roses—white for the Stuarts, red for fidelity—are there; the attitude,

even, is very much that of Mr. Rendall's portrait, on the next page. Allan Ramsay's picture hangs in the Bodleian Library, and was seen at the Stuart Exhibition in 1889. Another, and later portrait, not here engraved, is in the possession of the Earl of Loudoun, and is attributed to W. Robertson. Here, again, we have the white rose in the dark brown hair and a tartan dress. This likewise was in the Stuart Exhibition, but I know of no engraving of it, and the ascription appears to be doubtful, since W. Robertson was only twenty years of age when Flora Macdonald died. Hudson's excessively *décolleté* portrait is soft, simple, and pleasing. Our reproduction opposite is from Page's rather poor engraving. In addition to the miniature attributed to G. Murray, sent to the Stuart Exhibition by Mr. P. F. Lee, and an unascribed miniature lent on the same occasion by Lieut.-General R. M. Macdonald, and one or two other likenesses of minor importance, there is a portrait of unascertained authorship engraved by Greatbach. Here, again, there are roses in the hair and at the bosom, and a tartan plaid thrown over the left arm, which is poised very much as in Mr. Rendall's picture. Not the least interesting and pleasing of the series is the picture which has been sometimes described as 'Flora Macdonald as a Shepherdess,' which is here reproduced after Faber's brilliant mezzotint. That it really does represent Prince Charlie's deliverer we cannot say with absolute certainty. The features are very much the same—the boldly-arched eyebrows, the long nose, the curved lips, the flowing locks, all are there. Here, again, we have the never-omitted roses. One, apparently white, nestles in the hair, and the lady holds a festoon of them, red and white intermingled, in her hands. The portrait is a delicious bit of artificiality. The conventional crook, the confiding sheep, the distended draperies, the ropes of pearls in the corsage, the opulent charms—none of the essentials of this alluring manner are omitted. The engraving was published originally merely as one of a pair of 'Ladies'; but the tradition that Flora Macdonald sat for it possesses no inherent improbability, since Pickering was fond of painting portraits in character, and the likeness is strong.



"A Shepherdess" (said to be Flora Macdonald).
From the mezzotint by Johan Faber, junr., after Henry Pickering.



Flora Macdonald. By Allan Ramsay.
From the Portrait in the Bodleian Library.

But of all these portraits the one ascribed to Hogarth, reproduced on the next page, is, in many respects, by far the most interesting. It is the property of Mr. John Rendall, of Hays Lodge, Loughborough Road, Brixton, and has never before been engraved, nor has it ever been exhibited. Its pedigree is clear and unquestioned. There can be little doubt that it was one of the pictures painted during Flora's stay with Lady Primrose—one of the "penances" of which she speaks in her Autobiography. It appears to have been executed for Lady Primrose herself, since it was in her possession when she died, in 1775, in Clarges Street. Shortly after her death it was purchased by Mr. John Law, a member of the Ellenborough family, then residing in the now vanished Fludyer Street, Whitehall. When he died, at an advanced age, in 1852, it passed to his son, the late Mr. William Law, who left it at his death, in 1891, to his nephew, Mr. Rendall. The portrait has thus been in the possession of the same family ever since its original owner was gathered to her fathers. Mr. John Law bought it as a Hogarth, and the tradition in Mr. Rendall's family has always given it that ascription. A good many experts, including the late Mr. D. Colnaghi, have agreed in this attribution; and if it be objected that the handling is smoother and the textures more luminous than was Hogarth's wont, it must not be forgotten that these qualities are by no means absent from his familiar

portrait of his wife, or the several likenesses of Peg Woffington, which he painted at various times, to say nothing of other portraits of ladies which are among his unquestioned work. Mr. Rendall's portrait, which was lined, in 1850, by Mr. Peel, of Golden Square, and has been cleaned of recent years by the late Mr. Byard, of Camden Road, is in exceedingly brilliant condition. The lady is seated in a chair of velvet or plush, and wears a white satin dress. The inevitable white rose is in her right hand, and upon her bosom she wears a rosette of the Macdonald tartan. The characteristic features are unmistakable, and the long slender hands and tapering fingers seen in the Ramsay portrait and the 'Shepherdess' picture are here insisted upon. This three-quarter length portrait is painted upon a canvas which measures 50 by 40 inches. There is no record in Mr. Austin Dobson's, or any other, biography of Hogarth, of his having painted Flora Macdonald; but amateurs of Hogarth do not need to be reminded that many pieces which are almost certainly his work cannot be proved absolutely to have been painted by him. Date and subject alike make it perfectly possible that this stately and dignified picture may have come from his studio, and assuredly it would in no way derogate from his fame could it be proved with mathematical certainty to be his. It may be added that the statue of this dauntless heroine of the Isles which has just been executed for the city of Inverness, by Mr. Andrew Davidson, has been modelled upon Mr. Rendall's portrait.



Flora Macdonald. From the Portrait alleged to be by William Hogarth. In the possession of John Rendall, Esq.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

'SIR GALAHAD.'

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE AT ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL.

PAINTED BY G. F. WATTS, R.A. ETCHED BY BERNARD SCHUMACHER.

SINCE the ranks of the great nineteenth-century artists have been so sadly thinned by the deaths of Burne-Jones, Millais, and Leighton, the position of the at least equally great painter, Mr. George Frederic Watts, has become unique. At the age of eighty-two, which Mr. Watts reached in February, 1899, it cannot be expected that he will live far into the new century, and he will continue to be looked on as one of the great men of the epoch now drawing to a close.

'Sir Galahad' has been a favourite theme with Mr. Watts, as it was with Burne-Jones, and they have both painted the ideal knight as if his aspirations and struggles were part of their own individual experiences. Mr. Watts believes in a mission in Art; he is "a seer and a teacher who sets great truths before the world and has a solemn message to deliver" to those who care to listen.

Sir Galahad is the personification of the knight who was everything that is pure and good and holy—who fought a spirited fight against the forces of evil, and, in several respects, was the embodiment of the Christian virtue. In Mr. Watts' picture Sir Galahad stands beside his horse, looking, with absorbed attention, on the bright vision which the denseness of the forest has hitherto hid from his eyes.

Mr. Watts has painted two versions of this remarkable picture—a work that is considered to be one of his finest efforts. It was suggested to the artist that 'Sir Galahad' would be specially suitable for the youth of England to study, and this version of the picture—differing in several minor points from the other—is placed in the Chapel of Eton College, to which Mr. Watts presented it as a gift. It is published, in large size, by Mr. Caswall Smith, of The Gainsborough Studio, Oxford Street, as a large plate.





There is no record in Mr. Austin Dobson's, or any other, biography of Hogarth, of his having painted Flora [illegible] but certainly this work

him. Date and

[illegible] studio, and assuredly it would

be

[illegible] and tapering fingers seen in the Ramsay portrait and the 'Shepherdess' picture are here insisted upon. The three-quarter length portrait is painted upon a canv[illegible]

Mr. W[illegible] married in [illegible]

[illegible] looked on as [illegible] to a close.

[illegible] Art. He is [illegible]

[illegible] river" to those who [illegible] to

[illegible] was [illegible] to become of his finest [illegible] at Sir Gabriel'

[illegible] College to which Mr. [illegible] gift.

[illegible] enough study, [illegible] as a large plate.





The Sleeping Children.
Monument by Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A. In Lichfield Cathedral.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.*

By G. D. LESLIE, R.A., and FRED. A. EATON, Secretary of the Royal Academy.

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, R.A.

Born 1781; *A.R.A.* 1816; *R.A.* 1818; *Died* 1841.



Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A.
By W. Smith.
From the bust in the Royal Academy.

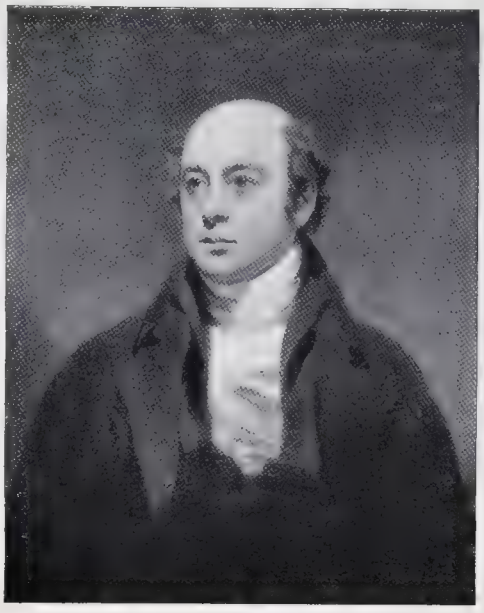
SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY was born at Norton, near Sheffield, on the 7th of April, 1781. He owed little to his parents in the matter of Art education, for his father died when he was a child of eight years old, and his mother, when she married again, employed him, it is said, to sell milk in the neighbouring town. A little later he was placed with a grocer, but at the boy's own desire he was eventually apprenticed to a carver and gilder at Sheffield. While there he no doubt became an adept at carving in wood, for Rogers, the poet, had in his possession a carved sideboard about which he was fond of relating the following anecdote. On one occasion he had, in company with Chantrey, visited the workshop where this sideboard was in process of construction; during the absence of the workman, Chantrey took up the tools and began working on the carving; the horror of the man, Rogers said, when on his return he saw the stranger thus occupied, was not to be depicted; but as soon as he noticed the skill with which Sir Francis handled the tools he lapsed into silent and reverent admiration.

Chantrey was not satisfied, however, with so limited a branch of the art, and with some of his own money he purchased the remainder of his apprenticeship and came to London to study as a sculptor. Returning to Sheffield in 1802 he appears to have met with little or no patronage until 1809, when he received through a friend a commission from an architect named Alexander for four colossal busts of Howe, Nelson, St. Vincent, and Duncan, for the Trinity House and the Greenwich Naval Asylum. In the same year he married his cousin, Miss Wale, and the money, £10,000, that he received with her enabled him to clear himself of debt and establish himself as a sculptor. Hitherto he had earned a subsistence almost entirely by portraits in oil, crayon, and miniature, and by occasionally working as a wood carver. He had, however, exhibited at the Academy in 1808 a bust of J. Raphael Smith, with which Nollekens was so struck that he is reported to have removed one of his own busts in order to make room for the young man's work.

From 1809 until his death Chantrey enjoyed an exceptionally large amount of patronage for sculptured portraits. Busts were very fashionable during the commencement of the century, and a list of those executed

* Continued from page 68.

by him would occupy much space; amongst others, his portraits of James Watt, The Earl of Egremont, Sir Walter Scott, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Canning, may be mentioned as conspicuous examples of his power of giving the life and character of his sitters. The fancy subjects from his hand, though they possess great breadth and simplicity, are perhaps a trifle heavy and conventional. His best-known work of this kind, illustrated in our headpiece, is the monument erected in Lichfield Cathedral to the memory of two daughters of the Rev. W. Robinson, called 'The Sleeping Children,' which was executed, like one or two other works of the same kind, from the designs of Stothard.



Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A. From an Engraving by Charles Turner, A.R.A. After Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.

The same criticism, too, applies to his full-length statues, many examples of which are to be found not only in England but in India and America. Their conventional and ponderous draperies generally contrast rather ludicrously with the extremely real and life-like character of the features. In this respect Chantrey's figure of George IV. in Trafalgar Square compares to great disadvantage with Wyatt's easy and correctly costumed figure of George III. in Pall Mall, and especially with Le Sueur's fine statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross.

Chantrey was elected an Associate on November 4th, 1816, and an Academician on February 10th, 1818, another instance of rapid promotion. He presented as his Diploma work a bust of Benjamin West, the president. In 1837 he was appointed a Trustee. During his visit to Italy in 1819 he was made a member of the Academies of Rome and Florence. His death took place somewhat unexpectedly on November 25th, 1841. Norton, his birthplace, was also the place of his burial, he being interred there in a vault constructed by himself. By the terms of his will the vicar of the parish receives from the Trustees an annuity of £200; of which £50 is for five poor men, £50 for five poor women, £100 for the education of ten poor boys; and £50 for the vicar himself on condition that he keeps the tomb of the donor in good repair.

A genial and kind-hearted man, a delightful host and a liberal entertainer, Chantrey was very popular amongst his fellow members, and was always ready to help those less prosperous than himself by any means in his power. It is to this kindly disposition of his that we owe the benefaction of the celebrated "Chantrey Bequest." He repeatedly lamented seeing fine works of high aims and meritorious character passing through the exhibitions without having met with a purchaser, and declared that he intended by his will to do something to remedy this unfortunate state of things.

This intention he carried out by leaving the whole of his property at the death or second marriage of his wife, and subject to certain annuities, for the "encouragement of British Fine Art in Painting and Sculpture." This encouragement was to be afforded by the purchase, out of the interest of the residue of the estate, of "Works of Fine Art of the highest merit in Painting and Sculpture that can be obtained, either already executed or which may hereafter be executed by artists of any nation," provided that the work, whether "by a deceased or living artist, shall have been entirely executed within the shores of Great Britain." It has often been stated that Chantrey intended his money to be expended in the purchase of works of high-ideal aim, which by the nature of their subject or from their size were not likely to find purchasers. But whatever his intention may have been there is nothing in the will that admits of any such interpretation. In another part it says, "preference shall on all occasions be given to works of the highest merit that can be obtained, and the prices to be paid for the same shall be liberal." And again the President and Council of the Royal Academy, to whom is entrusted the purchase of the works, "in making their decision, shall have regard solely to the intrinsic merit of the work in question and not permit any feeling of sympathy for an artist or his family by reason of his or her circumstances or otherwise to influence them." The interest may be allowed to accumulate for not more than five years. No commissions or orders for the execution of works are to be given, and the works purchased are to be exhibited for one calendar month at least in the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy or in some important public exhibition of fine art. As has already been stated, the Council of the Royal Academy have full control of the money to be laid out in purchases, the selection being by a majority of its members for the time being, the President having one vote as a member and a casting vote as President. The names of all members voting for or against a purchase have to be entered in a book to be open to the inspection of the members of the Academy and the Trustees of the will, of whom there are five, including *ex-officio* the President and Treasurer of the Academy. These Trustees receive the interest on the capital bequeathed and after paying the annuity to the Vicar of Norton, and two other annuities—one of £300 to the President of the Royal Academy and £50 to the Secretary—hand over the remainder to the President and Council of the



The "Chantrey" Rooms at the Tate Gallery.

Academy for this purpose of purchasing works of art.

None of these payments of course came into effect till after the death of Lady Chantrey in 1874, but in 1845 the Academy determined to anticipate Chantrey's intentions so far as the President was concerned, and voted the sum of £300 a year to Sir Martin Archer Shee as an acknowledgment of the great services he had rendered to the Academy during his presidency; and to supply to some extent the loss of professional income, caused by ill-health and his devotion to his academic duties. The amount was continued after the Chantrey Bequest fell in, and was subsequently raised during the presidency of Lord Leighton, to £700 a year, in addition to the Chantrey £300.

To return to that part of the will dealing with the purchase of works of Art. Chantrey proceeds in it to say that it is his "wish and intention that the works of art so purchased shall be collected for the purpose of forming and establishing a public national collection of British Fine Art in painting and sculpture executed within the shores of Great Britain, in the confident expectation that whenever the collection shall become, or be considered, of sufficient importance, the Government or the Country will provide a suitable or proper building or accommodation for their preservation and exhibition as the property of the nation free of all charges whatever on my estate." This object the Trustees of the will and the President and Council of the Royal Academy are to use their best endeavours to carry into proper effect. But it is expressly directed that no part of the estate or of the annual income is to be "appropriated in acquiring any depository or receptacle whatever for the said works of Art, otherwise than in providing a place of temporary deposit and security whenever needful in defraying those expenses which shall be absolutely required for their necessary preservation." The Trustees and the Academy approached the Government in 1876 and 1877 with reference to the clause in the will regarding the housing of the Collection, but were met with the reply that there was "Spare room in the National Gallery for any works of either painting or sculpture which may be purchased during the next few years." Looking however to the terms of the Bequest, they were of opinion that they would not be justified in giving up possession of the works without a distinct assurance that a separate Gallery would be provided for them.

And so for twenty years "a place of temporary deposit and security" was found by lending the works to the South Kensington Museum and provincial art galleries.



Christ crowned with Thorns. By William Hilton, R.A.
From the Picture at the Tate Gallery. The first purchased under the Chantrey Bequest.

In 1897, thanks to the munificence of Sir Henry Tate in building the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank, the Government were able to respond favourably to a renewed application from the Trustees and the Academy, and the eighty-five works in painting and sculpture purchased up to that date were duly handed over to the Government, who, on behalf of the Nation, accepted them, and all others to be purchased in the future.

WILLIAM HILTON, R.A.

Born 1786; *Student* 1806; *A.R.A.* 1813; *R.A.* 1819; *Keeper* 1827; *Died* 1839.

William Hilton had none of the obstacles and difficulties to overcome which so frequently beset the path of youthful genius, and it is possible that a certain insipidity in his otherwise faultless compositions may be in some measure due to this lack of opposition at the commencement of his career. His father, who was a portrait-painter at Lincoln, seems to have arranged that his son should become an artist from the first, preparing and teaching him as carefully as he possibly could. Thus it was that young Hilton made an early start. At the age of fourteen he became a pupil of Raphael Smith, the mezzotint engraver.

Hilton's ambition from first to last seems to have been to excel in what was termed "The high historic style of painting." His subjects were always of the kind that are usually selected for the highest competitions in Schools of Art, such, for instance, as 'Cephalus and Procris,' 'Ulysses and Calypso,' 'The Good Samaritan,' 'Raising of Lazarus,' with occasionally selections from Spenser and Shakespeare. Unhappily, he had not sufficient vigour or originality in his style of painting to overcome the lack of interest which the patrons of art of his day felt for works of this high historic school, so that very many of his pictures remained in his possession until his death. His pictures were, however, very acceptable in the yearly Exhibitions, and he was elected an Associate in 1813, and a Royal Academician in 1819, his Diploma work being 'The Rape of Ganymede,' of which we give an illustration. When Thompson, who succeeded Fuseli as Keeper of the Royal Academy, resigned that office at the end of 1827, Hilton was unanimously chosen to succeed him, and no one could have been found better qualified to fill the post. He was greatly liked and respected by the students, and received from them a valuable piece of plate as a token of their regard.

His health broke down in 1836, and he died at the house of his brother-in-law, P. Dewint, the water-colour painter, in Upper Gower Street, on the 30th December, 1839.

Among the very few pictures of his which have been engraved, may be mentioned the Art Union subscription plate for 1892 ('Una entering the Cave of Corecca'), and 'The Rape of Europa,' engraved by Charles Heath, while those in the Vernon Gallery and some others have been published in "THE ART JOURNAL."

It has been said that it was the lack of patronage which Hilton met with that first suggested to Sir Francis Chantrey the idea of making his celebrated "Bequest"; if so, it is remarkable that the first picture purchased under that Bequest should have been one of Hilton's large works, 'Christ crowned with Thorns,' which we reproduce on this page.

(To be continued.)



Ganymede. By William Hilton, R.A.
From the picture in the Diploma Gallery.

EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON.

THE Pastel Society held their first exhibition at the gallery of the Royal Institute of Painters, Piccadilly. The Society comprises members of all kinds, men and women, Britons and foreigners, academicians, and anti-academicians, decorative artists and naturalists. The exhibition was varied and delightful, containing specimens of most kinds of pastel, from the artistic to the stupidly laborious, from the free sketch or suggestion to the elaborated picture. It may be pedantic to insist on the differences between mediums; to expect always from the artist that he shall use water-colour in legitimate wash, oil in fat impasto, the point to make lines and pastel in a loose broken stroke generally soft, but occasionally sharper. Though the best qualities of the medium are got by its legitimate use, still a great naturalist or a great decorator can so interest you in his perceptions or his arrangements that you overlook some lack of fascination in the quality of his style.

Pastel in the work of some men speaks as it were a light piquant language, which can leave a great deal unsaid, which can throw a sparkling and witty illumination on a particular point; which can suggest much matter in an epigrammatic synopsis, either poetic or logical in kind. In the work of other men this summing up may he turned to gravity and may produce an effect akin to that of a stern and concise sonnet. Too many men, nevertheless, use pastel in a dull, laborious manner. It has, in their hands, the density of oil paint without its lustre, depth, richness, and the imposing vigour and volume of its impasto. One of these pastels that looks like a stippled water-colour, or an over-smooth oil picture sunk in, may please by its composition, its truth, its delicacy, but when you see it in this exhibition you discover that its author has not expressed himself with all the eloquence which was at his command. There are other faults than this; unless you go back to the earlier scarcely coloured chalk pastel, you must be a colourist or come to utter grief. It will not do to touch and retouch and deaden the whole texture to an even, heavy clay of brown grey, or some such safe generalization. The colour must be laid frankly, and not too much fused or melted.



A Winter's Day.
A Pastel by George H. Boughton, R.A.

J. F. Millet's admirably rhythmic composition 'The Mule-Driver'; Mr. Whistler's artistic and lovely note, on a brown ground, 'In a "Calle";' Mr. Bauer's noble drawings, such as 'Mosque at Cairo,' are scarcely to be classed amongst the modern pastel painting in full colour. They are as good, perhaps better, than anything else; but they are better in a more highly conventionalized way. Mr. Whistler's sketches, however, such as 'Venice from the Lagoon,' are true pastel notes of effect summarized with great skill and feeling. To this class of work belong Mr. Clausen's 'Sunny Orchard,' Mr. Guthrie's 'Workers on the Shore,' Mr. Livens' 'Old Houses,' Mr. B. Priestman's 'Harrow,' Mr. Muhrman's 'Highgate,' Miss B. Barnard's 'Marsh in Spring,' Mr. Brabazon's 'On the Riviera,' Mr. Mark Fisher's 'Farmyard in Winter,' and several other excellent sketches. Work more elaborate, yet not too tight, comes from Messrs.

Josselyn de Jong, W. J. Hennessey, Edward Stott, W. Stott of Oldham, G. Boughton (whose 'Winter's Day' we reproduce overleaf), B. Partridge, C. Lauranti, MacLure Hamilton, E. Sichel and J. S. Eland (whose 'Shepherdess' is reproduced opposite) in the figure; in landscape from Messrs. Thaulow, A. Tomson, Lhermitte, P. Fragiacomo, René Billotte, Edward Stott, Terrick Williams, and a few others. The good work is so numerous that one cannot deal with it all. The artists mentioned already are by no means equal, especially in the style and technique of their pastel work.

I left to the last the names of Mr. G. F. Watts and Mr. Besnard. Mr. Watts, everyone knows, has a splendid imagination, and in pastel he has also an excellent technique. 'Study' and 'The Lady Mount Temple' are utterly different from each other; both are beautiful examples of pastel art. Mr. Besnard, when he is a serious naturalist, as in 'After the Bath,' shows himself a master in the style of using pastels to paint a large completed picture in full tone. Light is admirably nuanced with chromatic subtlety on the limbs and torso of this woman. It is the most naturalistic piece of modelling in the gallery. Moreover, the accessories are handled with an artist's respect for unity of impression and a decorator's skill in placing.

Many are the ways of translating nature into art: the greater number of them inartistic to the extent that other considerations in the artist's mind outweighed beauty or character of form, of chiaroscuro, of colour. Now considerations such as the allegorical significance of the whole or parts of a subject, the arrangement of detail to explain a story, the connection of art with ideas of sport, topography, geology, botany, engineering, or morality, are only harmful to the artist when they are foremost with him; when they cause him to modify his design, to sacrifice beauty, breadth, and, in a word, the true business of the eye, to the task of the ear, the tongue and the moral sense. It is no disparagement to either art when we say that the unseen, the spiritual, the abstract, are matters of secondary import in painting, of primary import in writing. To express seen, sensuous beauty suits the materials of the sculptor and painter; it is only by implication and through the associations of the spectator's own mind that artists in these mediums may be said to affect people spiritually. But suites of ideas and emotions, the unseen trains of thought, are the writer's domain, and his material—that is, words—happens to be the natural voice of the spirit; it is only by naming or suggesting the visible and allying it with a mood of the reader's mind that the literary artist may be said to render the emotions of things seen. Milton works on the familiar sentiment of sad peace that falls upon us at the coming of night, without painting effects, and by the mere agreement of the words with the dim feeling:

> " . . . when the gray-hooded even,
> Like a sad votarist in palmer's weeds,
> Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain."

So, by his deep gravity of colour and his mysteriously-revealed forms, Rembrandt paints heroic melancholy in the portrait of an old man nameless and without a story.

Such thoughts and such a way of looking at art recur to one before any serious canvas. Of three real qualities of painting already mentioned, chiaroscuro and colour may be absent from any given work, but form must be present in every kind of art that appeals to the eye. It may be treated, however, according to various sentiments. Feeling for form in the sculptor's sense of planes seems best done in painting by means of full-toned modelling in oil-colour; while that sense of form which leads to the expression of gesture, action, or emotion is very sufficiently rendered by lines. Indeed, form must appear in all kinds of art. Those blots of colour and tone with which the impressionist renders the envelope and general aspect of a scene cannot but reveal form if they give any true account of light. Hence a feeling for form under some one of its many aspects is a gift essential to the artist.

The exhibition opened at the Dutch Gallery, by Professor Legros, and two of his friends and followers, displayed a love of form as it could be shown in the various mediums employed. The subject of the exhibition was somewhat novel. Decoration of Gardens is as old as the hills, or at least as old as civilization, but any previous exhibition of designs for this object we cannot recall. The exhibitors were Messrs. Legros and E. Lanteri and the Countess Feodora Gleichen. Their designs and projects were shown by plaster casts and by drawings with the gold point, the chalk point, and by paint mixed with turpentine. As one would expect, Mr. Legros's idea of this kind of work is something broad, simple, and almost severe. Details of large form and general proportions of a massive beauty give his projects for fountains an air of solid but unobtrusive majesty. Several of his fountains are shown by coloured drawings in turpentine, based on beautiful harmony between sunlit bronze, the tender blue of the sky, and the broad, soft green of foliage. Nude children and huge *masques*, modelled with monumental breadth, are frequent elements of decoration in these stately designs. Casts of part of a fountain for the gardens of Welbeck Abbey, illustrated the effect of Mr. Legros's drawings when executed in three dimensions. Whether he works in relief or on the flat, he is certainly one of the most dignified of modern artists. The Countess Feodora Gleichen passed four or five years at the Slade School under Mr. Legros, and her exhibits prove that she has understood her master, and has formed herself in his school of severe taste. The best of her things was a small plaster model of a well-head surmounted by bronze and iron machinery for lifting the buckets. Together with Professor Legros, she sends, in plaster, a project of a "Fontaine Murale." The water flows from one of Mr. Legros's colossal *masques* into a basin below. Two children stand on the brink of the basin and one of them, with a pretty gesture, raises its tiny hand to the huge mouth of the bearded *masque*. The general design and the *masque* itself were executed by Mr. Legros; the Countess modelled the two children. Mr. Edward Lanteri sent only three sketch models in sculpture; the most finished was 'Project of a Fountain: The Fisherman and the Siren.' But the most amusing was, 'A Dance of Children round the God Pan.' Mr. Lanteri is much gayer and more piquant in his design than the other two exhibitors, but he lacks the solemnity and the august conception of Professor Legros.

The fine taste of this exhibition must have pleased all those who love to see form treated with style. One could see it treated in the round, and one could see it suggested by line, as in Mr. Legros's admirable drawings, with the gold point or chalk, such as the projects for ceilings and the studies for horses.

When we leave such an exhibition and turn to those that, with a less noble sense of form, entertain us by incident, story, topography, or an unexalted realism, we feel somewhat as if we had left a symphony for a ballad

concert. These shows vary, certainly, as ballads do, from the artistic to the cheap, but they never reach the level of grandeur. The best of them is Mr. J. B. Yeats's 'Sketches of Life in the West of Ireland,' at 118, New Bond Street. He has a real talent for drawing, not with absolute accuracy, but with character, and a spice of the malice of a caricaturist. To this he adds great skill in the suggestive treatment of landscape surroundings. He uses water-colour with body-colour, and his schemes and harmonies seem original, and certainly are very piquant and biting. He composes his amusing scenes with good effect, keeps them clear from unnecessary details, and models them no more than is consistent with his light suggestive scheme of realization. His main figures are well chosen as types, and their faces are full of expression. He should do excellently if he works and studies from nature.

Mr. Wilfrid Ball, at the Fine Art Society's rooms, showed many drawings in water-colour of East Anglia. Some were good and careful; but one tired of too many repetitions, too many over-worked nooks of picturesque villages, too many red roofs, and, without question, one would have liked the show reduced by judicious weeding. Mr. Ball excels in no particular quality of art; he has an all-round capability, drawing fairly, and getting a general average of realistic effect. This saves his work from reproach, but does not make it great art. He has a favourite kind of composition, which was shown in the Fine Art Society's room by two drawings called 'Norfolk Uplands.' Here most of the interest depends on a great cloud reaching from the distance towards the foreground with a very threatening and imposing effect.



The Shepherdess.
By J. S. Eland.

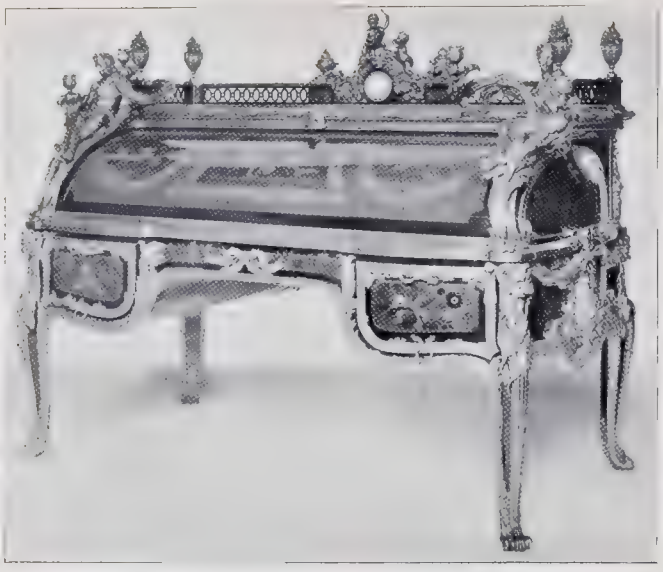
"The drooping seaweed hears, in night abyssed
Far and more far the waves' receding shocks,
Nor doubts, for all the darkness and the mist,
That the pale Shepherdess will keep her tryst,
And shoreward lead again her foam-fleeced flocks."

Seaweed, J. R. Lowell.

Mr. Harold R. Mostyn, at the Graves Galleries, hangs a collection of oil pictures and sketches belonging to a new school-impressionism. The masters of impressionism we have known these thirty years. Here is an example of their following: of the men in fact who are born to the heritage of impressionism as older men were born to the tradition of the brown tree, the David Cox blobby blot, the pre-Raffaelite niggle, the Romantic ensemble. Mr. Mostyn's impression is not true enough yet to convince one that it records personal feeling. Moreover, the discordant effect of his colouring can only mean that he has not hit the true relations between sky, shadows, and sunlit surfaces. His drawing, meaning his grasp of form, is very slack as yet; and no gift, with the exception of the sense of colour-values, is more important to an impressionist than feeling for form. But as men have improved in the past who began upon scarcely understood traditions of their elders, one sees no reason why other men should not do so in the present upon later traditions.

The Dudley Gallery Art Society held its usual exhibition of water-colours. It was, as might have been expected from long experience, an ill-composed and tedious collection. Half or more of the exhibits belonged to a form of industry rather than any kind of art, and they were more objectionable than most kinds of industry in that they were neither decorative nor realistic, while they pretended to both qualities. An artist would avoid, if possible, the appearance of labour even when he was obliged to toil, repaint and take pains; but some of these painters actually concoct a false look of trouble when they have neither the power nor the wish to study and observe. If it were not for the pictures of one or two exhibitors, one would not dream of recommending the Dudley by speaking of its shows. The whole modern system of exhibition seems made to puzzle and delude the public. Most of the shows that have increased so wonderfully in number lately are mere shams. One or two exhibitors of merit uphold hundreds of people who can't paint at all. If you could get together from all the societies these few supports of art and put them into one exhibition, all other shows would fall in pieces, and you might limit the profession to its natural boundaries. The best things in the Dudley, with perhaps a few exceptions that I may have missed, come from Messrs. Severn, D. Green, L. Pocock, C. J. Adams, and R. Jones; Mesdames Jex-Blake, Rudd, Drew, G. Martineau, M. Barnard, and one or two others.

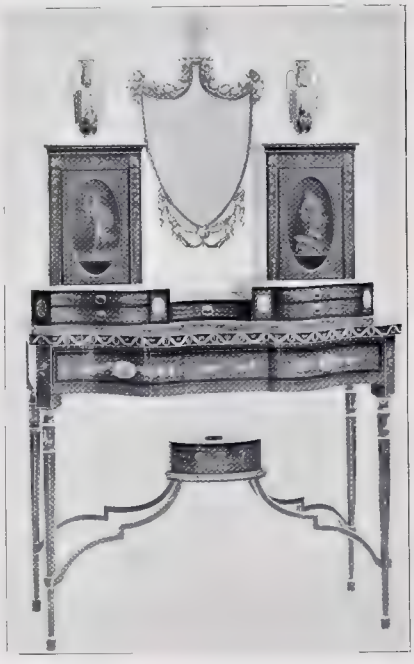
R. A. M. Stevenson.



Bureau du Roi of Louis XV.
(Messrs. Hindley & Wilkinson.)

RECENT INDUSTRIAL ART.

IN the furniture of the present time at Messrs. Hindley and Wilkinson, there are reproductions of the best examples of olden styles, both French and English, so perfectly executed that even experts might find it hard to distinguish the original from the copy; in fact, though Messrs. Hindley and Wilkinson merely pride themselves on their power of facsimile reproduction, it has come to their knowledge that some of their work, in certain cases, has been sold (after leaving their hands) as the original from which they were imitated. The furniture is carved by expert workmen at their own factory, and the tapestries are woven specially for them; these latter are sometimes made up with genuine old velvet. Of the many fine pieces of furniture produced by Messrs. Hindley, undoubtedly the most celebrated is the Bureau du Roi of Louis XV., reproduced here, the original of which is now in the Louvre. This bureau is a masterpiece of craftsmanship and execution; it is inlaid with many Indian woods, the oval railing at the top being of Amaranthus wood. On the front of the secretary are represented the attributes of Royalty, and on either side dramatic and lyric poetry with mottoes. Under these, again, are bouquets of flowers; nor has the back been neglected, but has been studied also with the same care.



Old English Sheraton Table.
(Messrs. Hindley & Wilkinson.)

In the centre are seen symbolical bas-reliefs in bronze of children grouped round the head of Minerva, and on either side the attributes of astronomy and mathematics. The inside of this secretary is also in marqueterie of Indian woods, and furnished with shelves in rosewood and drawers lined with blue silk, many of which are opened with secret springs. The key is formed of fleur-de-lys, and is a wonderful piece of ironwork damascened with gold. Old English work is also in great request now, and the Sheraton table reproduced is a fine example of that period (the original is in the South Kensington Museum), and for gracefulness in line and elegant proportions none can excel this. The inside fittings are appropriate for a toilet-table, and most elaborately carried out, every space being utilised; the cupboard doors are lined with looking-glass,

which allow of the person sitting at the table to see both profile and full-face simultaneously. The shape of the central looking-glass, lightly resting on the top of the cupboards, is wonderfully pretty; the carving is in wood painted in the natural colours of the objects represented, and, with a quaint fancy, it is apparently supported from below on the wings of a flying dove. The oval box under the table is divided into spaces for the various nicknacks and toilet accessories that our grandmothers used as freely, if not even more freely, than we do at the present day. A vitrine table in carved walnut-wood, copied from an old Italian model, was exceptionally good. The gold on the woodwork was partly worn away, and various coats-of-arms had been carved and then painted round it. Some chairs were made to correspond with the table, but on them the coat-of-arms was embroidered on the old red velvet with which they were covered.



Photo. Bedford, Lemere & Co.

Music Room designed and carried out by Messrs. H. & J. Cooper.

Though William Morris never actually designed furniture himself, many pieces were ornamented by him, besides being made under his supervision, and the firm which has always borne his name continues to carry on his traditions.

First-class artists are employed in designing, and the work is carried on by good craftsmen. There is a great variety in their designs; some are elaborately inlaid in various woods; others, again, only depend on their mouldings for decoration, and some are skilfully carved. I remarked, amongst many good specimens of the kind, a sideboard in Spanish mahogany; the top, which was three feet wide, was remarkable as being formed of a single piece of wood, which rarely attains to such dimensions, and the whole was highly polished in order to show the fine grain. The back of this was inlaid with woods of natural colours, each piece arranged that the grain should follow the line of the design, the white lilies and scrolls of which were effectively made of holly-wood, whilst the intermediate portions were composed of ebony and walnut, &c.; chequers, string and herring-bone patterns, were arranged to finish the shelves and drawers. A secretary designed by Mr. Jack was another good piece of inlaid work, and was also in Spanish mahogany, the pattern being of oak leaves and thistles, in tulip-wood; this was worked all round so that it could be placed anywhere and be equally ornamental and effective from all points of view. This had required a considerable amount of arrangement and craftsmanship to attain, and, indeed, the matter had been such a difficult one that Messrs. Morris considered only one of even their competent body of workers had been fit to be entrusted with its execution.

There was also a small writing-table, after the old bureau style, which I admired very much. The top represented a cabinet, underneath which one found a panel which let down for writing purposes, and disclosing at the same time shelves and compartments for inks, as well as quaint corner cupboards.

By the courtesy of Henry F. Dickens, Esq., Q.C., we are permitted to reproduce the Music room, which was recently designed and carried out by Messrs. Cooper. This room we might describe as a long gallery, divided in two parts: the one which is shown in the picture forms a complete drawing-room, whilst the other portion (rather the smaller of the two) is devoted to music, the piano standing on a slightly raised platform at the far end. The whole colouring is a delightful harmony of golden-browns. The parquet floor, the dado panelling, and all the woodwork is of solid, pale oak, which is so much more suitable for modern work than the imitation old black oak. The walls are hung with deep gold leather, and the furniture and hangings are of a dull yellow; the antique Persian rugs on the floor, of many colours, make a pleasing contrast to the prevailing tone.

The fireplace is of solid oak, the projecting part being supported by two detached columns, behind which screens are cleverly introduced, that can be pulled forward to protect those sitting near the fire from the heat; lining the fireplace and forming the fender, are old gold bricked-shaped tiles; the fire implements and dogs, &c., are of brass, which, with a dull copper wood box, still further carry out the scheme of colour, as well as some old Dutch brass plates and copper jugs that are placed near. Throughout the whole, not only has taste and elegance been studied, but comfort as well, and Messrs. Cooper may justly be proud of the successful result of their work, and be congratulated on it.

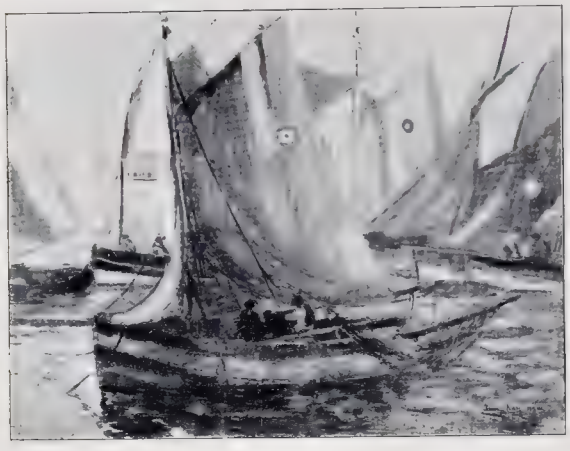
It is seldom in England that one has the opportunity of seeing a perfect Louis XVI. salon such as Messrs. Duveen have lately had on exhibition; it was brought by them from an old house near Paris, with the furniture in its original state. Messrs. Duveen have also a panelled boudoir of Louis XV. period, which makes it additionally interesting to note the difference in these two well-known styles.

E. F. V.

SCOTTISH ART EXHIBITIONS AT EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

THE Royal Glasgow Institute Exhibition, held in the Galleries, Sauchiehall Street, is always welcome as a harbinger of spring, while in Edinburgh the Royal Scottish Academy, which opens its doors a fortnight later, performs a similar joyous function. In the circumstances there is an evident tendency to set the exhibitions against each other, and to say which of the two is the better.

In former years it has not always been an easy task to give a convincing verdict, differing, as exhibitions often do, so much in character; but on this occasion there is no such difficulty. The Royal Scottish Academy's display is an easy first in this friendly race; for not only are several East-countrymen strongly represented at the Mound, but as a matter of fact the Glasgow artists have sent finer work to Edinburgh than they have done to the Institute. As most of the outstanding Glasgow men are now within the pale of the Academy, this action of theirs shows that they are alive to their responsibility to the National Art Institution, and are determined to support it in a loyal and hearty fashion.



Fishing Boats, Havre. By James Kay.
In the Glasgow Institute Exhibition.

To speak first of the Glasgow Institute, it may be noted that, in all, 781 works have been placed. This exhibition depends to a considerable extent for its attractiveness on pictures which have been shown in London galleries during the last two years, and on a few works obtained on loan; which, however, are neither so numerous nor so important as those of the same class seen in former years. Among the latter group are 'Le Rond des Enfants,' a characteristic landscape, with figures, by Corot; a head of a lady, by Raeburn; a spirited hunting scene, by Diaz; a gorgeous Monticelli, 'The Masked Ball'; a charming figure study, 'The Butterfly,' by Matthew Maris; 'The Convalescent,' a dainty water-colour study by Mr. Whistler, and the same artist's small sketch in oils, 'Brown and Gold—the Curé's Class.' The more important of the London pictures include Mr. Napier Hemy's 'Wreckers'; Mr. La Thangue's 'Harvesters at Supper'; Mr. Frank Bramley's rural interior, 'While there is Life there is Hope'; Mr. T. C. Gotch's 'The Awakening'; two quaint, strongly-painted cabinet works by Mr. W. Strang, 'Diana' and 'Pieta'; Mr. Shannon's 'Springtime,' and examples of the art of Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. J. Van Beers, and Mr. Mortimer Menpes. The best specimen of foreign work shown is the strong head of the Marquis of Dufferin, by M. Benjamin Constant.

Any exhibition with such pictures in it could not be otherwise than interesting and attractive. It is when we come to look for outstanding works by West-country artists that the poverty of the show is revealed. Mr. James Guthrie certainly maintains his reputation as a portraitist of the first order by a head of Professor Jack; but the other members of the group that we think of when Glasgow art is mentioned do not send pictures which touch their highest level of excellence. From this charge might be exempted Mr. Hornel, who has one delightful colour study, called 'Brambles,' in which greens and reds have, under his brush, assumed all the sparkle of the emerald and the ruby. Mr. Joseph Henderson is also well represented by a fresh and vigorously-painted sea-piece, and by a remarkably able portrait of Major Smith Park, in the scarlet uniform of the Lanark Volunteers. An excellent landscape, with Highland cattle, pictorial in design, and fine in colour, is that by Mr. Thomas Hunt, which we reproduce. Few of the younger men send anything in advance of what they have painted before, save Mr. W. Mouncey and Mr. James Kay, who respectively show a distinct advance as colourists and executants in 'Morning, Kirkcudbright,' and a street scene in Exeter, and 'Fishing Boats, Havre,' which we reproduce on this page. Drawings by Mr. Murhman are conspicuous in the Water-Colour Room; as to the Sculpture Hall, it is largely furnished by London exhibits. This department of art is locally best represented by works by Mr. McFarlane Shannon.

The Royal Scottish Academy, one is pretty safe in affirming, has never included within its pale so much painting talent as it has at present; and its exhibition is certainly one of the finest seen for many years in Edinburgh. The number of works accepted and placed is 694; and while in all exhibitions of contemporary art there must necessarily be much that is commonplace, there are at the same time not a few pictures of distinguished merit upon the walls. Included in that category are three admirable portraits by Sir George Reid, the President, whose work this year has great style and power. There is a dignified three-quarter length of the Marquis of Tweeddale, in the green and gold uniform of the Royal Archers, which is intended as a companion, in the Yester Gallery, to the picture of the Marchioness, which was painted by the late Sir John Millais. This, and a "kit-kat" of Mr. W. W. Robertson, ex-Master of



Highlanders. By Thomas Hunt.
In the Glasgow Institute Exhibition.

the Merchant Company, show with what powers of keen observation and facility of execution Sir George is gifted. If Sir George Reid can paint with trenchant force and life-like expression the portraits of men, there is no one in the present exhibition who can compare with Mr. E. A. Walton in the grace and style with which he can render "the female form divine." His portraits of Mrs. James Mylne and of Miss Aimée de Bourgh, both in a subdued key, are notable for elegant drawing and refined and beautiful colour. Mr. James Guthrie shows his excellent portrait of Mr. John Burnet, Architect, Glasgow; but since it was in the Institute last year he has evidently gone over it with the effect of making the flesh tints of the face more silvery in character. Mr. George Henry is represented by a fancy study of a young woman with auburn hair, and attired in robes of blue and green, posed in a woodland—the figure being emblematical of "Spring"; Mr. Hornel is strong here, as in Glasgow, with luscious colour studies of flat design; and another of the Glasgow band, Mr. D. Y. MacGregor, sends a large low-toned and impressive 'Upland Landscape' which has been much admired by the younger artists. Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid has this year shown how good an all-round artist he is. His most important work, which does himself and the Academy credit, is a representation, on a large scale, of Prince Charles Edward escaping from the mainland of Scotland, after his fortunes had been shattered on Culloden Field. He is in a small boat, with a band of faithful Highlanders, tossed on an angry sea; and the interesting incident has been put upon the canvas with pictorial and dramatic force, and executed with a freedom of handling which has quite surprised those who only knew Mr. Reid as a painter of interiors with costumed figures. Praise, too, has been showered upon the youngest Associate of the Academy—Mr. W. S. MacGeorge—for two delightful pictures he has painted, 'Nuts' and 'A Border Ballad.' In these he proves himself to be a colourist of high rank, and gives continued promise of taking a foremost place in the art of the country. In the first-named picture we have a woodland in golden autumn tints, with children gathering nuts, and in it the colour takes a decorative and gladsome note. In the latter we have a representation, under quiet evening illumination, of the Yarrow in flood, with a girl gazing wistfully into its swollen waters for her lost lover. The whole is a charming piece of painting, combining tenderness of tone with great breadth of execution. Mr. W. D. M'Kay shows a lowland pastoral with sheep, imbued with poetic feeling; Mr. Wingate an exquisitely sweet and beautiful view of Loch Fyne under bright autumn weather; Mr. Robert MacGregor, a sculpturesque group of Breton fisherwomen, under a ruddy evening light, and Mr. R. C. Robertson, one of the younger artists who gives excellent promise, a cornfield treated in a broad and effective way. Miss M. Cameron exhibits a beautifully-painted portrait of the Master of the Eskdale Foxhounds, seated on a favourite charger, with the hounds at his feet, as also a clever racing study, 'At the Starting-point.' Mr. Robert Burns sends two landscapes, original in design and fine in colour, and work of much merit bears the names of Mr. R. Brough, Mr. Graham Binney, and Mr. R. Gemmell Hutchison. 'The Young Laird,' by the last-named, we reproduce overleaf. What Mr. Brough is represented by has been shown before, either in London or Aberdeen, but the fine bloom of its colour and its painter-like execution, mark it out as the work of a rising artist. The water-colourists are well represented by Mr. T. Scott, Mr. R. B. Nisbet, Mr. Marjoribanks Hay, Mr. Arthur Melville, and Mr. Skeoch Cumming; and while there are few ideal works in sculpture shown, there are several exhibits which attract attention by their skilful execution and good style. Among

these may be specially noted the bust of a young lady, by Mr. Pittendrigh MacGillivray; a decorative portrait group in relief by Mr. McFarlane Shannon; a life-size statue by Mr. D. W. Stevenson of Robert Louis Stevenson; sketch models by Mr. Birnie Rhind of figures which are to be placed in the Glasgow New Art Galleries; an ornamental bronze vase by Mr. Hubert Paton, and a well-modelled head in terra-cotta by Johan Keller, Glasgow. The gem of the sculpture collection is a small bronze—'A Lioness drinking,' by Mr. J. M. Swan, A.R.A.

W. M. G.



The Young Laird. By R. Gemmell Hutchison. In the Royal Scottish Academy.

PASSING EVENTS.

LORD LEIGHTON'S memory could not be better respected than by the decision of the Academy with regard to the bequest of £10,000 made by the late President. In leaving this amount to the institution which owed so much to him (the bequest was made verbally), Leighton imposed no conditions. His well-known love of decorative art, and his active encouragement of the same, have inspired the authorities with the resolution to devote the accruing income from the trust to the commissioning of decorative schemes by artists, and the general advancement of decorative art. In the meantime Mr. Brock is making good progress with the Leighton memorial, and he has also been selected as the sculptor for the Millais statue to be placed on the steps of the Tate Gallery.

IT was not to be expected that the art lecturer would let the fine opportunity go by afforded by the Rembrandt and Burne-Jones exhibitions. At the Highgate Literary Society, Mr. Croal Thomson recently discoursed upon the contrast and comparison between the two masters. The subject naturally aroused great interest. The majestic realism of Rembrandt, compared with the spiritual classicism of Burne-Jones, offered much scope to the lecturer. Mr. Croal Thomson's definition of the Royal Academy is one likely to be remembered: "This body so genial in its single items; so solemnly inert in its bulk." It is a true summing up.

THE Society of Friends of the Louvre is endeavouring to arrange a Rembrandt Exhibition in Paris. Hopes are expressed that Russia may be induced to be gracious, and to lend some of the celebrated Hermitage Gallery portraits.

MR. A. G. TEMPLE'S efforts to make the Loan Exhibition at the Guildhall Gallery worthy of the greatest corporation in the world have drawn much public attention to these instructive displays. The Eighth Loan Exhibition to be held this year, will consist of a selection of works chiefly by Turner, with examples by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable and Romney. In this way the class of exhibition associated with quondam winter shows at Burlington House will be revived. An excellent contrast will also be provided to the French Art display of 1898.

AMERICAN artists are beginning to find honour in their own country. A landscape by Mr. Homer Martin fetched £1,100 at the American Art Association's sale of the Thomas B. Clarke collection. Pictures by other National Academicians, such as George Inness, Winslow Homer, and A. H. Wyant, also realized good sums.

AUSTRALIA has always been a very dutiful colony in the support of the art of the mother country, and that native-born artists are not to be despised was quite

recently proved at the Grafton Galleries. Each year purchases are made in England for the Sydney National Gallery, and last year the Western Australian Gallery requested Mr. Joseph Pennell to make a completely representative collection of black-and-white art. Adelaide is not to be left behind, and, at the present time, the Curator of the South Australian Gallery, Mr. H. P. Gill, is said to be in this country with the purpose of making judicious purchases of pictures. It is to be hoped he will obtain worthy and well-known specimens of our masters.

MISS HELEN THORNYCROFT'S private Exhibition of Water-Colour Sketches and Flower-pieces held at Melbury Road, was very interesting, the colour of the Drawings being both clever and pleasing.

IN these days of difficulty for the half-recognised artist, the charitable are being appealed to in every direction for pecuniary and other aid. It may be pointed out that all such appeals should be referred to some established agency such as the Charity Organization Society, of which Mr. C. S. Loch, of 15, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London, is the Secretary. We know of several instances in which that Society has recently been of good use in preventing money being given to the undeserving.

APRIL affords some breathing time to artists who have been working up to the last moment for the March sending-in days to the Academy. Dates of personal interest in April are the following artists' birthdays: 1st, E. A. Abbey; 2nd, Holman Hunt; 5th, Chevallier Tayler; 7th, T. B. Kennington; 10th, Arthur Melville; 11th, J. H. Henshall; 18th, Thorne Waite and G. Clausen; 19th, E. J. Gregory; 20th, Carl Haag; 23rd, James Sant and Henry Woods; 25th, David Law.

SOME ARTISTIC PUBLICATIONS.

TO the student of the earliest days of illustration the drawings for the "Ars Moriendi," the "Art of Good and Evil Dying," have given continual cause for discussion, mainly because of the uncertainty of the original artist's name. This really great draughtsman is still only known as The Master E. S., and he was flourishing in the year 1466, a date shown on some of his engravings. In the publication of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, entitled "THE MASTER E. S. AND THE 'ARS MORIENDI,'" * Mr. Lionel Cust discusses the copper-plate illustrations in the Douce Collection, Oxford, and in the Print Room of the British Museum, as compared with the block book of twenty-four pages in the Library of the British Museum. It is a lively contest between the Print Room and the Library. Mr. Lionel Cust has, in our opinion, proved his point in an almost completely satisfactory way. Taking each illustration, he shows that the true *editio princeps* is formed by the engravings at Oxford, and that the block-book illustrations in the Library of the British Museum are only enlarged copies. Mr. Cust's contention will probably be assailed, but the evidence of the prints themselves are so strong that there is little doubt he is right.

Dante's "Divine Comedy" is another publication of which the illustrations have been a constant source of artistic discussion and dissension; but from another reason than the "Ars Moriendi." Dante has influenced every great artist on the Continent since his own day, and it is strange that our own Burne-Jones and Watts should not have felt his power. In "ICONOGRAFIA DANTESCA" (Grevel), Dr. Ludwig Volkmann discusses the pictorial representations to the "Divine Comedy," and traces and analyses the influence the poet has exerted on successive generations of artists; Giotto, Botticelli, Michael Angelo, Delacroix, and Rossetti are the most celebrated. Illustrations are given of many of these painters' works, which reveal the evolution of the artistic interpretation of the poem, and show how each has abstracted his own sentiment from the great writer.



The Queen's Birthday. By Miss Merrick.
(From "With a Palette in Eastern Palaces.")

"WITH A PALETTE IN EASTERN PALACES" (Sampson Low), describes Miss Merrick's journeys to the East, and all that happened to this lady while she was painting

* The Editor recommends the purchase of this work.



The Falcon-Keeper. By Henry J. Ford.
(From "Early Italian Love Stories.")

portraits of the wives and children of the wealthy rajahs and notables of India. Miss Merrick has a quaint and simple method in relating her experiences that is eminently taking, and the illustrations to the book are from her own pictures. We reproduce one of the latter, 'The Queen's Birthday,' a picture which would achieve great popularity if published in large size.

"NUOVI DOCUMENTI PER LA STORIA DELL' ARTE SIENESE," by S. Borghesi and L. Bianchi (Torrini, Siena), is a bulky tome containing 350 documents relating to the Sienese artists, Michael Angelo, Ghirlandajo, Pinturicchio, Benvenuto Cellini, Donatello, and many others, and of the Sovereigns and Popes living at their time. This is a work of the greatest importance to art biographers, to experts, and to connoisseurs, and doubtless from out of it will come some interesting discoveries respecting the artists discussed.

Another foreign publication is the first of an important series of biographies of artists, edited and partly written by H. Knackfuss. The series begins with "RAPHAEL" (Grevel), and it is well translated by Mr. C. Dodgson, of the British Museum. Although, to some extent, only an epitome of what has already been written on the Master, it brings together the chief points of his life in a handy way, and the many good illustrations make it very useful.

"EARLY ITALIAN LOVE STORIES" (Longmans), illustrated by Henry J. Ford, is a collection, by Miss Una Taylor, of a dozen of the best of the Italian writers of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. These stories are well written in English, and, although they may not be for the "young person," they afford abundant material to the artist in search of subjects. Mr. Henry J. Ford's illustrations are admirable, and give a great idea of his powers as an artist. "The Falcon-Keeper," a very pretty story, has one of the best of the drawings.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones has brought together some "Practical Hints for the Protection and Preservation of Paintings and Drawings" (The Fine Art Society), a pamphlet which is the outcome of long experience, and, to those who are ignorant of what is best for the preservation of pictures, it will prove useful and suggestive. —"PHOTOGRAPHIC MOSAICS, 1899" (Dawbarn), is an annual record of progress in photographic process, with many interesting illustrations.



The Campo Santo, Venice.

By permission of Mrs. J. M. Keiller. *From the Painting in Oil by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*

THE TURNER EXHIBITION AT THE GUILDHALL.

THE Corporation of London has been well advised by its excellent Art Director, Mr. Temple, in giving the public the opportunity of seeing and studying the works of the greatest landscape painter England has produced, J. M. W. Turner, R.A. The National Gallery, in its fine assemblage of oil paintings which Turner bequeathed to the nation, placed together in the Turner room, exhibits, as everyone knows, an expression of Turner's art ranging very nearly over the whole term of his practice; but the collection at the Guildhall, while also doing this, is of pictures which the painter *sold*. These were sold in many cases to eager patrons, who bought them for their beauty and truth, at prices scarcely a twentieth of what would now be realised for them; and they could not otherwise be publicly seen—with their high instructive lessons and with the interesting opportunity which is afforded of comparing them with those in the nation's possession—except under the auspices of such a body as the City Corporation. Again, the water-colours which the nation owns as part of the aforesaid bequest, although vast in number, are chiefly studies and sketches, the finished drawings being few and far between. Whereas at the Guildhall not only are sufficient sketches and studies shown to demonstrate the painter's method and rapidity of working, and his solemn seriousness of aim; but something approaching *embarras de richesse* is seen in the dexterously constructed, and devotedly finished, examples in most instances of rare beauty, whereby he sought to illustrate in the earlier decades of the century the lovely features of England and Wales. Or, later, in that display of amazing power, concentrated, as it were, in certain supreme efforts, such as the Splugen Pass, the Oberwesel, or the Red Rhigi, the gathered treasures of a long life of observation and solitary communion with nature. Hence it is that the Corporation of London is highly to be commended for this further privilege it has given to the public in showing this eminent painter with such completeness, and this, added to the seven exhibitions which have preceded it, cannot but fail to secure it other than an enviable standing in the region of art. It is to be noted, also, that in the Turner collection the energetic Art Director was aided by the house of Messrs. Agnew, through whose hands all the grand Turners of high value and great artistic merit have passed in recent years.

The oil paintings exhibited range over a period of fifty years, viz., from 1799 to 1849, the earliest example being the 'Kilgarren Castle,' one of several which he painted of this subject, but particularised as being the one "with bathers," belonging now to Mr. Bischoffsheim, and possessing that indication of conscious and developing power, which is so interesting a spectacle in the career of a great man. The massive and Rembrandt-like portrayal of the same subject belonging to Lord Armstrong, which was once in the famous Novar Collection, is of a slightly later time, and the two have been placed in instructive proximity one to the other. 'Fishermen on a Lee-shore,' lent by Lord Iveagh, is remarkable as

possessing those masculine characteristics which were carried to so magnificent a point in the 'Calais Pier' and 'The Shipwreck,' both of them astonishing products for a man who, at the period they were painted, had scarcely reached his thirtieth year. A gentler expression is found in the picture of 'The Victory bringing home the Body of Nelson after Trafalgar,' a work in which its admiring owner, Sir Donald Currie, probably with true perception, sees, in the shadowed sea, the mourning of the waters at the loss of the hero, and in the brightening sky, the clearing away of storm and the advent of peace which the great commander secured ere he fell.

While the sketch for the great picture of the 'Wreck of the *Minotaur*' is here, it is to be regretted that the Earl of Yarborough could not be brought to spare the large canvas for such an exhibition as this; and it is a point which we cannot but here notice that, of the four generous patrons of Turner in his early days, the Earl of Egremont, Lord de Tabley, the Earl of Yarborough, and Mr. F. H. Fawkes, their descendants in each case have been unable, for some reason or other, to support the Corporation of London in the admirable work it has undertaken. We should have been inclined to think that on the score of sentiment alone their co-operation would have been forthcoming, —none the less was it earnestly sought and regretfully given up.

Still, one would say, in such an assembly as the present only the few will be conscious of the loss to the Exhibition which the absence of certain works in these collections entails; the many who will visit the Exhibition will encounter enough to demonstrate to them the fulness of Turner's genius. When we contemplate the noble 'Mercury and Hersé,' lent by that ever-ready helper for the public good, Sir Samuel Montagu, and occupying the place of honour at the top of the room; or the quiet beauty of 'Somer Hill' or 'Walton Bridges,' 'Newark Abbey' or 'Ivy Bridge,' we feel that not much can have been withheld that would have taken further than these works do, our admiration of the painter and our sense of his varied powers, the loftiness of his ideal, and his unfailing interpretation of nature.



The Falls of Terni.
From the Water-colour Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.
By permission of John Ruskin, Esq.

It was while the above-named works were in progress that others, which are now the nation's property, were being carried out; the 'Apollo and Python' (about which Mr. Ruskin wrote so much), the 'Dido building Carthage,' and the large upright of 'Crossing the Brook' testifying to the man's exhaustless energy. Interesting to contemplate are the further phases of expression which, as life went on, revealed themselves in his work; how, in 'Mortlake,' or 'Barnes Terrace,' the full glow of the sun on a warm summer evening in England seemed to draw the whole heart out of him in their portrayal of these hallowed and pensive and restful times. His soul wanted peace, and it found it in such scenes as these.



By permission of the Rev. W. Margregor.

Snowdon.
From the Water-colour Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A

His visit to Italy in the year following the painting of these two pictures, awakened in him yet another interest. Colour seemed to break on him as it had never appeared before, and the lustre of Venice developed in him that hitherto latent power so adequately instanced in the present collection by those brilliant canvases 'The Giudecca,' 'The Campo Santo' (which we reproduce), and the 'Marriage of the Adriatic,' the last-named being for many years in the possession of Mr. Ruskin.

But while these great works in oil were occupying him he was incessantly engaged with water-colours. Never, until the last five or six years of his life, was he other than an ardent worker in that medium. He had begun his life's work with it, his first exhibited picture was a water-colour, and what he achieved in that medium, by his marvellous skill and insight, is not likely ever to be rivalled, much less surpassed.

The hard and crude productions of his earliest years were followed by those which, as Mr. Tom Taylor truly observes, "were wrought out within the limits of a narrow scale of colours, but masterly in the disposition of the masses" (an example of which we reproduce in the stupendous drawing of 'Snowdon'). These in turn were succeeded by the expression of an intense love of English scenery, and an unquenchable thirst for detail and truth, nowhere better seen than in the beautiful series which he painted to illustrate the 'History of Richmondshire,' and 'England and Wales,' several of the most notable examples of which are, by good fortune, at the Guildhall. If we mention the sweet 'Village of Heysham,' lent by Mr. Ruskin, or the 'Crook of Lune,' or 'Ingleborough,' which belong to the first-mentioned series; or the 'Chain Bridge over the Tees,' 'Llanthony Abbey' or 'Long Ships Lighthouse,' which belong to the second, we shall only be instancing the splendid groups that have found their way to the Guildhall; and coming to a later date, when, after his last journey to Switzerland, he set himself to develop into remarkable achievements the hurried, yet suggestive, sketches of his tour, we see the famous 'Splugen Pass,' the 'Oberwesel,' the 'Blue and the Red Rhigi,' the 'Storm in a Swiss Pass,' the 'Lake of Lucerne,' the 'Goldau'—the last-named being, according to Mr. Ruskin, the latest of his drawings made with unabated power, the date being then 1843.

One of the most engaging incidents connected with the present Exhibition is the interest which Mr. Ruskin has evidently taken in the matter, by the loan from his collection of no less than nine very beautiful drawings, two of which by his kindness we are able to reproduce, viz., 'The Falls of Terni' and 'The Bridge of Narni.' It was in the forties, now half a century ago, that the now venerable writer astonished the world with his volumes of "Modern Painters," and his championship of Turner. The world moves slowly, but it has come round to his way of thinking, and is able in large measure to now discern for itself the excellencies of the great painter's work; in those days, however, Ruskin stood very much alone; but he was nevertheless right, and the vast powers and the wide range of insight and mastery of technique, of the remarkable painter are now universally acknowledged.

If one thing more were needed to give completeness to the present collection, it would have been a selection of plates from the *Liber Studiorum*, a work which the great painter had very much at heart; but this has been secured by the kindness of two ardent lovers of Turner's work, the Rev. Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. W. G. Rawlinson, the latter of whom has published a most complete catalogue of the *Liber Studiorum*, and the former a series of notes or discourses on the respective plates.

We cannot leave this collection without giving public expression to what has long been a topic of conversation in artistic circles, the real debt the City Fathers owe to their splendid organiser of exhibitions, Mr. A. G. Temple. The study, judgment, research, and knowledge of the work involved in such labours as the bringing together of such a collection can never accurately be understood except by those having experience in like matters. Mr. Temple has been thoroughly successful, and it is to be hoped the authorities, when thinking of decorations, will remember his conspicuous services.



The Bridge of Narni.
From the Water-colour Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

By permission of John Ruskin, Esq.

The Decorations of London Clubs



The Naval and Military.

WITH DRAWINGS BY HERBERT E. BUTLER.

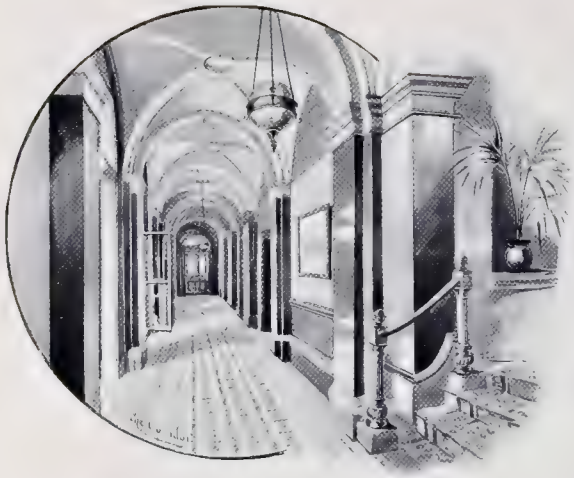
UNLIKE most of the other large clubs in London, the Naval and Military does not occupy a building specially erected to suit its particular needs, and planned in accordance with a recognised pattern. It has, however, been fortunate enough to secure a house which is architecturally imposing, externally and internally, and possessed of exceptional advantages of situation, a place excellently adapted by its dignity of appearance and comfortable arrangement to serve as a home for an institution that is eminently distinguished and influential. Among such surroundings the club has a character peculiar to itself, and is more than ordinarily interesting as an artistic example. It boasts many well-marked features that set it apart from similar associations, characteristics by which its claim to attention is emphasised very strongly, and its right to consideration is plainly defined.



The Entrance-Hall of the Naval and Military Club.

The impression given by the interior is one of quaint irregularity. A pleasantly unconventional picturesqueness has resulted from the alterations and additions made to adapt the building to uses for which it was not originally intended; and many of the rooms, in the course of rearrangement, have lost almost entirely any formality of design that might have belonged to them in the past. But these changes have by no means destroyed the attractiveness of the house, nor do they suggest that the work of adaptation has been a difficult one to carry out. A happy compromise has been arrived at, and the stately mansion has become a convenient club-house without unnecessary sacrifice of its domestic character. It has ample accommodation for a large number of members, and can offer them every comfort because it has retained most of those structural advantages which distinguished it in its original condition, and has undergone a process of development rather than of elaborate remodelling.

It was not till the Naval and Military Club had been in existence for some four years that it fixed upon the house which it now occupies, and established itself permanently in its present home. At first it was content with much less imposing surroundings. When it was started in 1862 it had only a hundred and fifty members;



The Corridor of the Naval and Military Club. From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

and a furnished house in Clifford Street, taken on a yearly tenancy, sufficed for its immediate necessities. But as at that time there were in London only three other "Service" clubs—the United Service, the Junior United Service, and the Army and Navy—and as each of these had its full complement of members, the new association found itself at once so much sought after by those officers who were unwilling to wait indefinitely for admission to the other places that in less than a year it had to move to more spacious premises in Hanover Square. The same difficulty, however, recurred directly, and, although the new house was occupied only at the end of 1863, another change became necessary in 1865.

This time a more careful provision was made for future expansion, and the probability of further growth was taken fully into account. Cambridge House, in Piccadilly, was selected as a place in every way suitable; and there, in April, 1866, the club, having secured a ten years' lease, was transferred. When this lease expired it was renewed for a much longer term, and the members then, having made their position secure, undertook those additions to the house which were needed to make it completely convenient. A thorough renovation of the existing building was carried out, and some changes were made in the internal arrangements, but the most important undertaking was the erection of a sumptuous dining-room, with a billiard-room, and various offices, on the site of a range of stabling at the rear of the house. The architect responsible for these works was Mr. J. MacVicar Anderson, to whom much credit is due for the judgment with which the adaptation was managed. It would have been easy to spoil the effect of the fine interior, and to have altered the place out of all possibility of recognition, but, with real discretion, he dealt carefully with existing characteristics, and arranged the new parts so that they assort now agreeably enough with the old. These alterations necessarily took some time to complete, and for more than a year after the lapse of the original ten years' lease the club remained closed. The reopening of the building in its present form, after all the improvements had been duly made, took place on April 23rd, 1878.

The choice of Cambridge House as a home for the club was a very judicious one, not only on account of its structural advantages, but also because it is a place peculiarly rich in historical associations, and connected by its traditions with many of the great political and social events of this century. It belonged originally to the Pulteney family, but passed, about a hundred years ago, into the possession of the Suttons, of whose estate it still forms a part. They have, however, occupied it scarcely at all, for until about 1850 the Duke of Cambridge, the father of the present Duke, lived there, and, although when he left Sir Richard Sutton did use it as a residence until his death in 1855, it had since been constantly let to other people. The Comte de Flahault, the French Ambassador, was one of these temporary tenants; and to him succeeded Lord Palmerston, who spent the last years of his life in the house. After his death came the opportunity of the club, which, by its present lease, has made its position secure till well on towards the middle of the next century, and has by its careful preservation of the main features of the building kept intact for the satisfaction of future generations a shrine full of memories of a very stirring and important period in our national history. Even if the Naval and Military Club had been an insignificant affair, instead of being, as it is, an extremely influential association, with a roll of two thousand members, chosen from men conspicuous by their services at sea and on land, it would still have been notable because of its surroundings, and would have claimed attention as the custodian of a remarkable house. But under the circumstances there



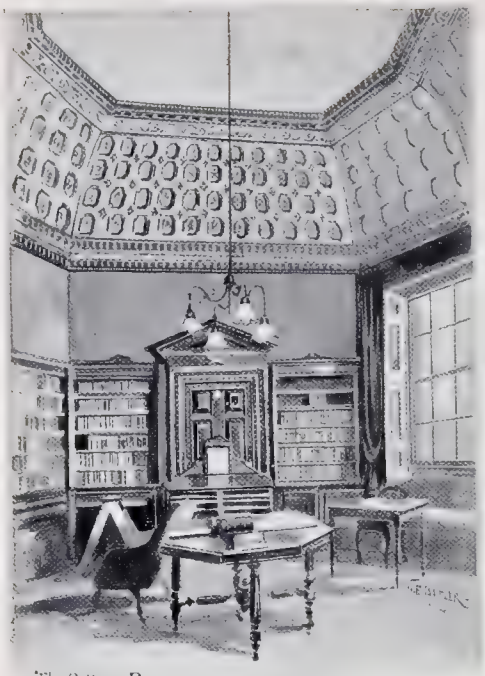
The Smoking-Room of the Naval and Military Club. From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.



The Dining-Room of the Naval and Military Club. From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

is every appropriateness in the use to which the place is applied, and there is complete congruity between its past experiences and its present condition. A semi-public body of much distinction has succeeded to a series of distinguished individuals, and there is no break to deplore in an excellent record.

To most Londoners the external aspect of Cambridge House is familiar enough. It stands well, in the very centre of Piccadilly, and by being set back from the general frontage of the street, with a forecourt of some depth, it gains a certain individuality and importance. The elevation is solid and unpretentious, remarkable chiefly for its pleasant simplicity and for the suggestion it gives of ample space and comfortable arrangement within. It is entirely free from any elaboration of ornamental details, and depends for its effect upon proportion and balance of masses. The same impression of appropriate simplicity is derived from the first glimpse that is obtained of the interior. The entrance-hall is plain and unaffected, noteworthy only on account of its size, and presenting no decorative features of any special type; the walls are coloured in two shades of deep red, the ceiling is white, and the floor is tesselated in black and white. It is divided by a row of pillars, so that the vestibule which leads directly from the front door to the main staircase is separate from the inner hall. On either side of this inner hall open the passages which give access to the Writing-Room and the Dining-Room. The Writing-Room is one of the additions made to the original building. It runs out, at the side of the forecourt, from the front of the house, and has been ingeniously planned to fit a narrow and very irregularly-shaped slip of ground. The windows at the end overlook Piccadilly. In colour this room is distinctly gay, as the walls are green, with a red dado, and the panelled ceiling is painted green and white. An architectural effect was scarcely possible where the irregularity of the area to be covered necessitated a curious absence of balance of projection and



The Octagon Room of the Naval and Military Club.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

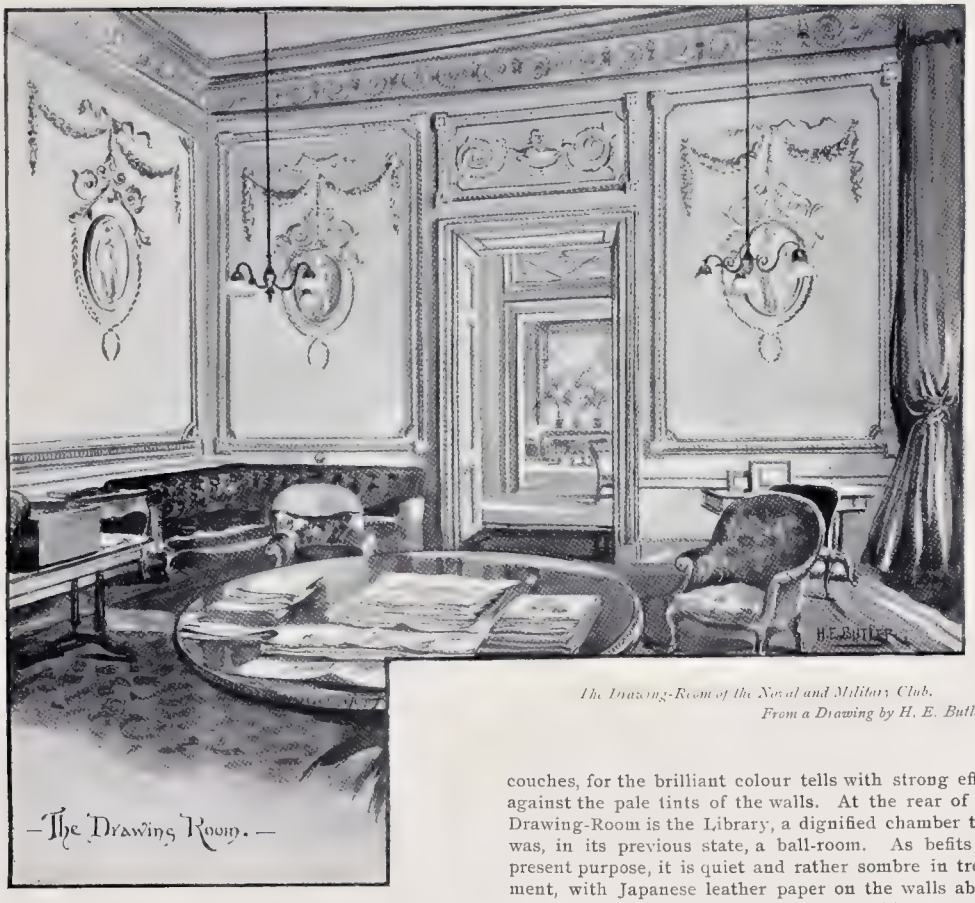
recess, and a strange assortment of angles; but the architect has certainly succeeded in the construction of a pleasant corner where contemplative members can have a degree of peace and quiet not practicable in the larger and busier rooms.

Practically the whole of the original ground floor of the house is devoted to the large Smoking-Room, which has been made by throwing together the three or four into which the space was previously divided. What has resulted is a quaint room of very considerable size, and picturesquely unconventional in its aspect. It runs through from the front to the back of the house, and is cheerfully lighted by windows that at one end look into Piccadilly and at the other into the garden courtyard. The main part of the room is divided by a double row of pillars, and loses thereby any hint of barrenness or excessive size; and at the garden end a narrow anteroom, occupying nearly the whole width of the house, and opening by French windows on to a verandah, provides a series of pleasant conversation corners, filled with cushioned seats. This way of using the ground-floor space is to be commended as both ingenious and tasteful, for it has allowed of the construction of a splendid saloon, and yet has preserved much of the picturesqueness and privacy of a suite. The colour decoration has been carried out in a scheme of brown and gold, deep enough in its tones to give richness and warmth, but so carefully considered in its relations that it causes no sombreness or want of brilliancy, and is entirely free from monotony.

The corridor which leads from the entrance-hall to the Dining-Room is architecturally by no means unimportant. It runs along the side of the garden, into which look the windows by which it is lighted, and its quite considerable length makes a very effective vista. The mode of colour treatment adopted adds to the effect of perspective by emphasising the features of the architect's design, for the white groined ceiling gives a sense of atmosphere, and the deep red-brown pilasters, which divide the pale terra-cotta coloured panels of the walls, accentuate by repetition the apparent length of the passage. The Dining-Room itself forms the third side of the garden quadrangle, and is to be noted specially as the chief of the additions made when the house was remodelled to provide adequate accommodation for the large number of members who now habitually use the club. It is a bright, pleasant room, very well proportioned, and spacious enough to meet all reasonable necessities. With good judgment it has been kept light and delicate in colour, and free from any excess of detail or exaggeration of ornament. The chief tints employed are pale pink, cream, and blue-grey; and both the pillars which carry the ceiling at either end, and the pilasters which divide the windows, are of yellow marble. The ceiling is coved to a flat centre panel, and considerable use is made of raised plaster decoration in conventional patterns. But the whole effect has been so carefully considered that the interior is attractive immediately as a complete creation, in which all the subordinate parts take their right place, and make no appeal for attention to which they are not entitled.

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of the club, and certainly the one which appeals most agreeably to the visitor, is the garden enclosed between the main building and the Dining-Room annexe. This courtyard, shaded by a spreading plane-tree, and gay with beds of flowers, is an excellent addition to a house which does not lack points of exceptional interest. The noise and bustle of the busy street outside, and all the turmoil of a great city which is summarised in the stream of traffic that flows without a pause along Piccadilly, does not affect this quiet nook; and beside the fountain which plays in the middle of the garden it is possible to obtain a suggestion of restfulness that comes most gratefully to the town dweller jaded by the strife of existence. That their little oasis is fully appreciated by the members of the club is proved by the care which is constantly taken to keep its charm unimpaired. The plane-tree is treated as tenderly as if it were an old and valued friend; it is watched over by experts, and protected from every influence that might interfere with its vitality or spoil its beauty of growth. Happily it shows no signs of decrepitude, and summer by summer its leaves overshadow as charming a corner as could be found in dingy London. No other club possesses anything akin to this garden, or enjoys quite the same kind of advantage in the way of an open-air lounge that is absolutely private and free from prying eyes. In the fine weather the courtyard and the verandah overlooking it serve actually as an additional room, where men can foregather over their cigars, and discuss the topics of the day, amid surroundings that are in their way completely fascinating. Possibly such details as flower beds, or the branches of a tree, may be considered as scarcely coming under the head of decoration, but they at least serve a purpose in the adornment of the club-house that is definite enough to justify a high appreciation of their importance.

Comparatively little change has been made in the first-floor rooms, which remain much as they were originally.



The Drawing-Room of the Naval and Military Club.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

The staircase that leads to them is simple and severe, and without any special characteristics. It is lighted by a glass dome, and the walls, which are divided into panels by narrow mouldings, are coloured a pale cream above a bright golden yellow dado. More elaborate decoration is lavished on the suite of three rooms that front Piccadilly, which are now appropriated as the club Drawing-Room. They are panelled throughout in the Adam style, with swags of leaves and medallions in raised plaster, which were cast from actual Adam work, and are painted in a monotone of delicate cream colour, with a few touches of pale grey-blue as a relief. The mantelpieces are good in proportion, and excellent as examples of carving; and among the most important furniture which the rooms contain are some very well constructed rosewood and ormolu console tables of classic design, carrying tall pier glasses. A degree of gaiety is also given by the red-leather covering of the chairs and couches, for the brilliant colour tells with strong effect against the pale tints of the walls. At the rear of the Drawing-Room is the Library, a dignified chamber that was, in its previous state, a ball-room. As befits its present purpose, it is quiet and rather sombre in treatment, with Japanese leather paper on the walls above the tall bookcases, a white ceiling, relieved by a running anthemion pattern in gold, and with brown-and-gold doors. The Octagon-Room which leads out of it, and separates it from the Card-Room, was formerly Lady Palmerston's boudoir. It is very happily proportioned, with a coved ceiling, coffered, and rising to a flat centre panel, and is decorated in shades of brown, green, and gold. It has a bow window looking into the garden. On this floor is also the Upper Smoking-Room, which boasts no special features of artistic significance; and in the new part of the house is the Billiard-Room. So much excellent accommodation for the club has been devised, as convenient in its practical qualities as it is admirable in the opportunities it has given for æsthetic effect, that the wisdom of the policy which led the earlier advisers of the association to select Cambridge House as their home is entirely to be commended. They could scarcely have done better, and the result has quite justified their enterprise.

A. L. BALDRY.

(The Series is to be continued.)



Wellington at Waterloo.
By Abraham Cooper, R.A.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.*

By G. D. LESLIE, R.A., and FRED. A. EATON, Secretary of the Royal Academy.

ABRAHAM COOPER, R.A.

Born 1787; *A.R.A.* 1817; *R.A.* 1820; *Died* 1868.

ABRAHAM COOPER was the son of a tobacconist in Red Lion Street, Holborn. His father appears to have been a bad manager, for having relinquished the tobacco shop he took an inn at Holloway, where, being unacquainted with the business, he lost his property, and was compelled to remove his son from school, who thus, in his thirteenth year, had to make his way in the world. Young Cooper found a congenial occupation in serving in the equestrian battles that were performed in those days at Astley's Theatre, then under the direction of his uncle, Mr. Davis. He was always celebrated as a boy for his sketches of horses, and in his 22nd year he succeeded in painting a portrait of a horse named "Frolic," belonging to Sir Henry Meux. This gentleman afterwards became a liberal patron of the artist.

From this time, Cooper devoted himself exclusively to the painting of horses. Great numbers of portraits of favourite racehorses and others are found in the possession of noblemen and sportsmen, which are the work of his brush.

Cooper never succeeded in obtaining admission as a student of the Royal Academy, but he had the unique experience of having been elected an Associate of the Institution almost at the identical time that his drawing for admission as a probationer to the schools was rejected. This was in 1817, and in 1820 he was raised to full membership.

Cooper's portraits of horses would never of themselves have gained him admission to the membership of the Academy; it was the great success which attended the exhibition of several battle pieces by his hand, such as the 'Battle of Waterloo,' reproduced above, for which he was awarded a premium of one hundred guineas from the British Institute; and 'Marston Moor,' reproduced here, with others, to which he owed the honour. Cavalry charges, in which a black and a white horse generally figured in contrast, were the subjects which he may be justly said to have made his own; these pictures, though on a small scale, were highly finished, spirited in action and correctly drawn. There are two small works by Cooper in the National Collection, 'A Donkey and Spaniel,' and 'A Grey Horse at a Stable Door,' painted in 1818. Some of the illustrations to the author's edition of the "Waverley Novels," are also the work of his hand.



Cromwell at Marston Moor.
By Abraham Cooper, R.A.

Abraham Cooper's picturesque and venerable head was well-known to the students of the Academy as visitor during the last years in which the Royal

* Continued from page 118.

Academy occupied the premises in Trafalgar Square. He exhibited a great deal of shrewd common sense in conversation, and he was generally called by his brother members "Horse Cooper," in order to distinguish him from the well-known painter of cattle, Thomas Sydney Cooper, R.A.

For some years before his death, which occurred at Greenwich on December 24th, 1868, Cooper was in distressed circumstances, and numerous grants were made to him by the Academy from 1857 until 1866, when he applied to be placed on the list of Honorary Retired Academicians.

WILLIAM COLLINS, R.A.

Born 1788; *Student* 1807; *A.R.A.* 1814; *R.A.* 1820; *Librarian* 1840; *Died* 1847.



A Kentish Ratcatcher.
By William Collins, R.A.
From the Drawing in the British Museum.

BESIDES being a painter and picture-dealer, Collins' father, who was a native of Wicklow, was something of an author, having published a novel called "The Memoirs of a Picture," a poem on the Slave Trade, and a Life of George Morland. Young Collins was born in Great Titchfield Street, London, in 1788. As a child he showed a great aptitude for and love of drawing, and he had the good fortune, through his father's intimacy with George Morland, to obtain that gifted, but eccentric, painter's advice in his studies. Though in after life he did not himself think he had gained much practical advantage from this instruction, his admiration for Morland's style, together with the success that attended his friend Wilkie's early pictures, no doubt very much influenced him in his determination to select for the subjects of his pictures, scenes and episodes of rustic life, in the portrayal of which he afterwards so much distinguished himself.

Collins was admitted a student of the Royal Academy in January, 1807, and in the same year sent two small views of Millbank to the Exhibition. In 1809 he was awarded a silver medal for a drawing from the life. He then became a regular exhibitor both at the British Institution and at the Royal Academy, among his first early subject-pictures being 'Boys at Breakfast' and 'Boys with a Bird's Nest.' His father's death in 1812 left young Collins the responsibility of having to support his mother and brother, and he seems to have exerted himself bravely under the trial; for in the same year he made a great success with his picture, 'The Sale of the Pet Lamb,' a subject very likely suggested by his having had to dispose of the furniture and other household effects in order to pay off his father's debts. In 1814 his picture, 'Bird Catchers,' which was purchased by the Marquis of Lansdowne, gained him his election as an Associate, and it was soon after this that he added to the range of his subjects those taken from fishermen's haunts and habits on the coast, subjects which he treated with much sweetness and ability, especially with regard to the atmospheric effects; it is more than likely that it is on the pictures of this class, too numerous to mention, that his future fame will chiefly rest.

But though both industrious and successful, his pecuniary affairs at this time were in a very unsatisfactory state. An entry in his diary in 1816 states that he is making it on "a dreary, black-looking April day, with one sixpence in my pocket, seven hundred pounds in debt, shabby clothes, a fine house, and large book of my own handiwork." From this position, however, he was extricated by the liberality of Sir Thomas Heathcote, who advanced the means of going to Hastings, where he first began those sea subjects which afterwards proved so successful. In 1820 he was chosen an Academician, having missed his election the year before by one vote against Hilton, and from that period enjoyed an uninterrupted career of success in the branch of art which he had chosen. Urged thereto by Sir David Wilkie, and no doubt desirous of varying his subjects, he went, in 1837, to Italy, and remained there for two years. The result was seen in the many pictures of Italian life and scenery which came from his brush after his return to England. But neither these, nor those of religious subjects which are found among his later works, can be said to have added to his reputation. Before his death, however, he returned to the sea-shore subjects, for which he had most sympathy, and to the last there was no falling off in his powers, his last picture, 'Early Morning,' being one of his most beautiful.

It was in Italy that, by imprudently sketching in the noon-day sun, he laid the foundation of the disease of the heart which eventually caused his death. The last years of his life were passed in much suffering, and his death took place at 1, Devonport St., Hyde Park Gardens,



Rustic Civility. By William Collins, R.A.

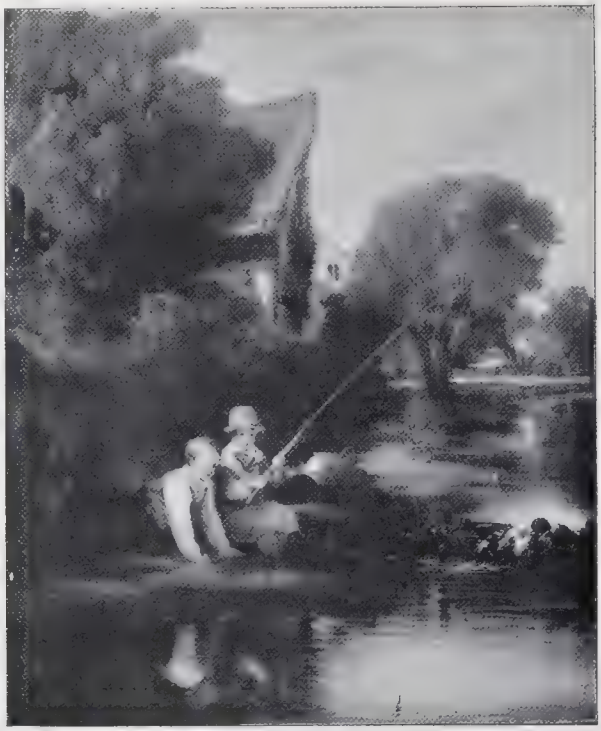
on the 17th of February, 1847, at the comparatively early age of 58. The total number of works exhibited by Collins at the Royal Academy and the British Institution was one hundred and sixty-nine. Several of his pictures are in the national collection. 'The Shrimpers,' 'Happy as a King,' reproduced here, 'The Stray Kitten,' 'Rustic Civility,' reproduced on the previous page, and some Italian scenes as well. We give as a tailpiece to this article his Diploma work, 'The Young Anglers.'



Happy as a King.
By William Collins, R.A.

In 1822 he married the daughter of Andrew Geddes, A.R.A., by whom he had two sons, the elder, William Wilkie Collins, the well-known novelist, who wrote an interesting life of his father, and the younger, Charles Allston Collins, one of the earliest followers of the pre-Raphaelite school.

Collins was elected Librarian of the Royal Academy in 1840, in succession to George Jones, but resigned in 1842 in consequence of the increased hours of attendance in the Library required by the Council.



The Young Anglers. By William Collins, R.A.
From the Picture in the Diploma Gallery.



No. 1.—Old Limerick Lace.

OLD MASTERS IN BRITISH LACE.



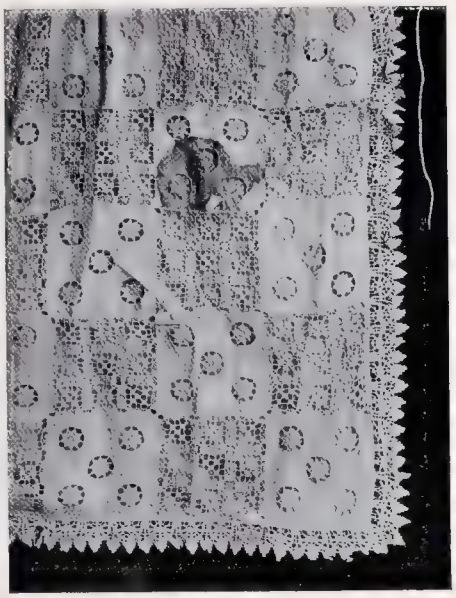
No. 2. Hollie Point.

"OLD Masters?" says the ubiquitous querist. "Yes," say I, the time is come when the possessors of these masterpieces should be known for reference; "for reproof" of scandalous frauds; "for doctrine" that is teaching of the coming kings in art matters; to say nothing of the practice of pleasantness, the sharing, or rather the showing, of one's treasures in a socialism born of a love of like beauties. This knowledge of the abiding places of art works of every kind will be universal, not partial as at present. In these matters there is much which not even the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy, nor the Directors of the National, Tate, Wallace, or any other collection knows. South Kensington is naturally preoccupied just now, and I won't add to their woes by suggesting ignorance in that quarter.

But I *do* know the whereabouts of these and many other art relics, and feeling the joy of that knowledge, I bring the present specimens of Old British Lace to my necessarily gentle readers, as "Old Masters," in what is now no longer a past art.

But to my laces and their pedigrees: Pedigree, as to its ownership, is proven more than satisfactorily by the black-letter documents in the hands of its inheritors. Its make is Lacis, the very earliest form of lace made anywhere. Its origin is claimed by both Italy and the Low Countries, but at the same time it was known to have been made in England; so that it may, possibly, be truly said to be an English lace (No. 3). The thing which admits of no argument is that it is "Queen Elizabeth's own apron, given to Mistress Dorothy Fairfax as amends for a box on the ear upon occasion of her spilling upon Her Majesty a dish of the new beverage, coffee." It was Charles Fairfax, of Menstone, who preserved this relic, and it came through a direct descendant of his to the family of MacKnight, or Macnaught, of Galloway.

So far so good, but alas! the hand of death prevents my giving what its late guardian alluded to as its "English identity." These words she applied to the squares of darning upon net, commonly called Point Conté. She added that the border was of Flemish Lace, and so also are the circles in the alternating squares. But who shall say, indeed, that the whole of it was not copied from foreign patterns by poor Dorothy herself, and thus that it was English, or must we say Flemish Lace, born, or made in England. Even "Echo" answers not, and the decision has, as in the horse's case, no possible finality. The one sure thing is the coffee stain; doubtless her maiden Majesty felt the feebleness of such a beverage after her wonted beer, and it "liked her not." At any rate, so solid a proof of a box on the ear, both cause and effect, is not to be met with every day by our modern selves.



No. 3.—Queen Elizabeth's own Apron.



No. 4.—Sprays from Queen Victoria's Wedding Veil.

Yet stay, there is another very sure thing in our apron, and that is its string. This witnesses, if string ever did, to its date with great certainty. Most things which were not treasured by Mary Queen of Scots or Marie Antoinette are said to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth; but when one is confronted with a piece of so-called tape lace pillow-made entirely, as its pin holes prove, and told it was the maiden Queen's, one wants to say "But *why*"?

There is, however, nothing to be done to shake such faith, so one swallows the proverbial grain of salt, and behaves with as much circumspection as is possible under the circumstances.

In such a case knowledge is ofttimes a consoling possession, and one feels safe in knowing that since tape was not born or thought of till the days of Henrietta Maria, there was none for anyone to copy in the days of good Queen Bess.

Herein lies the absolute accuracy of the date of her apron. Its string, purposely shown in its portrait, is a real string, and no tape at all, of the very make which Her Majesty must habitually have "used," because there was "no other!"

No lace which has seen its Diamond Jubilee can masquerade as modern, therefore no apology is needed for the appearance of sprays from Queen Victoria's own wedding veil (No. 4). They are Honiton pure and simple, the realistic little wreath of acorns and the neat "restrained" border being eminently characteristic. Their pedigree is as good as that of the apron, since it was through the maker of the lace that they, some sprays too many for the veil, came into the hands of Mr. Abraham Booth, of Gloucester, their present owner. Honiton is by no means a lace of my personal affections since it savours too strongly of the Duchesse, which is at present deteriorating the Belgian workers on account of its ease and rapidity of accomplishment. Still, it is to Devon (No. 5) we must turn for the sole English survival of needle-point to-day, and it rivals both in width and beauty the two lovely old copies of Point d'Angleterre pillow sprays, these united by needle. In the first we find the old *brides picotées* familiar in Flemish and Italian work, and in the second the modes and fillings, amongst others *réseau rosacé*, fixed in the memory of the diligent student of the French schools of Alençon and Argentan. Both possess the *vrai réseau* which is being revived to-day—that is, the network ground is neither machine nor pillow, but needle-wrought. My two Irish laces (Nos. 1 and 6) give me such unmitigated pleasure, that, next to Royalty, they reign. Nowhere to-day can one find modern Limerick of like make, hunt where one will. Both the beauty of the work and excellence of design leave nothing to be desired. The flow of the sprays and the fillings vary almost as if the worker had been left "fancy free," as good workers ought to be, and yet one finds that the artful regularity is so great that each tendril meets its match even when the fichu does but fall into careless folds. Although I have but little sympathy with the style in which

> "Grove nods to grove, each alley has a brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other,"

criticism is disarmed by the effect produced in this case.

Equally excellent is the *au contraire* of the carnation veil (No. 6). Six sprays extend across its length, and not until I laid my heirloom fondly out on black velvet to be photographed, did I make a curious discovery. The second spray is the only small one, all the others being of the same size as the first. Proof this of hand labour if none other were there, since no machine could manage it. Probably the worker first fashioned the edge with its chequered shield in each corner, then the flowing scroll above it, and afterwards—for womankind, or shall I say *human* nature, seldom looks far ahead—fixed upon one group of flowers without noticing that it would fill more than its allotted space.

Very glorified are these carnations, and those wrought *en profile* are more or less real; but the effort to present them full face is a failure realistically, and gives the effect of a daisy. The two laces are of the tambour method in use at Limerick, so that the greatest age we can assign to them is but a poor century or so.

Small wonder that disputes as to the lovely Rose are of constant recurrence. It is a pattern of which Buckinghamshire is justly proud; and the "Mechlin, *surely?*" of the disputants is very pardonable, since my specimen (No. 7) is every bit as fine, both in design and execution, as any product of that far-famed school. But *revenons à notre cheval!* For, to put it sportingly, I must call this a horsey lace. Like Galtee More it looks to one country for its parentage, to another for its birth.

The City of the Carillons was as certainly the originator of these fine sprays, as our own island is undisputably responsible for the birth of this particular rose. In this case I speak without a suspicion of indecision in my pen. It's one of which I, like Sir Plume, "am justly vain," for the "nice conduct" of a "for-

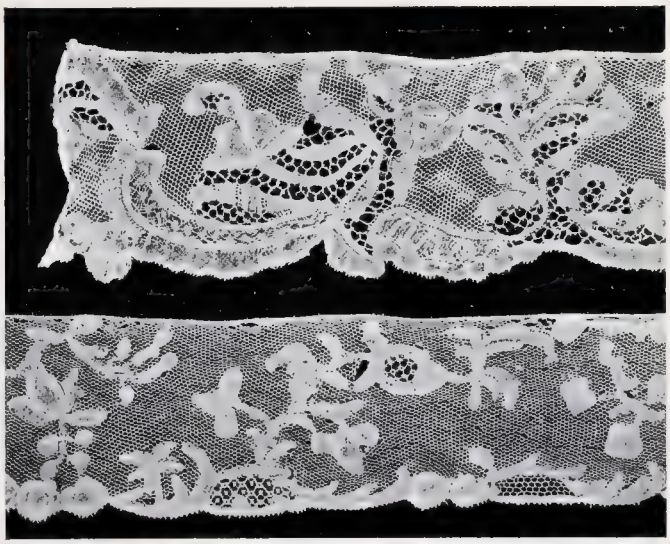
tuitous concurrence of circumstances" has but recently brought into my hands, amongst a mass of old English laces, not only a very old pattern, but the "parchment" of this very English Rose. This is verily a dangerous fact to commit to print, since it will rouse the greenest jealousies of lace lovers, who will know what such a possession means. Pray Heaven! they may not murder me in my bed on this account. Such a thought is but natural, since a man of mark said seriously to me of late, "I do assure you that the *odium theologicum* pales before the rivalries of the lace world."

And the Baby's Cap? Hollie or Holy Point (No. 2) was made in England solely for church use, and not turned to secular purposes until the time of the Puritans.

Vandalism, in good sooth this! And yet, perchance (for lace lore leads one down many an unexpected lane!) one can trace a very direct descent from such ancestry in the placing of so priceless a treasure just where the downy head of the wearer rubs the nurse's arm? Ah, well! *autre temps autres mœurs* even in the matter and fashion of babies' caps, which be now no more, so that having discovered the treasure, and discoursed largely on its historical value, I can only pray it may survive.

To the church lace owes, in common with all other arts, not only its greatest support in bygone ages, but also many of its best designs.

It is scarcely a profane suggestion that, since slippers were not in the days of sandals, the thoughts of a fair devotee in search of a suitable offering would naturally turn to lace either as a vestment trimming, or for altar decoration.



No. 5. Old Devonshire Lace.

So much for support and encouragement; for design, the worker, lifting her eyes from her devotions, caught impressions which her needle waiting for a motive wove. One watches with interest how the oft-repeated representations of the Annunciation upon which she must have gazed became under her fingers smaller by degrees and beautifully less; the very reverse, in fact, of the state of affairs so often sung in our cumulative nursery rhymes.

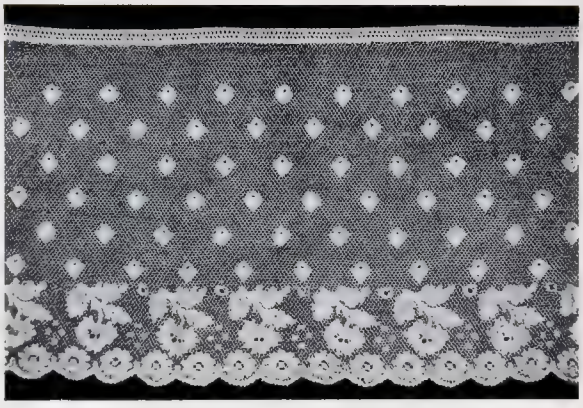
From the full-pictured story, first the angel disappears, then the virgin—figures being always difficult of execution. Next the vase or basket of flowers appears alone, and finally the vase only, this being, in one notable English instance, furnished with a lid, as who should say its original *raison d'être* exists no longer. The Potten Kant, or Pot Lace, of Antwerp, has the same origin. The use of this, so to speak, secularized vase is remarkable in its recurrence. In our Hollie Point, and in some old Point d'Angleterre and Valenciennes, as well as in some English lappets in my possession, the vase is still flower-bedecked; but in the Potten Kant, as well as in some of my English laces, the vase is both lidless and flowerless.



No. 6.—Old Limerick Lace.

For an example of this gradual disappearance of

things in a sister art, I would draw attention to the coinage of our own day. Within the last ten years poor Britannia has lost, on our modern penny, not only her lighthouse but her ship, and sits in solitary state alone! Heaven send she herself may not take the part of the "vanishing lady" in some future age!



No. 7.—Fine Old Buckinghamshire Lace. The Rose

The curious old woodcut reproduced on this page tells its own tale. In detail it is, in spite of its crudity, excellently accurate. This is specially to be noticed, not only in the bobbins which occupy their proper place on the pillow and have a correct "hang," but in the attitude of the hands of the two foreground figures. The girl and the old woman are both shown sweeping away one set of bobbins as they move another set to the front, an action very well known to the diligent students of the art, and sufficiently bewildering as it goes on with lightning-like rapidity in manipulating some hundreds of bobbins.

There was a picture by Mieris of a lace-maker sold not long ago at Christie's, in which the bobbin details had been faithfully observed, but no modern men have given them attention, and hence have failed to draw things as they are. Women have succeeded better lately, notably a Miss Loveridge, in a really excellent drawing of a lace school, shown recently in her studio.

It is noticeable that the only member of the superior sex in the present school occupies a subordinate position, for he has been "put in the corner" with nothing to do!

Otherwise I would commend the busy scene to all County Councillors and local magnates in lace latitudes, that they should take "harking back" to such technical teaching into their consideration in the localities where such talents are more than probably hereditary.

"But is the small sum earned by the women at present really worth it?" said a sceptical person to me in the world of late.

Law, judges, and witness-boxes gazed at me from his countenance, so warily I answered, "The man of the family does but earn half as much again as she, and expects her to keep all the children on it."

The sum was in silver only all told!

The arm of the law left my neighbourhood hastily, and "my subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

This time I have been true to very ancient teaching and kept my best till last.

These be two specimens (No. 9) which, though far removed as to date, are both perfect in their way. To see the first properly the page must be reversed; did I not say at the outset that some slides in a lecture always suffered thus? For convention's sake the lace was bound to hang down; but (and this is my very newest notion) the lace designer was fettered by no convention. He feared no feminine frivolity or fashion, but drew as seemed him best, making the footing (or straight line) at the top or bottom of his design, just as it suited his fancy. This discovery has added zest to the study of endless old patterns. Laces with apparently no meaning or design at all turning out to be a perfect bee or flower, leaf or scroll, when held the other way up. It was the bird in the third and sixth point of this veritable needle-point which opened my eyes to the fact. Puzzling over the lace, I caught his eye! and to find that he was standing on his head was a fact not far to seek. Bells or windmills, as the other devices may be, this is equally the right way up for them, though the tiny tassels, of course, hang upwards very badly: this being but a



No. 8.—Lace School. From an old Woodcut.

lesson to the designer, that solid knowledge of technique should precede any effort at design.

That this lace is needle-point of Elizabethan date is pretty nearly certain, and that it is British—well! the very strut of the bird to whom one owes so much is of our own farmyard, and has one not a feeling of "now we know where we are," as one looks at him? A feeling this of much the same kind that one experiences on coming from the study of Botticelli and the early Italians into our own sturdy British school.

There is a stiffness also in my English Point, and in no part does the pattern flow so easily as in things French and Flemish.

Mortal cannot sigh for better proof of the excellence of ancient as compared with modern work, than that given in the exquisite collarette composed of muslin embroidered in lace stitches. Possibly some fellow-student of lace may have turned back in reading this to the former articles on lace for comparison and fairness' sake.

Over the Keatinge embroidery shown in the Irish Lace Article (December, 1897), he may find his rejoicings at its revival mixed with lamentation that it falls so far below its forbears.

How incomparably is the alternating fall of leaves and grapes over the trellis formed by a lovely lace mode contrived, and how miraculously minute the execution of the outside edge!

If our scientists want proofs of the prevalence of short-sight in bygone years, I always feel that these dainty works give them beyond doubt. Just as the book-worm, with his narrow vision, reads with his nose sweeping the page of print, impossible for ordinary mortals, so it must have been to the same physical infirmity, if one can dare to call it so, that we owe much of the minutiæ of detail in our best laces. But "there's never a day so sad and long but at length it ringeth to evensong"; and though my old masters are by no means exhausted, I must admire them no longer.

Anyone accustomed to the practice of reading between the lines cannot have failed to perceive all through these a certain prevailing of that sentiment so dear to human hearts—I mean, "I told you so."

It is not given to everyone to prove in their lifetime that they themselves have spoken words of truth and soberness. Not many of us can sympathise with Ruskin when he wrote in the footnotes to "Frondes Agrestes," that monument of patience prepared by the younger lady of the Thwaite, of the accuracy of his thoughts and writings in past days. From this point of view it may interest lace lovers who have followed their adored ones through these pages to note how the old masters lend themselves to prove the truth of statements made aforetime therein; doing this as becomes their age and dignity, gently and graciously, and as who should say to us moderns, "What man *has* done man *may* do!"

This showing that I have told in these pages the "square-toed," if sometimes disagreeable truth, is as satisfactory as it is rare, and I have made it clear, at any rate, that in olden days our country was no laggard in the art I love.

Almost invariably the truth has gone to prove the superiority of ancient over modern work. If by this proving I shall rouse the ambition and the talents of our own day, then I shall attain—and this, too, is rare—one at least of my "heart's desires."

And it behoves us to see to our efforts of to-day that—in coming centuries, when the dream with which I started shall be a *fait accompli*, and the history and the whereabouts of art treasures shall be known and their well-being cared for—our own work may be found worthy. Dream did I say? For I mind me I have ended aforetime with a dream which I have waked to find "come true."

Even now my present dream has support in the letter of an antiquarian to *The Times*, dated from the Burlington Fine Arts Club. It says: "It is important that all 'finds' (those of which it writes are 'art-full') should be registered for the use of patient investigators." In such Utopian days, the sportswoman who "lays on" her hounds for laces will be sure of an easy "find," and she will have no difficulty in deciding that, whatever may have been their ancestry, their birthplace was beyond all doubt in Britain.

EFFIE BRUCE CLARKE.



No. 9.—Needle Point of Queen Elizabeth's day, and Early 19th Century Embroidery with Lace Modes or Fillings.



Summer Gloaming.
By G. W. Johnstone, R.S.A.

G. W. JOHNSTONE, R.S.A.

A BRANCH of art in which Scottish artists have always excelled is that of landscape. The beauties of their native land have awakened responsive feelings in many breasts, and in depicting the glories of Scotland—that scintillating "wet pebble," as Millais called it, with its crisp blue sky and ample and ever-changing cloud land, its peaceful lowland scenery, and the grander aspects of nature to be found in the north—the artists of the country have found abundant scope for their diversified talents.

In the earlier years of the century, despite the fact that it has sometimes been a reproach that Scottish artists lack Academic training, the fame of her painters was largely made by their excellence as portraitists, and in the domain of domestic *genre;* but an important remnant were landscapists of note, as will readily be admitted when such names are referred to as those of the Nasmyths, Thomson of Duddingston, M'Culloch, H. W. Williams, and later, Harvey and Fraser. Of the present time it may be said with truth that the old landscape traditions are not only fully maintained by the present race of Scottish landscapists, but that this department of art has, in recent years, been carried forward to heights of perfection surpassing those attained in former days.



Von Burnside.
By G. W. Johnstone, R.S.A.

One of the most popular landscapists in the Royal Scottish Academy is Mr. G. W. Johnstone, the subject of the present notice. He is an excellent worker in oil as well as in water-colours, and for many years his landscapes in both mediums have been an attractive feature at the exhibitions of the Royal Scottish Academy, of which he is a loyal member and supporter. He was



A Haven among the Hills.
By G. W. Johnstone, R.S.A.

born in the classic district of Glammis, in Forfarshire, within the shadow of the magnificent baronial castle, immortalised by Shakespeare in his tragedy of "Macbeth," which is the hereditary seat of the Earls of Strathmore.

To that stately and venerable pile the boy, even then freely using his pencil to note down his impressions, had access. From time to time he was privileged to wander through its vaulted corridors to see its gallery of family pictures, doughty old earls and stately dames, alongside of whom were hanging portraits of Graham of Claverhouse, the Duke of Lauderdale, Charles II., James VII., and distinguished men of a later period, which stirred and strengthened the longings within him to be an artist, and to one day be able to paint with the best of the authors of these works. His hope was certainly fulfilled, only up to now his talent has taken another bent. Drawing, fortunately, was taught at the village school young Johnstone attended, and in that department of education at least he was looked up to by his fellows.

When he came to Edinburgh to begin life in earnest, he had a probationary period as a cabinet-maker in one of the furniture manufactories of the city, and acquired there a training in decorative art, and a facility with his pencil, which have been of the utmost value to him in his future career as an artist. Meantime he was attending the School of Design in Edinburgh, of which he was a medallist, with the idea of being a furniture designer, and he subsequently was a pupil in the Academy's Life School. McTaggart, one of the recognised masters of Scottish landscape art, was one of the visitors then, and his practical common-sense and high artistic talent must have been of the greatest service to the students. He could drop a terse remark into the ear in passing which would be remembered and discussed—his object being to set the young artists to look at the work before them in a personal and intelligent way. Johnstone's paintings during his student period were of an all-round character. He studied the figure, he composed *genre* pictures with homely subjects, he delighted in landscape, and he did an occasional portrait; and, what was very gratifying, some friend was always found ready to take his 'prentice work.

The first picture he exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy's annual exhibitions was in 1872; and it speaks volumes for his loyalty to the Academy that his name has never been out of the catalogue since. That interesting first envoy of his, which was hung at the Mound, was a landscape of 'Cramond Ferry,' a pretty scene on the river Almond, just where it emerges from the bosky woods of Lord Rosebery's Dalmeny estate, to deepen into a humble estuary and lose itself in the sea. It must have had good quality in it, for the young artist had the pleasure of seeing it purchased by the local Art Union, and made one of its prizes for that year. Continuing diligently to practise his art and to attain favour with the public and the Scottish Academy, Mr. Johnstone was elected an Associate in 1883, and attained to full membership in 1895. He is also a member of the Royal Scottish Water-Colour Society, and on several occasions his work has been well hung at the Royal Academy, though he does not often send pictures to Burlington House. He has likewise exhibited at Munich.

Of a bright and cheerful disposition himself, Mr. Johnstone's art is, to a large extent, a reflex of his own sunny nature—being so, it is always personal and interesting. He loves to be under the open sky, as his bronzed cheeks can testify, to listen to nature's voice, and to woo her when she speaks softly and turns a smiling face to the world; and the love and devotion which wells up in his own heart in her gracious presence he delights to communicate, by his agreeable art, to all who look upon his pictures.

He has been especially attracted by the gentle influences of river scenery. Streams flowing through woods and meadows, in shade and sunshine, with cattle standing in their limpid waters, have often been employed by him to express the serene joys of the summer-time. Spring, with its fresh colouration and all its gentle train, has likewise been a favourite theme; and he has recorded also, on not a few canvases, the glories of Autumn, with the fulness of golden tint which characterises this happy season in the Northern half of the kingdom. One does not remember to have seen a picture by Johnstone of nature in other than a smiling and serene mood. Her tragic days are foreign to his genius. He is an optimist in paint. He catches and imprisons, as it were, on his canvas the glad sunshine and the songs of birds; and to characterise him in a phrase one might borrow from a sister art, and say he paints in a lyrical strain which is as graceful to the senses as the simple cadences of a Border ballad, there being also, as in the ballad, a strain of pathos which represents a quality seldom absent from Scottish poetry.

And this recalls the fact that the artist has painted a great deal in the Borderland of Scotland—in Eskdale and in Annandale, whence the sturdy race of the Johnstones spring, who are celebrated in many a stirring rhyming romance of the olden days. Well watered, richly wooded, and teeming with legendary lore, the spacious valleys, or dales, as they are locally named, opening upon



Dunlappy Ford, Edzell.
By G. W. Johnstone, R.S.A.

the Solway Firth, constitute an ideal sketching ground for an artist. Here Johnstone set up his easel for several years, and produced many charming pictures. One can recall the features of not a few of these works, skilfully composed, fine in colour, and artistically reproducing the special aspects and associations of the season in which they were painted. Two points may be emphasised, in relation to these Borderland pictures, as indeed in connection with Johnstone's work in general. The first is the notable truthfulness of the open-air aspect which pervades them. The colour does not smack of the studio. Woods and dales and skies are in nature's livery, and in his paint we scent the breezy freshness of the morning air, the warmth of the noontide, and the cool and sweet fragrance of the twilight hour, as it comes fresh from Solway's shore.

The other feature we desire to lay stress upon is the conscientious draughtsmanship of the foregrounds and tree forms; in combination always, be it said, with an admirable breadth of effect. His trees especially, stripped of their leaves as in his spring landscapes, are carefully studied and decoratively drawn, and, as will be seen in several of his pictures now reproduced, never fail to form attractive details in the scene.

One of the large Border pictures which was a great success and earned for the artist much applause, was his 'Borderland,' in which the artist, from a commanding point at Canobie, gave a masterly epitome of a far-reaching beautifully wooded country, set under a sweet summer-like aspect. The ærial perspective, and the bluish haze hovering over the tree-tops, were delightfully realised.

Mr. Johnstone has also painted at Tents Muir, near Leuchars, attracted by its flat country, foregrounds and lofty skies, and he has also exploited to good purpose his own native Forfarshire, and more particularly in the neighbourhood of Edzell and Kirriemuir (Mr. Barrie's 'Thrums'), where the North Esk flows amid scenery of the most diversified and ravishing character. In this connection one can recall a very happy example of Mr. Johnstone's art in 'Dunlappy Ford,' reproduced here, which was a delightful reminiscence of the joys of summer. The reach of the



The Clachan Ford.
By G. W. Johnstone, R.S.A.

sparkling stream had high-wooded banks, and there was a fine outlook to a charming bit of country painted in sweet colour under a sky full of soft, sensitive light. A lyrical harmony inspired by the Esk was 'Music in Solitude,' in which the river came down a grey rocky bed, with many a leap and run, its banks adorned with trees in late autumn garb. Several of these works have found a home in Dundee, the chief town of his native county. Other instances might be multiplied, but enough has perhaps been said to present Mr. Johnstone in the character in which, as an artist, he has made his reputation—as a typical painter of lowland and river scenery, with a note as blythe and gladsome as the merlin's in the springtime of the year. Record might also be made that Mr. Johnstone has painted at Grez and in the Fontainebleau forest, amid woodland and river scenery made classic by the great artists of the Barbizon school. Of late, a slight change seems to have come over Mr. Johnstone's style. One or two of his recent pictures have been more generalised than usual, and freer from all superfluous detail, as if the artist, in the fulness of his later knowledge, sought to convey in the most pointed and concentrated manner the sentiment of the scene before him. The result of this departure—it may not attain to that after all—will, in any case, be watched by his friends with interest. Still in the prime of life, and in the plenitude of his powers, Mr. Johnstone has the world yet before him. He is not an artist that has become stereotyped in style, and consequently much excellent work may yet be expected from his suave and genial brush.

W. M. GILBERT.

HOGARTH'S 'MRS. SALTER,' AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE latest Hogarth at the National Gallery, a half-length in an oval of 'Hogarth's Sister, Ann, Mrs. Salter,' is one of the most admirable extant examples of the master's purely pictorial power. The accompanying reproduction renders unnecessary any detailed description of a portrait which is life and simplicity itself. The lady wears a becoming *négligé* of a rich orange hue, almost red in the shadows, contrasted with a green drapery peeping out here and there. Her gown is set off with white lace, fastened in front of the bodice with a large pink blossom of undefined character. Into her hair she has negligently twisted a single row of large pearls. The modelling of the head is in simple, broad planes, and without any particular exquisiteness or subtlety, yet the intention of the artist is perfectly realised; the brush has run riot in the laces and silks of the half-dress gown, in the execution of which, with perfect authority, a certain *bravura* is evident. With a technique much more simple, direct, and downright, than that of his great contemporaries and successors, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, without the aid of the refinements, both of conception and execution, which they had at command, Hogarth here, as in some few only of his very finest portraits, bravely holds his own against all their enchantments.

Untroubled by those preoccupations which weigh him down when he satirizes in paint, deliberately manipulating his *dramatis personæ* from the moral and dramatic standpoint, and only in the second place from that of the painter, Hogarth is here the artist in love with his material, and manifestly enjoying, without *arrière pensée*, his supremacy in the practice of his art. The 'Mrs. Salter' is at least worthy to be the pendant of the admirable 'Lavinia Fenton (Duchess of Bolton),' at the National Gallery, though in its exuberance, in the repressed but intensely felt *joie de vivre* of the conception, it is akin rather to that wonderful 'Shrimp-Girl' which is unique in the life-work of Hogarth, and indeed, in some ways, in the practice of the whole eighteenth century. The only thing I can recall with that same quality of overpowering momentariness, lacking only voice to cry out to you from the canvas, is 'A Female Fruit-seller' (or huckster of some kind or other?), by Goya, in the National Gallery at Buda-Pesth. And this oil-sketch by the fiery Spaniard is immeasurably below the standard of Hogarth in pictorial quality, though it nearly equals it in freshness of inspiration.

It was because Hogarth was the most incisive, the most terrible satirist of the eighteenth century—a very Juvenal, ruthlessly scourging vice, and capable only of pity and pardon when the extreme number of lashes has been laid on—that many have chosen to forget, or to ignore, that in his happiest hours he is one of the greatest painters of his time. True, there are exquisite pictorial passages throughout such a series as the 'Marriage à la Mode.' No other painter, whatever his school, has shown such absolute command of facial expression in all its subtlest shades, whether purely human, or stage-dramatic, as is here to be noted again and again. Yet one feels too much even in this, the best of his great sequences of pictures with a purpose, that the painter is dominated by the moralist, whose "sæva indignatio" *will* have vent, and *will*, in order to carry the beholder's sympathies with it, have all its material set forth, whatever may be the cost to the artist. One of the most famous of modern painters and draughtsmen, the veteran Adolf Menzel, has suffered as greatly as Hogarth from having too much to say, and from being constrained by his double nature to say this too much rather from the point of vantage of the satirical observer, with a sharp sting in reserve for those who do not command his sympathy, than from that of the painter embodying above all things a visual conception. Hogarth's portraiture is marked by an unclouded healthfulness which must, when he worked otherwise than to order, have been to him an enjoyment and relief—a playground in which the painter, free from the trammels of the moralist, could disport himself.

Though it is as purely English as anything of the British School, his art in this branch may, in its very sturdiness and healthfulness, be compared less with anything in that school—from which it grows, however, quite normally and legitimately—than with some of the best of Chardin's likenesses. I am thinking at this moment of the two masterly pastels at the Louvre, in which the old man, brave and hopeful to the very end, even though fashion had deserted him, shows his own shrewd, homely countenance, and, as a pendant to it, that of his aged wife. These two portraits of Chardin's bear at the Louvre the dangerous proximity of Maurice-Quentin de la Tour at his best as well—nay, as triumphantly—as this exhila-

rating 'Mrs. Salter' of Hogarth's supported in a recent exhibition the not less perilous neighbourhood of Sir Joshua and Gainsborough.

The ideal of the eighteenth century, whether in the French, British, Italian, or German schools of portraiture, was self-conscious grace, *enjouement*, pleasant composure, or, at the very least, a sweet reasonableness as little suggestive as might be of the material cares of life.

La Rosalba, the fair and fashionable Venetian, gave admirably the languid grace and the *morbidezza* which were proper to her time and her country. La Tour triumphantly exhibited all the alertness, the art and charm, the *désir de plaire* of Paris in the zenith of the Louis-Quinze period. The superb Nattier was, in his splendour and his vacuity, the Carolus-Duran of the eighteenth century. Hogarth, like Chardin—only, so far as portraiture is concerned, with higher skill and a greater power of interpretation—perpetuated some of the best qualities which distinguished the bourgeoisie of his time—its frankness, its sturdiness, its unaffected desire to love and enjoy. When we come a little later to Sir Joshua and Gainsborough in their maturity, we find the desire, above all things, to express the higher order of feminine grace and seduction; not only to please by a bright and alert gaze straight out on the world, but to delight, to enslave. The enchantments of both the one and the other of these English masters, based, as they are, on the finer and more spiritualised type of English beauty, are more enduring, they make a higher appeal to human nature, than those merely mundane and modish allurements which Nattier, Carle Vanloo, Boucher, and their fellows, had at command.



The Artist's Sister, Ann (Mrs. Salter). By William Hogarth. From the Portrait in the National Gallery.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

'THE ARREST.'

FROM THE PAINTING BY BENJAMIN VAUTIER.

BENJAMIN VAUTIER, the painter of the picture reproduced as a frontispiece to this number, died at Düsseldorf on the 25th of April last, in his sixty-fourth year. German in sympathy, in teaching, in thought, and in humour, he built up for himself an immense reputation as a popular painter in Germany by a long series of carefully-studied *genre* pictures, often homely in sentiment, sometimes powerfully dramatic—as in the picture before us—and always characterised by a profound insight into the character and manners of the people of his adopted country, combined with technical skill of a very high order. By birth Vautier—in spite of his French name—was Swiss, being the son of a pastor in the Canton of Waadt, Switzerland.

The picture 'The Arrest' is claimed by a German biographer of the artist, Herr Rottenburg, as one of the most typical examples of the master's powers. First exhibited at the Munich Exhibition of 1879, where it was received with enthusiasm, it remains one of the very best of the type of 'sensation picture' which German Art has produced. Tingling with dramatic force, convincing to the last degree, the picture is evidently one to which the artist has summoned his whole powers of insight, of artistic realisation, and technical skill in arrangement and grouping, and there is no question but that it is thoroughly representative of Vautier's art.

It is morning in the picturesque old street of a little German town. We are left to imagine the marching of the representatives of the law up the quiet street, the loud knocking at the door, the stern summons, the useless struggle, the shrieking intercession of the women, the handcuffing of the prisoner. The name Isaac above the shop upon the right-hand side of the picture, is an indication that the prisoner is a Jew, probably the local usurer. Some of the neighbours are merely excited or curious, others, especially some of the women, are distinctly sympathetic towards the two who—apparently the prisoner's wife and daughter—remain upon the threshold of his house, the younger woman prostrate with grief and hysterically sobbing. The blacksmith, who is a late-comer upon the scene, is listening in amazement to the story from the lips of Kaspar Schmidt, the baker, who points down the street towards the receding figures of the prisoner and his guards. All are excited by one emotion or another; even the geese, which solemnly waddle up the street, add a touch to the scene as well as a tribute to the painter's insight, for the goose is one of the most inquisitive of birds.

H. W. B.







The Pool of Strathfillan.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

THE SOURCE OF THE TAY.

By Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.Scot.



In Glen Dochart—Ben More.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Perthshire is the centre of gravity of Scotland. It balances the mighty masses of the mountains in the Highlands and the extensive plains and valleys of the Lowlands. It comprehends within its ample bounds much of the typical scenery of both regions. The river Tay divides the county into two nearly equal parts, flowing from the west to the east. It drains by means of its numerous tributaries the whole area of the shire, and sends into the ocean a larger quantity of water than any other river in the United Kingdom. I propose, in the following series of sketches, to follow the main stream from its source half-way to its mouth; for it is upon this crystalline thread that the finest gems of scenery are strung.

There is something peculiarly fascinating in tracing a mighty river to its fountain, and to contrast its feeble beginning with its great development and its final importance. "Ecce Tiber!" the Roman cohorts exclaimed when they first saw the broad bosom of the Tay at Perth. The source of the Tiber, as the infant rill bubbles up clear and sparkling in a green glade in the heart of an old beech wood on the slope of Monte Fumajolo, one of the peaks of the eastern range of the Apennines, thrills the heart with emotion; and all the great associations of its history and of the many famous scenes it passes through are focussed in this quiet sylvan spot, where your peasant guide points to the gushing water and says in wondering awe, "And this is called the Tiber at Rome!" I have stood beside the source of the Dee, as it issues from the clear deep wells in the wild Larich Pass between Braeriach and Ben Macdhui; and I saw in imagination, as drowning men are said to see the long course of their lives in an instant, the whole romantic scenery along its banks down to the city of Aberdeen beside the North Sea, and felt as if I were present at the birth of some great man who had done much to shape the destiny of the world.

The source of the Tay cannot claim the importance of the Tiber, but it is at least as interesting as that of the Dee. It first sees the light in a little well springing out of a corry about 3,000 feet above sea-level on the eastern side of Ben Laoigh—a lofty mountain that stands on the border-line between Perthshire and Argyleshire. The baby river is almost smothered by its swaddling clothes of bright green mosses that hush its first feeble cries. But as it gathers strength it leaps merrily into the sunshine, and tumbles from ledge to ledge of splintered and crumbling mica rock. Receiving contributions from numerous other rills on the mountain-side, it descends with impetuosity

into the valley, and passes through lonely scenes associated with the fierce struggle between King Robert the Bruce and the Macdougalls of Lorn. There is a subtle harmony between the wild passions of men that had once free play in this place, and in the white raging waters that rush down over the rough boulders and broken rocks in their channel. A battle was fought where the stream reaches the lowest part of the valley, on a piece of level ground which still bears the name of Dalree, or the King's Field. Here the followers of Bruce were overwhelmed by numbers and compelled to give way, after losing many men and horses on the field, stricken down by the long pole-axes with which the Highlanders were armed. The Scottish king retreated with the remnants of his army through a narrow pass in the neighbourhood, between Loch-an-Our and the edge of a steep precipice. There is a tradition in the family of the Macdougalls of a personal encounter in this pass between Bruce and the chief, in which the king was so closely pressed by Macdougall and his followers that he was obliged, in order to escape, to abandon his mantle and the brooch which fastened it, clasped in the dying grasp of one of the henchmen. A beautiful jewel called the Brooch of Lorn, adorned with precious stones, said to have been that which King Robert lost on this occasion, is still preserved in the family of Macdougall as a memorial of this memorable incident.

"Thy splendours nothing tell
Foreign art or faëry spell,
Moulded thou for Monarch's use,
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a breast of wrath and pride;
Thence in triumph wert thou torn
By the victor hand of Lorn!
When the gem was worn and lost,
Widely was the war-cry toss'd!
Rung along Bendouran fell,
Answered Dochart's sounding dell,
Fled the deer from wild Tyndrum,
When the homicide, o'ercome,
Hardly 'scaped with scathe and scorn,
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!"
The Lord of the Isles.

At Tyndrum the stream is known as the Fillan water; a calm, dignified, even-pulsing river watering a green cultivated valley. But it has still the passion of the mountains sobbing in its tide, and wild hills girding it in and sending their white waterfalls down on either side to find peace in its bosom. Ben Laoigh looks down with calm pride from its great height upon the sudden growth of the stream to which it has given birth, and which it nourishes with its dews and clouds; surrounded by a wonderful concourse of dark mountains whose rocky summits are veiled with mists, Ben Douran, chief among them all, asserting itself, as if conscious of an added dignity from its association with the sweet idyllic song sung in its praise by Duncan Ban, the Gaelic bard of Glenorchy. It is a grand sanctuary for the meeting of the streams, and the music of many waters fills all the listening air and awakens the far echoes of the hills. The loneliness is almost oppressive, for the flitting shadows of the clouds on the hills and the swift glistening feet of the waterfalls are the only moving things. At Tyndrum the first pulse of human life is felt. A railway station, a large hotel, where Coleridge once dined on his way to Fort William, and beyond it, by the roadside, a row of lowly thatched cottages built originally for miners who found lead-ore in the hills around, bring a suggestion of the great world beyond into the remote solitude. A train belonging to another system—the West Highland Railway—winds several times a day along the mountain-side opposite, and disappears into the mysterious glens leading to the Black Mount and Rannoch Moor; and there is a little church standing by itself—and a manse somewhat larger—near at hand. But these human features only accentuate the loneliness. The gigantic scenery around, and the universal stillness, seem to swallow them up and to make them parts of the great overwhelming realm of nature.

The whole region is haunted by legendary lore. Numerous spots are associated with the pagan rites of pre-historic times. The famous Holy Pool of St. Fillan is just opposite a Presbyterian church and manse on the banks of the river, and appeals strongly to the imagination by the startling contrast which it suggests. Here, where Christian worship is carried on every Sabbath-day, the old rites of sun-worship used to be performed. The Holy Pool is at an angle of the river where it sweeps round a high vein of dark volcanic rock projecting beyond the general line of the bank. Sir Walter Scott thus refers to it:

"Saint Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel
And the crazed brain restore."

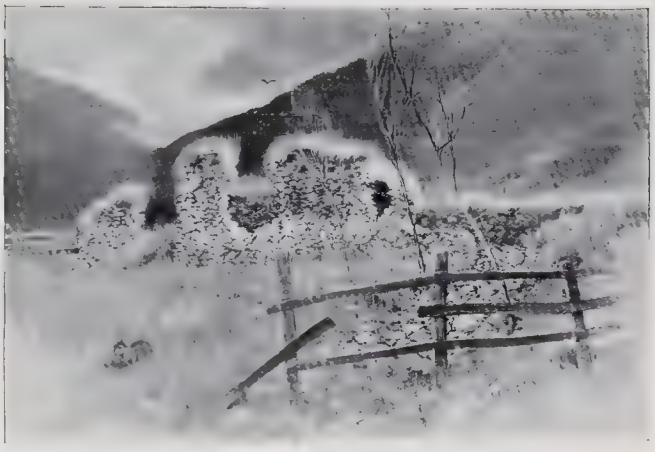
The remarkable geological history of the spot, where fire and water met together, may have drawn the attention of the primitive inhabitants of the glen to it, and have led to its being considered sacred. The pool is broad and deep, and the water so transparent that the gravel at the bottom is easily seen. From a very early date till within the memory of persons still living, this pool was resorted to for the cure of various diseases, and especially lunacy. So great was its reputation, that often crowds of people came from long distances to test the virtues of its healing waters; the men bathing on one side of the rocky point, and the women on the other. Each person had to bring up nine pebbles from the bottom of the pool, and then to walk to the highest point of the rocky ridge near at hand, where there were three cairns, round each of which three turns in the direction of the course of the sun in the sky had to be taken, and a pebble deposited on each cairn. When persons afflicted with madness were bathed, they were thrown in with a rope tied to their middle, and the shock to the system by this violence was supposed to put the brain right, though too often this heroic method of cure only increased the insanity of those who were subjected to it.

In the case of ordinary diseases the patients after bathing deposited upon the cairns a portion of their clothing that covered the part affected; as on the sites of other curing wells in all parts of the world similar rags were tied to the nearest tree or bush. According to this superstition the disease passed from the person of the patient to the object, whether cairn or tree, to which the clothing was attached, and thus the cure was completed. The efficacy of the pool also extended to the diseases of domestic animals, provided that meal mixed up with the holy water was made into a cake and given to the suffering cow or horse to eat; but in this case bits of the rope or halter by which the beast was led to the spot had to be thrown upon the cairn. The cairns can still be traced on the top of the rocky promontory, half covered over and obliterated by the growth of the green turf. But fragments of old halters, shoes, bonnets, kilts, petticoats, and rags of all sorts can be turned up by a stick from among the stones. The mere bathing of lunatics in the pool was not considered sufficient for a cure. They were taken immediately afterwards to St. Fillan's Priory, near at hand, and fastened down to a wooden framework in the open churchyard, the head being laid in a round cavity in a stone trough, which was originally a stone



The Head of Loch Strathfillan.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

coffin of the twelfth or thirteenth century, and in this barbarous fashion they were left for a whole night, with only a covering of hay over them, and St. Fillan's bell put upon their heads by way of a nightcap. If in the morning the patient survived this accumulated application of sacred objects—a whole galvanic battery of relics—and was found released from his bonds, the case was regarded as favourable; if, on the contrary, he still continued bound, his disease was pronounced hopeless. In one particular part of the rock there is a flat smooth surface, on which the cakes administered to diseased cattle were made, and where also holy bread made of the first corn of the harvest every year, mixed with the water of the pool, spread out on the rock and baked by the heat of the sun, was offered in homage to the fertile powers of nature. All the traditions and ceremonies of the spot point to a *religio loci*—a local sanctity from time immemorial. It goes back far beyond the dawn of Christianity in Scotland, when our Pagan forefathers worshipped streams and wells; and it is one of the most interesting examples of the survival of a prehistoric belief through all the changes in the form of religion and all the phases of advancing civilisation.



Ruins of the Priory, Strathfillan.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Beyond this pool the wide open strath is known as Strathfillan. It is so called after the patron saint of the district, the famous St. Fillan, who is believed to have lived in the early part of the eighth century. The exact dates of his birth and death are unknown; but the fact that his festival used to be celebrated every year on the ninth of January, indicated that he must have died on that day. According to the legend he came of a noble family of the Scoti in Ireland, his mother being Kentigerna, daughter of Cellach Cualan, King of Leinster, and sister of St. Congan; she is commemorated in the dedication of the church of Inch Cailleach in Loch Lomond. His father, Feriath, threw him into a lake, because he was born with a stone in his mouth; but he was rescued by angels, and supported in a miraculous way for a year after his birth. He was then found by Bishop Ybarus, and instructed in the Christian faith. Afterwards, on the death of the Abbot Mundus of Kilmun, on the Holy Loch, from whose hand he received the monastic habit, he was appointed as his successor. Strathfillan was the chief scene of his labours, and numerous traces of his beneficent work may be found in different parts of the strath. He was greatly beloved by the primitive inhabitants, among whom he introduced many of the most useful arts of civilized life. On a spot miraculously pointed out to him, he built a chapel, and on its site a Christian church rose up afterwards, dedicated to his memory; which, however, soon shared in the failing fortunes of the early Celtic institutions, owing to the multiplication of the great Anglo-Norman Abbeys and the usurpation by them of the lands and endowments of their predecessors.

No trace of the original monastery of St. Fillan now exists, but where it once stood, King Robert the Bruce founded a religious house known as St. Fillan's Priory. Gratitude for the part which a venerated relic of St. Fillan, carried into the Battle of Bannockburn, was supposed to perform in helping to win the great victory of the day for the Scots, was the cause of this munificent dedication, and for the king's subsequent gifts to the saint's memory. The institution must have been an imposing and flourishing structure in its own day—filling this lonely strath with the stir of its life and its far-reaching influence. But it fell subsequently into neglect in spite of royal patronage, being too far removed from the busy centres of the population, and became a dependancy of the monastery of Inchaffray. At the present day only a few shapeless fragments of dark mouldering walls remain, surrounded by an ill-kept country churchyard crowded with graves and tombstones.

Outside the walls of the churchyard there is a holy well, long neglected and choked with weeds, and near it, in the middle of a field, there is a brokendown grave covered with the fragments of a tombstone. When I put together these fragments, I was greatly startled to read my own name in the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Hugh Macmillan," &c. It seems my namesake, who died at the end of last century, was supposed to have committed suicide by drowning himself in the Holy Pool during a fit of great mental depression. He bore a most exemplary character, as the inscription on his tombstone testified, and was universally esteemed. But in those barbarous days the people of the district did not give him the benefit of the doubt of his sanity, that would have entitled him to be buried in consecrated ground. They therefore banished the poor dishonoured remains of the outcast to this forlorn spot. The view from the situation of the Priory is magnificent. On the eastern horizon rises up the great group of the Glenfalloch Mountains, with the lofty heads of Ben More and Stobinian towering over them all, and standing out fully outlined in all their vast proportions from base to summit. There can be little doubt that the huge cone of Ben More, dominating the whole horizon, and giving an air of magnificence to an otherwise monotonous landscape, was associated with the Holy Pool of the Fillan River in the primitive worship of the sun that was offered for ages in this place, long before the apostle of Christianity, whose name it bears, came from Iona or from Ireland, and preached the gospel to the pagan inhabitants. As the manner of the early saints was, he gathered the people for Christian worship in the spots where they used to perform their dark heathen rites, and baptized those spots with a new and higher sacredness.

(To be continued.)



Photo. Geoghegan, Dublin. *Wind on the Downs. By Anton Mauve.*
By permission of J. S. Forbes, Esq.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PICTURES IN DUBLIN.

A MODEST hall, ordinarily given up to amateur water-colours or to statistical debates; and as we saunter round it, the delightful feeling suddenly comes over us that the Last Judgment is over and done with, that the tares have all been burnt, and we exclaim, with relief, "What a superb crop of wheat!" Here is a collection of nearly a hundred modern pictures where everything is fine—almost everything very fine—and, in spite of an astonishing variety, each picture seems to help the others. This is due to the fine quality of the pictures themselves, and also to the very intelligent selection and hanging. It is curious how bad pictures spoil good ones, instead of acting as a foil to them, as might be expected; and no doubt it is the growing together of wheat and tares which makes the yearly shows so depressing, and has led to the pessimistic views we are always hearing about Modern Art. Away with these discouraging people who say there was never an age when painters painted so badly, that we are born too late into a world too old, and that all views of life are wrong except those which are vain and melancholy. Let us have the patriotism of our time as well as our fatherland, and stand up for our old century, which, although Science may be its eldest son, yet will leave its *cadet*, Art, right nobly provided for.



Photo Geoghegan, Dublin. *The Storm Syren. By J. M. Swan, A.R.A.*
By permission of Mrs. Joseph.

It will easily be imagined how sumptuous the aspect of a wall must be on which are hanging Orchardson's 'Master Baby,' with its splendid triumphant design; his 'Sir Walter Gilbey,' looking so well that there seems but little exaggeration in calling it the finest male portrait of the century; and that superb piece of colour and painting which Millais rather inappropriately christened 'Stella,' for it does not remind you at all of that witty lady.

Between these are four of Mr. Swan's fanciful little nudes—one not quite finished, and which we have first the privilege of seeing—'Girls Bathing,' a miracle of delicate grace in pink and greens. Another picture, exhibited here for the first time, is the very interesting nude figure by Leighton, which Mr. Onslow Ford has kindly lent, and of which we give an illustration. It is not a very typical example of his work, being decidedly robust in colour and modelling. The background, as well as the face (which we do not recall in any other Leighton), strikes us as curiously Irish in

character. A small Constable full of quality, Millais' 'Gambler's Wife,' and an austerely fine landscape by Watts, complete a display of colour and general achievement which leaves little to be desired.

The wall opposite is devoted to the Barbizon school, which is well represented, chiefly through the kindness of Mr. Forbes. It is so lovely in tone and sentiment that you cannot miss or wish for the stronger colour of England. At first it seems strange how slight the racial difference is, and how harmoniously the two nations behave in these narrow precincts; but when we remember that this school acknowledges its partly English descent through Constable, we are less surprised at the family likeness. Indeed, the large Rousseau, 'The Arched Bridge,' in its sombre grandeur, affects you just like one of Wordsworth's finest poems.

In face of the three beautifully painted François Millets you wonder what George Moore could have meant by saying "his execution reminds one of mud-pie making." 'L'Amour Vainqueur' reminds me of Correggio rather than of mud-pies, and the solemn night piece, with its falling stars, which like the real darkness seems to grow full of things as you gaze into it, bears comparison very well with an exquisite Whistler "nocturne" hanging near it. 'A Horseman,' by Daumier, that master of "l'ivresse des choses funèbres," is one of the few disquieting pictures of the exhibition. On what sinister errand are this strange pair going into their murky background? Somewhat the same feeling one has about Mr. Strang's 'Al Fresco.' What is the nature of these people, who seem designed and coloured by an unsensuous Giorgione, a Giorgione whose mind was turning to Calvinism?



The Bather. By Lord Leighton, P.R.A.
By permission of E. Onslow Ford, Esq., R.A., owner of the copyright.

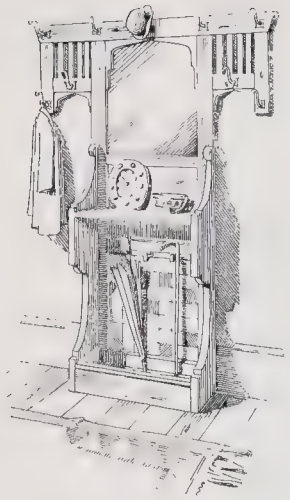
The taste which governed the selection of all these canvases was catholic enough, but it is surprising how little eccentric any of the pictures look. Whistler's incomparable 'Miss Alexander,' whose stay in Dublin is causing lamentations on the canals of Venice (letters of entreaty coming to us from the Mayor to let the Venetians have it for their exhibition), has now no other strangeness than that of perfect beauty. It is needless any longer to discuss a masterpiece acknowledged on all hands. As one pores over the exquisite learning of the delicate thin painting, over the wonderfully calculated effect of every part, the "pot of paint" phrase becomes ever more inexplicable. Besides 'Miss Alexander' and the mysterious-looking portrait of 'Irving as Philip II,' there are four small marvels by Whistler.

In an inner room, unfortunately somewhat too small for their comfortable appreciation by the long-sighted, are some of the most interesting pictures of the collection. Among them Mr. Steer's 'Vista,' and a sketchy, but most decorative, portrait; 'Blind Man's Buff,' by Mr. H. Tonks, whose work one does not see half enough of; a strangely fascinating head by Mathew Maris; two fine pastels by Degas; a head by Manet, of a most deceitful simplicity of aspect—an air of being nothing at all till you look at it and see how masterly it is; two designs by Puvis de Chavannes, unusually rich in colour; and a triumphantly brilliant 'Afternoon Sunlight on a River,' by Claude Monet, which makes you blink as you look.

A good deal has been heard lately of the Celtic Renaissance. Here, so far, there has been little sign of it in Art, though a revival is obvious in literature and, to a small extent, in music. One of its most genuine products, the young poet who signs A. E. to verses full of delicate spirituality, and also to strange visionary drawings of forgotten gods, was the first instigator of this loan collection, in the hopes that, as at the famous Salon of 1824 the showing of works by Constable dropped the first seed into the rich soil of the French Romantics, so, in our smaller sphere, these fine influences from without might breathe some national life into Irish painting. The admirable carrying out of the scheme is mainly due to the energy and wide knowledge of Mr. Walter Armstrong, Director of our National Gallery. That it is an exhibition out of which little literary capital can be made, is a subject of regret to some. The wiser mind, knowing that for a picture to have a lasting value it must appeal directly to our emotions through its line and colour, and not through the interest in its subject, is glad to have so fine an object lesson of the truth. The Irish of to-day, unlike their great ancestors, who left us the unrivalled execution of the "Book of Kells" and the "Ardagh Chalice," are mainly hampered by a want of technique. Anyone with a sympathetic mind can perceive that neither ideas nor temperament would be to seek if knowledge of the *métier* were but there to afford them a channel for expression.

S. H. PURSER.

RECENT INDUSTRIAL ART.



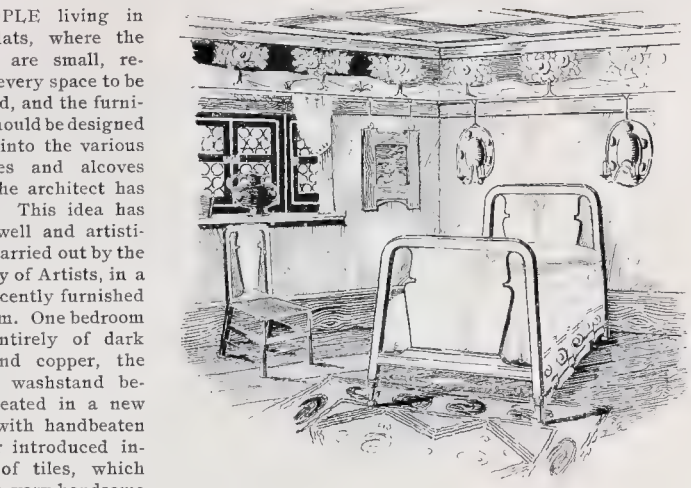
Hall Stand in Wood.
By Messrs. Story and Co.

PEOPLE living in flats, where the rooms are small, require every space to be utilised, and the furniture should be designed to fit into the various recesses and alcoves that the architect has made. This idea has been well and artistically carried out by the Society of Artists, in a flat recently furnished by them. One bedroom was entirely of dark oak and copper, the corner washstand being treated in a new way, with handbeaten copper introduced instead of tiles, which gave a very handsome effect to the whole room. The bedstead of oak also was of a specially pretty design, and covered with a soft pink bedspread, strapped with green, the pink and green to harmonise and continue the colour of the wall paper; the window seat was cushioned with the same pink, and underneath was a deep shelf suitable for hats. One straight-backed chair of quaint design had a green rush seat. The dressing-table, which was fitted with shelves and drawers of every description, had the usual large centre glass, but with two movable side ones that would be much appreciated by all ladies, who could thus easily see themselves in every way.

Another pretty bedroom was of green wood furniture and brass fittings. A combination washstand designed by the Society of Artists deserves great praise; when not in use it has the appearance of a bureau, but on opening the cupboard, it is found to be lined with artistic tiles, and fitted with a pretty basin and jug. A shelf at the back is made for glasses and bottles, whilst the doors are utilised, as one is lined with a looking-glass and the other has a towel rail.

Messrs. Story and Co. were among the first to revive the wooden bedsteads, which are now so much in fashion that people furnishing will have nothing else; but these are not of the old cumbersome form that took up so much space. The new ones are made with iron fittings and spiral-spring mattresses, so that practically only the front and back are of wood. Some of these bedsteads are fitted with curtains on wrought-iron rods, which look equally neat on either side and are a great improvement to the usual hooks. As to the woodwork, Messrs. Story have made it a special study, and in their show-rooms every kind of design can be seen; some are barred and slatted, others carved; or, again, the design may be painted. They are made in every kind of wood, which is either stained different colours or merely polished. The hangings are of silk or shiny chintz, which has quite taken the place of the now old-fashioned cretonne. Some arm-chairs looked particularly nice covered in calf, which shades in such lovely colours, and is both soft and pleasant to touch.

E. F. V.



Bedstead in Wood.
By Messrs. Story and Co.



Bedroom Furniture. (The Society of Artists.)

PASSING EVENTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY authorities could not surely have taken account of Easter in fixing the 1899 sending-in days for the works of members and associates. As is well known, artists within the charmed circle have ordinarily a week longer than the struggling outsiders. The incidence of Good Friday and Easter Monday, however, this year fell very awkwardly and occasioned a vast amount of unnecessary trouble to those undertaking the despatch of pictures. A little foresight would have prevented all this, and, in any case, it might have been arranged that the pictures sent by members of the Academy could be sent in on the Thursday, and not only on public and special holidays. Such high-handed scorn of the men who work for them is one of the secrets of the long-sustained animus against the Academy.

MR. ASTON WEBB'S election to an associateship of the Royal Academy was generally anticipated when it became known that an architect would be chosen first for one of the vacancies in the ranks. The architect members and associates now number seven, their names, it may be useful to recall, being:—Mr. George Aitchison, Mr. T. G. Jackson, Mr. Norman Shaw, Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, Sir Arthur Blomfield, Mr. George Bodley, and the new associate. The Victoria Courts at Birmingham and the United Service Institution in Whitehall best attest Mr. Webb's powers. He has been President of the Architectural Association and Vice-President of the Royal Institute of British Architects. It is only fair to state that, in much of his work (notably the design for the completion of South Kensington Museum) his co-worker has been our old contributor, Mr. Ingress Bell. Mr. Webb is fifty years of age, and has always been a diligent exhibitor at the Royal Academy.

THE REMBRANDT EXHIBITION at Burlington House and the Burne-Jones display at the New Gallery were each amongst the most financially successful shows ever held at either institution. For the time being, there is still some feeling against the continuance of the Old Masters Winter Exhibitions at Burlington House. Some winter, possibly, the Academy might arrange a display *exclusively* of works for which room could not be found at the last moment in the previous summer exhibition; so it is jokingly said; but more seriously we contend that an exhibition of the best works done in the nineteenth century by members of the Royal Academy, would be an appropriate collection for the last year of the century.

SOUTH KENSINGTON affairs have long been unpleasantly before the notice of the public, and the recent inquiry, together with its subsequent recriminations, has tended only to mystify the taxpayer. The philosophic conclusion to be drawn is, that some good will most probably come from the fierce criticism levelled at the official system, and that the authorities will quietly alter their methods, despite their frantic efforts to prove themselves in the right. In the meantime preparations are being actively made to carry out the revised plan for the completion of the Museum building.

INSPIRED by the success of the 1898 display the promoters of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, will hold their second annual exhibition at Knightsbridge this month. Mr. Whistler, as the official head, is taking a lively interest in the arrangements.

DRAWING as a means of education has for some time now received serious notice from prominent educationalists, and The Royal Drawing Society's annual exhibition at 50, Queen Anne's Gate, once more shows the interesting results of encouraging very young children to make drawings from memory. The Princess Louise takes a great personal interest in the work of the Society, and Lord Leighton, Sir E. Burne-Jones, and Sir John Millais used to award prizes. Some of the drawings executed by children under nine years of age show an early training of the power of observation which should be very useful in later life.

EXHIBITIONS.

TWO important shows that were opened in the spring made one reflect for the hundredth time on a certain difference in character between exhibitions.

There are dealers' shows and also exhibitions by several societies of artists, but we cannot dispose of the difference by so easy and obvious a classification. Yet, as it happens, the two important shows alluded to above, that of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours and that of the Goupil Gallery, present us with an illustration of the difference between a small, well-hung, homogeneous show, and a large, crowded, miscellaneous exhibition. Again I must repeat that there are dealers' shows without any standard of merit, any bond of unity, any tranquillity of appearance; and that, on the other hand, harmoniously selected and agreeably hung shows are brought together by sets of artists such as the International, the New English Art Club, or the six landscape men who exhibit in the Dudley Gallery. But the Institute, Suffolk Street, the Dudley Society, and Burlington House itself, offer us vast crowded warehouses of art of every kind, every degree of merit and demerit, and every sort of technical convention. From these heaps we pick out at great disadvantage the style of work we happen to like. The Academy may pass; it is supposed to be merely an official collection of all that is being done at the time; yet if the more intelligent dealer finds his interest in showing his pictures to best advantage, why should not the artist or the society of artists?

One found some good things at the Institute, but judged of them with jaded eyes and a taste vitiated by many reactions. Nevertheless, we took pleasure for the time in such broad work as Mr. Peppercorn's 'Note from

Nature,' with its various values of grey that simulate successive waves of round hills rolling after each other into the distance. Even the Peppercorn of the campstool keeps something of the transforming poetry of the Peppercorn at ease in his studio. Mr. R. B. Nisbet sent many effectively decorative water-colours of the romantic kind, such as the sunset 'November Evening,' and Mr. Alexander McBride kept him company with a work of equal breadth and beauty, 'Ely Cathedral, Cambridgeshire.' These things reached the highest level above the commonplace attained by anyone in the show, but they were not left in quite splendid isolation. Work, full and sober in tone, came from Messrs. Aumonier, J. S. Hill, G. S. Ferrier, Wetherbee, J. Knight, Wimperis, H. Livens, and J. Atkinson. Brighter colour, or higher tone, and a more marked handling, characterised the work of Messrs. D. Green, E. Parton, Graham Petrie, Pedder, C. Hayes, Cotman, and Widgery. We have spoken chiefly of landscape; figure pictures were not lacking. Professor Von Bartels contributed the largest and boldest—'A Fisherman's Wife.' Very small in style, quite a contrast to the last-mentioned work, Mr. E. J. Gregory's 'Lute-Player' (which we reproduce here) was drawn, nevertheless, with all his usual care and precision, and filled with that intensity of expression which he can give to a face and not to other objects. As another illustration, we give Mr. H. R. Steer's 'Bartlemy Fair' which was arranged skilfully enough to explain the positions and grouping.



The Lute-Player.
By E. J. Gregory, R.A., P.R.I.

Close on 350 miniatures by the Society of Miniaturists brought the exhibits within sight of a thousand, and made the task of the critic impossible. The whole exhibition was really not good enough in general quality to induce one to spend days over it, on the chance of finding one or two things a shade better than the rest. The one Press Day view sufficed to show us that the collection of miniatures contained nothing wonderful in drawing, nothing exceptionally fine in style. We noted with some approval the work of Miss Josephine Gibson, Mrs. Emslie, Mr. Alfred Praga, Mr. Charles Turrell, Miss Nathan, and Miss Greenough, and a few more.

In contrast to the Institute, with nearly a thousand miscellaneous exhibits, let us take the small show at the Goupil Gallery, with its forty pictures, all good, or perhaps one should say, all at least suitable to each other. Here was work in several degrees of power, but work harmonious in general intention, and nearly all of it decoratively beautiful in colour. The 'Nocturne, Blue and Silver, Battersea Reach,' appeared at a Whistler show in the old Goupil Galleries at Bond Street. If one may remember after so long a time, I think it already mellower in colour. Its blue depths are ravishing in quality, the distinctions of distance in the far-off shore exquisite in subtlety, the sparse, trembling lights tenderly touched and floated into the empty darkness. The lovely Corot, 'Ville d'Avray,' reproduced on the next page, is natural rather than grand or poetic. The largest picture in the place, Mr. Clausen's 'Harrow,' recalls me to my main argument. Here, in this little show, is felt the real force of this fine composition and this strong, lively colour; in fact, the picture looked ever so much more effective than it did in the Royal Academy.

The Painter-Etchers held their usual exhibition in Pall Mall. The show was barely up to the level of former years, but then it followed the marvellous display of Rembrandt's etchings and drawings which Mr. Colvin organised at the British Museum. The man nearest to Rembrandt of the present painter-etchers, Professor Legros, contributed nothing to the show this year. The



Bartlemy Fair.
By H. R. Steer, R.I.

work we noted with interest came chiefly from Messrs. Helleu, D. Y. Cameron, Strang, Oliver Hall, and Holroyd.

Even in their work one could not help feeling the lack of Rembrandt's variety and subtlety of values, his imaginative ensemble and his grand management of shadow. A feature of the exhibition was a vast array of book plates, sent by Mr. Sherborn, which included, besides his own, the work of other men, old and new.

Messrs. Agnew, at their gallery in Old Bond Street, held their annual exhibition of water-colours. The grander work bore the names of Turner, De Wint, and J. Cozens. Turner's 'Norham Castle' was perhaps, taken all round, the finest specimen of the work of this very personal artist, who, much studied and much admired as he has been, left no direct school or following. In this drawing the castle, the surrounding hills, and the water below, are steeped in romantic shade and arranged with an eye to romantic effect. Cozens works in more ordinary daylight, using a clear, fresh, broadly conventionalised colouring, and, in a colder, more calculating spirit than Turner, he produces masterpieces. The David Cox school was duly represented by some fine works of the master, of the late T. Collier, and of Mr. E. M. Wimperis. Several of the drawings were either over-conventional or too small in execution to hang well beside these broader and nobler pictures that I have mentioned. R. A. M. STEVENSON.



By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon and Co.

Ville d'Avray.
By J. B. C. Corot.



The Peaceful Highway—"Hallowed by six centuries of quiet usefulness" (p. 165).
By G. D. Leslie, R.A.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1899.

YEAR by year, in an unfailing spirit of optimism, the lover of the Arts looks to the Burlington House display for those manifestations of talent which shall further convince him in his patriotic admiration of the British School. This cheery point of view is inseparable from such an observer. He refuses to bewail the thousand-and-one disappointments which the statistical pessimist glibly quotes. He recks not of the defection of this or that great artist, yet, with sympathy, he will listen to the stories of bad times and of patrons sulking in their palaces. It is idle to deny that, of late years, the increase in the number of working artists has not been balanced by a recruiting of practical supporters. But this and other causes of discouragement are not potent enough to depress a large army of conscientious painters who strive and strive again to win public recognition of their worth. In each exhibition of the Royal Academy there is a preponderance of work which quite evidently emanates from the so-called rank and file. It bears the mark of honest mediocrity, and, as such, irritates the idealist who would ruthlessly sweep most of it away and hang only a saving tenth. The iconoclast forgets that the Hanging Committee has already performed some such wholesale clearing, and that, in the bewilderment of selection, many indifferent pictures have escaped the fate of better works. Observations of this kind seem unavoidable in an article on the Royal Academy display. As on previous occasions, however, the method here adopted is to write chiefly concerning that leaven of meritorious work which the unprejudiced seeker can always find. There are the achievements of men of distinction and men of promise in every show. Suffice it, then, to dwell on these, and let the space that might be devoted to atrabilious attacks and frenzied criticisms at large, be used instead for the illustration of some of the works which command a portion of the general commendation.

At a time when America is consolidating her position among the nations, it is a matter of common knowledge that British Art owes much to that trinity of Americans, Messrs. Boughton, Sargent and Abbey. Totally distinct in style and subject, these three men are exercising a great influence in the Art world at the present time. Mr. Boughton shows that there need be no decline in the choice of imaginative subjects, when treated subtly and decoratively. To portraiture, Mr. Sargent would seem to have brought back the laurels won in the days of



The Harvester's Return (p. 164) *By Edward Stott.*
By permission of George McCulloch, Esq.

Reynolds. The forceful decorativeness which Mr. Abbey uses to deck out a dramatic theme is one of the most striking features of contemporary Art. Last year, Mr. Boughton found inspiration from mediæval days of minstrelsy, sung of by Tennyson. His two subjects in the present Academy are in an imaginative vein, one being frankly allegorical, and the other a Dutch scene, which is peopled by picturesque Brabantians of the seventeenth century. 'Wintry Spring' shows us the early advent of the goddess and the belated departure of Winter. Into the cold, grey scheme is infused the spirit of freshness and chilliness of each season. Through the swinging apple blossoms, which seem to garland her around, the beauteous nymph appears lit up by the light which breaks through the murky clouds. The painter convincingly conveys the impression that she is no material body. Her graceful delicacy seems to possess a spiritual transparency, and brings out a fine contrast to the gaunt and sombre draped figure of Winter, who is being borne across the darkened river in a driving rush of sleet. The simple truth of the allegory is expressed by a simplicity of means and unity of colour betokening the true poetry of paint. The note of freshness once struck is never lost. There is no falling to the temptation, for instance, of forcing the figure of Spring out of the key. The composition leaves an impression akin to that of the melody which is simply played in tune. In the second picture, 'Skating, Days in Old Brabant, Seventeenth Century' (p. 166), Mr. Boughton renews a pleasing exercise which his knowledge of Dutch sky and atmosphere serves him to set himself. A grey sunset in North Brabant is doubtless, nowadays, what it has been for hundreds of years. The air is filled with opalescent grey particles reflecting the diffused rays of the setting sun. To people this scene with gaily costumed burghers of the seventeenth century is to combine picturesque decoration with a beautiful, natural effect. The quaint towers and high roofs of the town beyond bound the picture. In the distance the skaters flit to and fro in the hazy light, until nearer, the figures grow more distinct, and the human interest of an old-time Dutch flirtation is added. A bright note of colour is given by the group in the foreground depicting the two Dutch maidens and their assiduous cavalier, who is completing the duty of buckling on the second lady's skates. In a later portion of this article the work of Mr. Sargent and Mr. Abbey will be dealt with.



The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Lincoln (p. 175).
By W. W. Ouless, R.A.

To turn to another painter, Mr. Solomon, who, like Mr. Boughton, is one of the few who make excursions into the world of imagination, it is found that he has had time to complete an important subject harking back to the days of chivalry and knight errantry. In his 'Laus Deo' (p. 175), the auburn-haired knight who sets his charger ploughing through the flood, and escapes from the snares of the enchanted glade with a prayer of thankfulness upon his lips, is quite evidently no relation of any of the sad-eyed and ascetic warriors of Burne-Jones. He is strenuous and human enough to suggest a somewhat tarnished victory over the temptations of the fairy forest. Lassos of roses are still coiled around his neck, and pursuing Cupids clutch at his sword-handle. Hovering behind him, immediately over his trusty steed's flanks, a radiant winged spirit, who might be guardian angel or fairest temptress of them all, takes his plumed helmet in her hands and puts on his head a farewell crown of roses. A fine feeling of movement and action is conveyed in the painting of the powerful horse breasting his way through the waters; this suggestion of motion being heightened by the pose of the knight, who triumphantly raises himself in his saddle as he shouts his song of thanksgiving.

Mr. Hacker, also, generally contrives to find leisure from his portrait commissions to essay some task which shall call forth his particular gifts. Hitherto there has been a vein of sadness in most of these exercises. 'The Golden Hour,' however, reveals a scene in which the note is one of lulling ecstasy. From some neighbouring Court of Love ladies have come and ensconced themselves in the long woodland grass to pass the time away to the music of the richly-fashioned instruments they have brought with them. Mr. Hacker's picture 'The Drone' (p. 174) is of the character of last year's 'Memories,' and is really a subtle flower study which possibly he may weave into a larger theme.

Allegory, legend, and romance, we see, then, have served the purpose of Messrs. Boughton, Solomon, and Hacker. In the case of Mr. Alma Tadema, he has once more built up a fascinating picture of Roman life, wonderful in its classical faithfulness and truth to archæological detail. He has restored, on canvas, the famous baths of Caracalla, and shown with a prodigality of sumptuous ornament one of the chief phases in the life of patrician



Beryl, daughter of Thomas Ansdell, Esq. (p. 175)
By Luke Fildes, R.A.



The Church Pool (p. 168).
By David Murray, A.R.A.

Rome. Crowds of nude figures of both sexes disport themselves in the waters or amble in graceful attitudes along the marbled corridors. Away beyond, animated groups welcome the arrival of the hedonist Emperor. Yet all these interesting details are subservient to the setting of the fine architectural scheme, and to the three figures in the foreground, so cleverly introduced that they really form the picture. Draped in pale yellow, soft blue, and delicate grey, their robes set off the splendid marble surfaces. Naturally posed, these three lovely women, oblivious of the bustle and movement beyond, bring a living intimacy into the canvas, and a human interest which cannot be escaped.

It does not actually require a mighty spring of the time-machine to leap across the centuries, and, in one moment, to be an onlooker of this magnificent artificiality, and, in the next, to be a spectator of a placid pastoral such as Mr. Edward Stott displays in his 'Harvester's Return' (p. 161). Much has been written and argued by academic purists in the endeavour to prove that even the noblest landscape must be ranked inferior to those creations in which the beauty and spirit of the human form and face are the sources of inspiration.



Going Home (p. 165).
By H. W. B. Davis, R.A.

The productions of the mere imitator or copyist of Nature, however cleverly effected, certainly must be ranked inferior to creations in "the grand manner." It is customary for the purist to ask—when pointing triumphantly to the glorious canvases of the Old Masters, painted in the sincerity and glow of faith and enthusiasm—what has been left for the modern painter to overcome? Surely the poetry of Nature—not the plain prose scene which any facile artist can report in shorthand brushwork. Such a poet-painter is Mr. Edward Stott. For ten years he has made Amberley his Barbizon, and the Sussex peasant and the Sussex fields are revealed in poems of colour and light. In 'The Harvester's



The Amateur (p. 175).
By Seymour Lucas, R.A.

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Skating Days in Old Brabant (p. 162).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

Return,' the most careful prospector could not recognize any particular stretch of country around the painter's home. "This is an art that doth mend Nature." He has, as it were, found his model and endowed it with expression. Such a sunset sky and such a harvest-field are from the painter's imagination alone, and, surely, the old man wending his way homewards and lighting his pipe, accompanied by the boy, are not the "materialistic" figures of the prosaic observer. The canvas pulsates with quivering atmosphere, and the eye is filled with the mysterious beauty and colour of evening light. As for the tone and quality of his pictures, Mr. Stott's technical accomplishments have come to be remarked among painters, and it cannot be long before the Academy, which has honoured itself by the election of Messrs. Clausen, La Thangue, and East, adds Mr. Stott to the fold. Mr. Alfred East marks his assumption of academic honours by the exhibition of two fine landscapes, which illustrate the resources he has at command in treating natural scenery as a decoration. The autumnal season is his especial delight, and in 'The Monk's Pool' we have another gay colour scheme of orange gold and gilded greens, with which his admirers have long grown familiar. But 'A Coombe in the Cotswolds' (p. 171) is in a more solemn key. The day is beginning to wane, and the sunshine is dimmed by the dewy haze. Grey-green and a note of blue, with the pale yellow of beeches, pervade the picture.

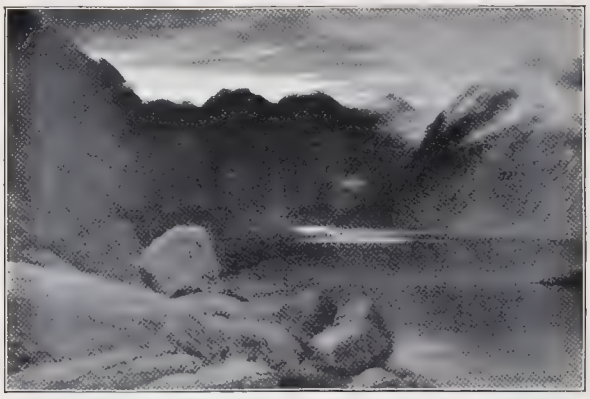
Mr. Waterlow seems constantly to be proving that he is no single-string landscape painter, and his two contributions are widely dissimilar in style and treatment. The long stretch of coloured seascape in 'La Côte d'Azur' is no less charming than the transcript of gnarled woodland in 'Forest Oaks' (p. 170), vividly bringing to mind the beauties of Fontainebleau.

Mr. Leader does not weary of broad expanses of river scenery or of forest sunsets, in which the golden light beats for ever against the topmost branches. It is in such work as Mr. Leader's that one can best realize the extent of the powers of certain landscape painters who pay unswerving allegiance to the scenes that Nature unfolds for their inspection. As a rule they prefer Nature in her frankest mood, in the full glow of sunlight, in the absence of any veil of mystery. By an astonishing display of technical resource they have succeeded in reproducing on canvas, with extraordinary verisimilitude, scenes that instantly appeal to those who, in the popular expression, "love the country." It is only a small section, after all, which feels the more subtle and elusive forms of natural beauty; although, happily for the comfort of this chosen few, there is already a faithful leaven of painters striving to produce work that will satisfy this poetical feeling; Mr. Leader's art, doubtless, is more "understanded of the people." A French writer has gone so far as to state that landscape has ceased to be national, but in face of one of Mr. Leader's pictures, where everything is open and unconcealed, where nothing is omitted or shirked, it is hard to affirm that there is no British School of landscape art.

There can be no doubt that there are numerous amateurs who still demand microscopic exactitude and prolific detail in every picture they desire to possess. This is the outcome of much conscientious niggling in earlier days which has fixed a certain standard of taste. But signs are not wanting that the contemporary inheritor of these methods is gradually developing broader systems of treatment. Thus we see in Mr. Leader's two contributions to the present Academy a diminished accentuation of details, and a greater regard for masses. Then, too, the painter, by his titles, would suggest that a poetical aspect has been chosen, although the purist will probably insist that the intention has



Elaine (p. 172).
By E. Blair Leighton.



Dark Loch Coruisk (p. 168). By J. MacWhirter, R.A.
By permission of William Clark, Esq., the owner of the Picture.

outrun the result. In 'Summer Eve by Haunted Stream' (p. 171), there is certainly a concession to mystery in the hazy background, and there is likewise a sense of solitude in the lonely island set mid-stream, with overhanging trees, but any other title would have suited the transcript, undeniably beautiful and true to Nature though it be. 'Evening's Last Gleam,' which forms one of our extra plates, reveals Mr. Leader at the top of his bent. Perhaps no living painter has a better knowledge of the exact effect of golden sunlight on a woodland scene. He has set this unerringly down on canvas in a language understood by everybody. Each observer cannot fail to recognize a familiar sight, and will promptly admire the technical skill which the painter has employed to conjure up the scene anew. To those who seek perennial solace in these themes, 'Summer Eve by Haunted Stream' and 'Evening's Last Gleam' will come with renewed familiarity.

Like Mr. Waterlow, Mr. David Murray casts about for fresh fields, even if they have been made classical by other painters. It does not seem long ago since he gave us his version of Hampstead, associated with the name of Constable, and now he has visited David Cox's country and brought back such individual renderings of Bettwys as 'The Church Pool' (p. 164), and 'By the Fairy Glen.' He is less himself in the Aberdeenshire piece, 'The Don above Balgownie,' but it by no means detracts from this well-massed composition that the influence of Turner seems to permeate it. Of Mr. H. W. B. Davis' landscape studies, 'Going Home' (p. 164) continues the series of fresh pastoral studies which he has been able to find in plenty in his native Wales. His 'Approaching Night' (p. 181), which has been purchased by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, seems to break away from his customary groove. Twilight is coming on, and darkness is beginning to cover the plain and the old camping ground which rises plateau-like from it.

Nearly thirty years ago, Mr. MacWhirter painted that lovely Loch Coruisk (p. 168). It was one of his first loves, and he has returned to it with a happy result. The impression which the solitary waters made upon Sir Walter Scott is known to readers of "The Lord of the Isles." Mr. MacWhirter's object has been to suggest their wild grandeur. A sulphurous sky-line tops the piles of desolate purple rocks which wall the loch. The wind-swept current from the sea catches the light. Away to the right, the mists cover the scene, and a floating veil has descended and hangs midway between the frothy stream and the tops of the peaks. A green island in the foreground, around which the sea-gulls flit, is the only relief to the majestic solitude. In Mr. MacWhirter's 'Crabbed Age and Youth' (p. 179) we have yet another exercise in birch-tree painting, which exigent admirers still expect.

Mr. Colin Hunter continues to draw abundant inspiration from his native Scotland. The jewelled colours of his seascapes are always brightly decorative, and give a peculiar distinctiveness to his canvases, although one would fain welcome their use on a varying choice of subject. 'Morning Mist' displays a bewildering knowledge of the effect of swirling vapour rising above a gem-like sea, circled with eddies made by diving gulls, but, as in the 'Kyles of Skye' (p. 168), with its ruined castle and smoking chimneys and barges, there is much that is reminiscent of previous accomplishments. Mr. Leslie continues to display the possession of tenderness and refinement in his landscape subjects. These qualities are especially conspicuous in the sunlight effect, 'The Peaceful Highway' (p. 161).

The veiled and mellow mood of Nature which Mr. Clausen loves is his perennial source of inspiration. By this time he has painted an almost complete gallery of types of workers in the fields, and, with Mr. Edward Stott, is succeeding in doing for the English agricultural labourer what Millet and his compeers did for the French peasant. Whether the figure be a reaper, a mower, or a sower, it is always convincingly chosen. There is an entire absence of self-conscious posing. His types are naturally and deftly set in his landscapes, and there is always a sense of complete harmony. 'Going to Work' (opposite) is a natural pendant to Mr. Edward Stott's 'Harvester's Return' (p. 161). The old reaper with his



The Kyles of Skye (p. 168).
By Colin Hunter, A.R.A.

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Like Mr. Waterlow, Mr. David Murray casts about for fresh fields, even if they have been made classical by other painters. It does not seem long ago since he gave us his version of Hampstead, associated with the name and brought back such individual renderings of Bettwys as 'The Church Pool' (p. 164), and 'By the Fairy Glen.' He is less himself in the Aberdeenshire piece, 'The Don above Balgownie,' but it by no means detracts from this well massed composition that the influence of Turner seems to permeate it. Of Mr. H. W. B. Davis' landscape studies, 'Going Home' (p. 161) continues the scenes from his customary groove. Twilight coming on, and darkness is beginning to cover the plain and the old camping ground which rises plateau-like from it.

It was one of his first loves, and he has their use on a varying choice of subject. 'Morning Mist' displays a bewildering knowledge of the effect of swirling vapour rising above a gem-like sea, circled [illegible] but as in the 'Exiles his landscape subjects. These qualities are especially [illegible]

Clausen loves is his perennial source of inspiration. By this time he has painted an almost complete gallery of types of workers in the fields, and, with Mr. Edward peasant. Whether the figure be a reaper, a mower, or a sower, it is always convincingly chosen. There is an entire absence of self-conscious posing. His types are naturally and deftly set in his landscapes, and there is always a sense of complete harmony. 'Going to Work' (opposite) is a natural pendant to Mr. Edward Stott's 'Harvester's Return' (p. 161). The old reaper with his

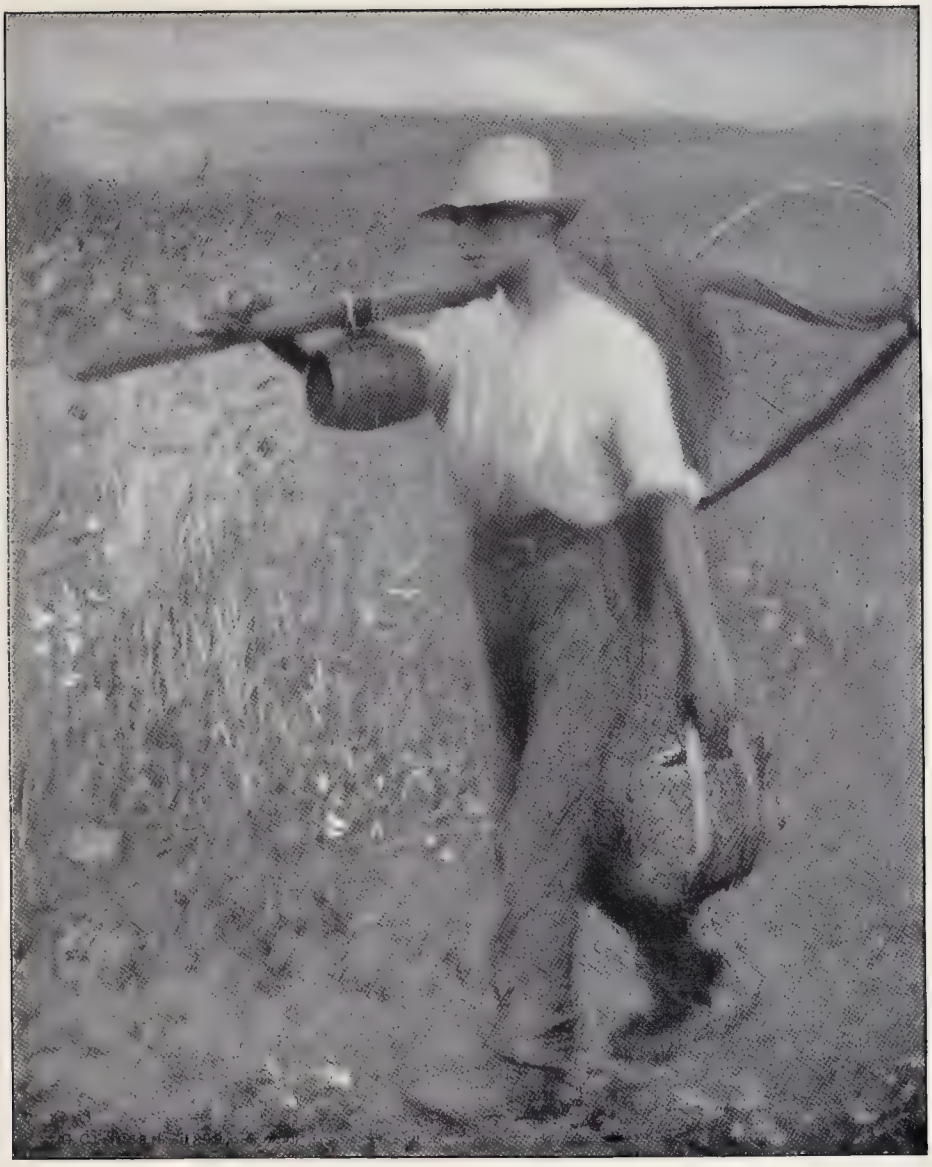




EVENING'S LAST GLEAM

[illegible] W. LINDER R.A.

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Going to Work (p. 168).
By George Clausen, A.R.A.

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sickle, in the Amberley painter's composition, is replaced by the young and lusty mower in Mr. Clausen's. The simplicity of the theme is most engaging, and the sense of proportion is never lost. Although the worker carries all the panoply of his labour with him, his scythe and coat, wallet and hempen bag, the eye is drawn to the intent face and led across the bank of grain to the distance beyond. The landscape is painted with the most cunning regard to the varying planes, thereby succeeding in bringing that indefinable impression of solace to the eye which is the gift of every properly attuned picture.

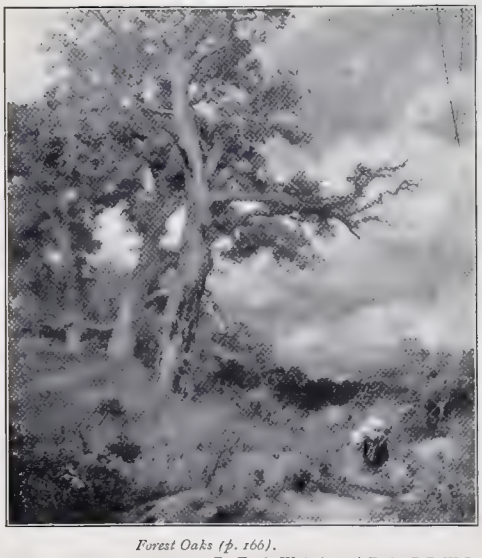
Last year Mr. Frank Bramley chose the rustic subject for interpretation, 'A Dalesman's Clipping,' which was a distinct departure from the themes which first brought him into prominence. This year he has essayed a picture of domestic *genre* (p. 173), in which, however, there is no such poignant note as that of his Chantrey work, 'A Hopeless Dawn.' He has chosen a group of old busybodies and painted them in some humble interior with all the necessary accessories that will appeal to a large and sympathetic circle always on the look out for works illustrating the foibles of homely folk.



The Battle of the Nile (p. 171).
By W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.

From the Picture purchased for the Nation under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest.

An interior of a quite different character has engaged Mr. Seymour Lucas, who showed in 'Phyllis is my only Joy,' last year, a delightful seventeenth-century interior rich with ornament and colour and furnished with a selection of decorative adjuncts dear to the student of antiquarian lore. 'The Amateur' (p. 165) affords him another opportunity of displaying this knowledge of costume and of old musical instruments. There is a strong affinity between the two figures of each picture, and it is evident that the one picture is a complement to the other.



Forest Oaks (p. 166).
By E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A., P.R.W.S.

This facility for painting interiors of a pronounced decorative quality was well evinced by a young artist, Mr. Ralph Peacock, in the 1898 exhibition, out of which his 'Ethel' was purchased, under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. It does not frequently happen that a painter who wins this recognition follows up his success in the next year with another work of distinction. Mr. Peacock may, however, claim that his 'Portrait of a Lady Dancing,' which forms our frontispiece, has achieved this result. The previous performance was marked by much dexterity and "slickness" of handling. It will be remembered that it is a portrait of a girl seated against the background of a deep-brown cabinet. The flaxen-haired sitter is shown in fine relief; her pose is unconstrained and lifelike; the picture is painted with a very fine sense of values. This year's essay is a more advanced exercise. The graceful form of a lady is depicted practising the steps of some dignified dance. She holds the skirts of her high-waisted robe in the comeliest of attitudes. On the right a richly hued cabinet, topped with a white marble slab and cleverly painted bronze statuettes, gives the harmonious relief to the figure. A glimpse of two panelled walls makes a simple but effective background, and the polished surface of the floor is well suggested. Behind, on the left, a silken-cushioned chair balances the composition. It is too early yet to apply superlatives to Mr. Peacock's merits, but he won the Royal Academy Gold Medal in 1892, and now he shows abundant promise of taking high rank in a class of work that demands an extraordinary technical equipment for its execution.

In presence of a vigorous awakening of national enthusiasm in naval matters, it is not surprising that



Summer Eve by Haunted Stream (p. 168). By B. W. Leader, R.A.

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two well-known painters of the sea should have chosen subjects illustrative of adventure and patriotism. Mr. Hemy has, for the moment, left those hardy toilers of the sea—whose peaceableness is broken only by affairs on alien fishing-grounds—and gone back to the days of their smuggling grandfathers. A veritable race for life and freedom is the motive of the breezy canvas 'Smugglers' (p. 172). Racing through the billowy waters the contraband lugger seems to leap to the spectator. Everything and everybody on board are tense and taut, and there is a sense of a struggle of might and main to escape the dreaded Revenue cutter which seems to be gaining the advantage in the long stern chase. Mr. Hemy's mastery of dealing with a spray-laden atmosphere and the lashing fury of the waves has stood him in excellent stead. He well exemplifies the necessity of thoroughness in specialized Art, and he paints the sea and all its works as a sailor would if his hand possessed the cunning. Mr. Wyllie has sought to stir popular sentiment by a recurrence to one of Nelson's achievements. 'The Battle of the Nile' (opposite) is not, however, treated from a similar point of view as the Trafalgar picture of three years ago, in which the interest was made human by the introduction of the half-naked Jack Tars cheering their crippled but unconquered enemy. He has treated the Nile battle somewhat after the manner of De Loutherbourg, and in all the lurid glare of bursting shell and raking broadside the hostile seventy-fours are seen in action. This was the day when, by a standing order of Earl St. Vincent, Nelson's superior, the fleet wore the St. George's ensign, the better to distinguish the British ships, the Union Jack being carried on the topmost stays. This picture has been purchased for the Nation under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest and will in due time be hung in the Tate Gallery.

In the background is to be seen Admiral Brueys' flagship "L'Orient," at the moment of its blowing up. The "Guerrier," to the left of the foreground, is shown completely dismasted and hull-shattered. Animation is given to the scene by the boarding parties of marines in the foreground. Two days



A Coombe in the Cotswolds (p. 166)
By Alfred East, A.R.A.



Smugglers—"To save their necks" (p. 171).
By C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.

after the last Academy exhibition was closed the first centenary of this great victory in the Bay of Aboukir was celebrated, so that the inclusion of the picture in the present exhibition comes as a reminder of an event which first established our hold over Egypt.

Mr. Blair Leighton is a painter who may be relied upon to show skill and care in the accurate rendering of the difficult accessories which he chooses to help the themes of his pictures. His 'Elaine' (p. 167) seems to teem with a knowledge of mediæval pattern and circumstance. The corpse of the ill-fated damosel lies upon the quaintest-fashioned bier, and the yellow shroud is painted with remarkable power. Pale flowers hang in mournful balance at the head and feet of her, and at the bow of the boat stands the gloomy oarsman in an attitude of grief, as he exposes to King Arthur and his Queen the body of the wronged maiden. Behind, down the darkened entrance leading to the river, knights and ladies troop, hushed by the solemnity of the spectacle before them. One touch of dramatic effect is added in the expression on the face of the conscience-stricken knight, who gazes in awe at the dead Elaine. The river frontage of the castle is rendered with due regard to architectural demands, and if the picture is somewhat leaden in tone in certain parts, it nevertheless is a very praiseworthy accomplishment, and repeats the success of 'The Fugitives,' seen on the Academy walls two years ago, in which Mr. Leighton made effective use of carefully-chosen mediæval appurtenances, such as rare coiffrets and ornaments, and of studies of Croyland Abbey.

When an artist discovers in himself a special faculty for delineating a particular genus of subject, he cannot be seriously blamed if he forthwith adopts a *métier*, always provided that he does not lose freshness of vision, and can avoid the charge of becoming monotonous.



Silver Poplars (p. 175).
By C. E. Johnson.

It would seem that Mr. W. Margetson has a passion for treating the seashore as a decoration, and it must be admitted that he has succeeded in founding an individual method. Readers of THE ART JOURNAL will recall the reproduction of 'The Sea hath its Pearls,' two years ago. This picture was so clever that fault cannot be taken with him for his repetition of this effect, especially as the present picture, 'The Wonders of the Shore' (p. 177), is quite as happy in its decorative quality. The stooping figure in the earlier work is replaced by a graceful nymph, whose diaphanous robe the wind blows to her symmetrical shape. With outstretched hands



Gossip (p. 160).
By Frank Bramley, A.R.A.

she clutches at her drapery, apparently seized by feminine alarm at the onset of some harmless crab. Her face and hands seem to tingle with glow and strike warm notes of colour. The circling sands are finely painted, and the pale yellow and green of her skirts are in mellow contrast to the soft blues in the background and the silver ring of waters. There is a great feeling for grace of pose and composition in the work, and doubtless the Hanging Committee would have welcomed a plurality of pictures in which a real regard for beauty of line was displayed.

A charm of this kind pervades Mr. Young Hunter's poetical landscape 'My Lady's Garden' (p. 178), which has also been purchased by the Council out of the Chantrey funds. This is a fantastic exercise in imaginative landscape of unwonted quality. In an old-time garden, high-walled and bounded with fir and yew of quaint and solemn shape, with dark-green beds laid out in moulds of cunning geometrical lines, some lady of romance stands holding a mystic bowl. Her robe is of the richest purple, with sleeves of golden-yellow. On the green lawn in front of her two peacocks trail their splendour, and behind her another extends his beautiful plumage in an arc of colour. The lawn is sprinkled with daisies, and along the top of the ivy-mantled wall the tender light of sunset gleams, against which the weirdly twisted branches are in sombre relief. The unity of the colour-scheme is admirable, and in the choice of his gemlike



The Drone (p. 162).
By Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.

tones the young artist seems to have been influenced by the dominating qualities of the work of his father, Mr. Colin Hunter. Mention of hereditary traits is a reminder that in the present Academy there are also works by the two sons of another member. The portrait of Mr. Onslow Ford, by W. Onslow Ford (p. 176), is a decidedly promising performance, and gives a picturesque rendering of the famous sculptor. The background is appropriately formed of symbols of the sitter's craft and accomplishment, and the reproduction of a Dutch masterpiece, in the National Gallery, which the sculptor holds in his hand, is well realized and may possibly have a further typical meaning. In the room devoted to cabinet pictures Mr. Rudolph Onslow Ford exhibits a clear sunlight effect, 'A February Morning' (p. 174). The farmyard, with stacks of hay, on which the shadows of the neighbouring trees are sharply thrown, is painted with freshness and force. The figure of an old woman standing on the wheel-rutted road skirting the farm is cleverly introduced, and throughout the canvas there is a fine feeling for luminosity and the peculiar atmospheric clearness of the time of the year.



A February Morning (p. 174).
By Rudolph Onslow Ford.

Mr. C. E. Johnson's landscape, 'The Forest —A Gathering Storm,' is a more ambitious essay than has yet appeared from his brush. Scott's "Ivanhoe" has furnished him with inspiration, or, at any rate, with an attractive coupling idea. The storm of thunder and lightning to which the swineherd refers by way of checking

his audacious visitor, is quite evidently raging in the distance. A black sky looms over the topmost branches on the right of the forest, but, on the left, the sun still shines in a mottled sky and sends piercing shafts of light through the trees. The frightened herd of swine in the open glade pack closer together and seem to give a black presage of the coming tempest. Mr. Johnson's smaller work 'Silver Poplars' (p. 172), is a river scene of much charm and hangs next to Mr. Peacock's study, which forms the frontispiece to this number. Another artist who has made an advance is Mr. Walter Langley. His 'Wandering Musicians' (p. 180), is none the worse for suggesting the manner of Frederick Walker. He has avoided any display of cheap sentiment. The distraught woman and child who are making their way along the dusty road are not caricatured until they present the depth of misery. The painter has rather relied on the contrast of the peaceful and contented groups of villagers. On the left the composition is rounded off by the bending road, and a fine sunset effect lines the back of the picture above the hedged wall, over which are seen the tops of cottages with the smoking brick chimneys.



Laus Deo! (p. 162.)
By S. J. Solomon, A.R.A.

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It is time now to make reference to some of the portraits which stud the Academy walls in greater profusion than ever this year. Pendant to each other in the first room are early seen Mr. Luke Fildes' portraits of two sisters, 'Violet,' and 'Elsa' (p. 177). The first-named is a tender rendering of a smiling girl. Soft lace is about her neck and bosom, and a rose rests above the pale pink bodice. This is a portrait of much charm, and the second, in which the treatment is slightly varied but equally refined, makes a very effective complement to it. Mr. Fildes' third exhibit is in the large room, and is a winsome study of a child ('Beryl, daughter of Thomas Ansdell, Esq.'), holding her gay green skirts in artless and unaffected pose, and there is no gainsaying the winning grace of the picture, which is reproduced as a full-page illustration (p. 163). Of the numerous presentments of ecclesiastical dignitaries in the present exhibition Mr. Ouless' 'Lord Bishop of Lincoln' (p. 162) is a capital example of character painting. There is a scholarly air in the finely modelled face, and an effective scheme is provided by the purple cassock and the red-cushioned chair. The hand which holds the missal is well painted, and the canvas seems to breathe the spirit of tranquil benevolence.

Fanciful portraiture on a large scale has occupied Mr. Byam Shaw. His two pictures, 'Love's Baubles' and 'Truth,' showed that he must be considered in the front rank of those young painters who may be reckoned upon in the future. As a colourist, he is bold and strident and challenges comparison with the brilliant effects of the Pre-Raphaelites. In choice of subject he is equally courageous, and this year he has grappled with a theme quite encyclopædic in its scope. Under the title, 'Love, the Conqueror' (p. 181), he has pressed into his service a gorgeously-hued band who glorify dictionaries of mythology and biography. Love, the leveller, has had many triumphs, and he has stationed himself at his saluting point to watch the sad-eyed procession of his victims defile before him. Forthwith they stream in anachronistic confusion from some nightmare city, appareled for the picture in internecine reds, and all the clashing bedizenment and panoply of variegated costumes. Led by a ribbon-bound Venus—herself driven by Cupid's lictors—the motley throng swarms onwards.

Dante, Michelangelo and Cleopatra, Lohengrin, Beethoven, Tristan, Mary Queen of Scots and Shakspere, Henry VIII., Mark Antony, Elizabeth and Milton, King Solomon, Martin Luther and Paganini, Dean Swift, Lancelot, Charles II., Napoleon, and Mr. Byam Shaw, together with scores of other historical personages in fancy dress, combine to make a full attendance to the roll-call of Love. It is by this bewildering mixture and deliberately-planned medley that Mr. Shaw will doubtless attract a large share of interest from a public whose appetite has been recently whetted with cheap editions of encyclopædias and hundreds of the best books.

In 1898, prominent positions were occupied by the works of Mr. Herkomer and Mr. Solomon, depicting various phases in the pageantry of thanksgiving of the Diamond Jubilee year. It was to be expected that a subject of such national import would receive adequate historical treatment, and Mr. Gow, Mr. D'Amato and Mr. John Charlton now show the results of a complexity of detailed studies. The scene outside St. Paul's Cathedral on the memorable day of rejoicing is shown as viewed from the south-west corner. All the kaleidoscopic blaze of uniform and decoration, against a background of thousands of patriotic onlookers, is conjured up anew. Mr. Gow's effort is marked by his customary regard for military detail, and the picture will ultimately hang in the Guildhall Gallery. Many unprejudiced observers will be prepared nevertheless to concede to Mr. D'Amato the pride of place as regards his treatment of the event from a purely pictorial point of view. Mr. Charlton, who has been commissioned by Her Majesty to paint the scene, has treated it with extraordinary detail, and his well-known powers of horse-painting have stood him in fine service. The famous bodyguard of native Indian cavalry comes riding forward to the spectator in life-like movement. Telling portrait groups are made of Her Majesty and attendant Princesses and Princes. In a picture of this kind a sense of photographic realism is not only unavoidable, but necessary for verisimilitude's sake. Artistic licence has been taken advantage of, however, in the introduction of the line of representative Colonial Horse, which actually was not visible from the artist's point of view. Other arbitrary adjuncts have been made, but so skilfully, that the picture is absolutely free from that woodenness and inanimateness too often the characteristics of this class of work. Here and there, perhaps, the artist has unnecessarily identified some well-known person or personage at the expense of less remarkable neighbours; but, on the whole, the composition is successful, cleverly suggestive of life and action, and convincingly reminiscent of a scene commemorating one of the brightest periods of English history.



My Father (p. 174).
By Wolfram Onslow Ford.

Mr. Gotch, too, has come to be recognized as a painter of originality, with a decided penchant for insistent colour decoration. A tendency to over-elaboration, and to a certain disjointedness of composition, mar the effect of his ambitious 'Pageant of Childhood.' A little king, in scarlet cap, precedes a toddling queen, in blue and gold, assisted by an elder girl in green. Two boy trumpeters follow, and behind them come two girls with drum and cymbals, followed by two girl singers. The mediæval costumes, with their rich brocades, are joyous in tone, but, notwithstanding the animation on the faces of the glad children, there is a strange lack of movement and action in the composition. In the tapestried arras, which makes the background, is to be discerned the woven figure of Time—a symbolical memento of an obvious allegory.

Those who admired Mr. Melton Fisher's gracefully-composed 'Sisters' in last year's Academy, will find the canvas in the present exhibition, 'The Tambour Lesson,' a charming pendant to its precursor. Mr. Fisher shows much facile dexterity of drawing in all his work, and the face of the lesson-giver is an excellent example of this. It is limned so as to show the faintest glimpse of profile imaginable, as she sits with her back to the spectator, and shows her younger sisters (who watch in rapt attention) the art of skilful stitching. The softness of draperies and delicacy of colour, associated with Mr. Fisher's pleasing *genre*, are again in evidence.

Along with Mr. Fisher, Mr. Herbert Draper was last year associated in Chantrey honours, and in the present Academy he has apparently endeavoured to show that he can doff the Leightonian garb which was so evident in 'The Lament for Icarus.' In the first room 'Trailing Clouds of Glory' is obviously a study of prismatic light streaming through stained-glass windows, and falling on the surface of a church pillar, against which a fisher-child stands in rapt wonderment. His 'Ferdinand and Ariel' is less free from academic tradition, but is soundly painted without any attempt to produce a forced effect. A good position on the line has also been accorded to Mr. William Hatherell's clever 'River Picnic,' which hangs close to Mr. Clausen's 'L'Angelus' effect, 'Allotment Gardens,' in the second room. He has made good use of eighteenth-century costumes, and has struggled hard to attune the difficult blues introduced into the work. The prone figure of the swain in the foreground shows great skill in figure-drawing, and the composition is decidedly happy.



Elsa, Daughter of James Stern, Esq. (p. 175).
By Luke Fildes, R.A.



Violet, Daughter of James Stern, Esq. (p. 175).
By Luke Fildes, R.A.

Against the riotous fury of audacious pigment Mr. Sargent has lodged a most dignified protest by the quartet of female portraits which he has sent to Burlington House this year. He at least has felt the responsibility of filling part of the space lately hallowed by the glorious canvases of Rembrandt. In a spirit of masterly restraint and reticence he has approached his ordeal. His control of a full orchestra of colour everybody knows, and it is only six years ago that the famous 'Lady Agnew' and 'Mrs. Hammersley' charmed visitors to the Academy and the New Gallery. It would now seem that he has been desirous of giving an object lesson in the calm gravity of colour. The amazing powers of introspectiveness of character always evident in his work seem enhanced by this more sombre mood. In the portrait of 'Miss Jane Evans,' one of the last of "The Eton Dames,"



The Wonders of the Shore (p. 179).
By W. H. Margetson.

there is a grand solemnity and a mellow strength holding the observer in thrall as he looks upon the intent face. The head of the sitter lies against the panelled background on which the names of famous Etonians are just suggested. 'Miss Octavia Hill' is another placid exercise, and might, like all Mr. Sargent's works, wear a title expressive of some particular phase of character. Alert benevolence is the spirit of the theme. The silvery hair, the clasped hands, the gentle eye, and smiling mouth are painted with consummate justness of brush-work. Here indeed is the veritable thought-reading of paint. What then shall be said of the *tour de force*, 'Lady Faudel Phillips'?

This is the legitimate successor to the 'Asher Wertheimer' of last year, in which there was so much subtle suggestion that the border line of caricature was shaved all along it. Again,



My Lady's Garden (p. 173). By J. Young Hunter.
From the picture purchased for the Nation under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest.

Mr. Sargent adroitly balances himself on this thin edge. The vivaciousness of the sitter is irresistible, and the aigrette in her hair seems to dance in sympathetic activity. Good-natured attention stares in the eyes, and the face is modelled with such a sensitive feeling for the varying planes that it is hard to believe that the canvas is a flat surface. The surprise that Mr. Sargent often provides to tickle the fastidious admirer of his methods is to be discovered in the painting of the pet dog in the lady's lap. This is a lesson for all time to painters desirous of learning how much and how little emphasis to place on the accessories of a picture. The 'Mrs. Charles Hunter' in the first room shows Mr. Sargent in a fuller panoply of colour, but still not so far removed from the portraits mentioned as the 'Miss Leiter' of last year. If the suggestion in each case be permissible, one would say that he had Rembrandt in his mind when working upon the first three portraits described, and that in the 'Mrs. Charles Hunter' he was not unmindful of the 'Chapeau de Paille' by Rubens in the National Gallery.

The mention of these great names is a reminder that, literally speaking, an old master still lives amongst us, and, happily for the national renown, still follows his wondrous art. When many pictures are forgotten, which have been seen this year, memory will recall those which Mr. Watts has sent to the New Gallery and the Royal Academy this spring. If they attested naught else save the continued capacity to paint in an artist over eighty years of age, they would be remarkable; but they do far more. Mr. Watts' portrait of Mr. Gerald Balfour (p. 180) is not only the product of mellow strength, but is a manifestation of the rejuvenescence of genius. Search shall be made through that gallery of national portraits, which it is an Englishman's pride now to possess, through the great painter's munificence, and no more penetrating presentment than this portrait of a statesman shall be found. He who passes from the central room to the fourth gallery, should linger for long before this unobtrusive canvas, perfect in its calm strength. The light beats upon the high forehead, and glints against the silvery locks as they sweep past the ear. Beyond, the head is



Off Valparaiso (p. 182). By Thos. Somerscales.
From the picture purchased by the Nation under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest.



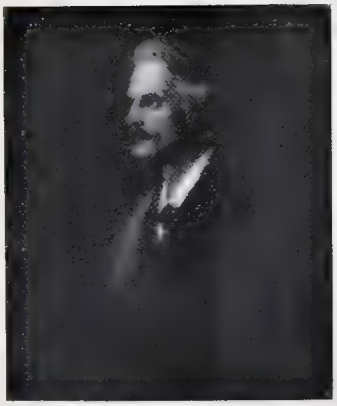
Crabbed Age and Youth (p. 151).
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

By permission of Thos. McLean, Esq., the Owner of the Copyright.



Wandering Musicians (p. 175).
By Walter Langley.

in shadow, sending into fine relief the intellectual profile. The left eye gleams as if one would say—here is the soul of the man. Note, too, the strenuous chin, the lean and osseous throat, and the subtle painting of the firm jaw and cheek. By an utterly diverse technique from Mr. Sargent's, he arrives at the same unerring goal. This is a portrait one would like to see hanging next to Mr. Watts' famous 'Thomas Carlyle.' It forms a natural pendant to it. Let the pessimist who denounces the Academy and all its works, allow himself to be led into Burlington House, and placed in front of this work of genius. Then let him be led out again, if he so will, but let him rejoice. For those who remain, there are still pictures worth the seeing.



Thos. Walker.
The Right Hon. Gerald Balfour, M.P. (p. 178).
By G. F. Watts, R.A.

Mr. Shannon has in every way fortified his position by his work this year. He has developed his penchant for treating portraiture as a decoration. He does not peer behind the surface of a subject with that inquisitive insight of Mr. Sargent, but, with many a delicate touch, reproduces feminine graces in their settings of soft textures and all the wondrous appurtenances of tasteful apparel. Mr. Herkomer would



The Scots Greys among the French Guns at Waterloo (p. 184).
By Robert Hillingford.

By permission of Messrs. Landeker and Brown, Publishers of the large plate.



Approaching Night (p. 168). By H. W. B. Davis, R.A.
From the picture purchased for the Nation under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest.

probably choose to be judged this year by his 'Prince Luitpold,' which has a prominent position in the great room. Here, too, is Mr. Orchardson's 'Earl of Crawford,' a work that would certainly find a place in any collection of representative portraits of the century. The same artist's 'Edmund Davis' is a very forceful study of a Napoleonic face, and there is much evidence of convincing realization in the strongly painted canvas. It is an amiable and excusable form of enthusiasm to offer suggestions to the Council of the Royal Academy. At the certain risk, however, of the idea being rejected, one might suggest that some future Winter Exhibition at Burlington House should be composed of a selection of the best exercises in portraiture which have been seen on the Academy walls during the present reign. Opposite Mr. Orchardson's picture hangs Mr. Jack's spirited study, 'Miss Evelyn Millard as Lady Ursula'; and other portraits which merit mention in this article are:—

Mr. Briton Riviere's 'Lady Tennyson,' Mr. Waterhouse's 'Miss Molly Rickman,' Mr. Gregory's 'Portrait of a Lady,' Mr. Frank Dicksee's 'Gladys,' Mr. Cope's 'Lord Bishop of Exeter,' Mr. Stuart Wortley's 'Mrs. Arthur Tree,' Hon. John Collier's 'Bishop of Calcutta,' Mr. Goodall's 'Mr. Gladstone,' Mr. Spencer Watson's 'Miss Yool,' the only exhibit of this promising young artist, as room could not be found for his fine composition 'The Judgment of Paris'; Mr. Alma Tadema's highly-finished 'Mrs. Marcus Stone,' in Gallery IX.; Mr. James Charles' 'Mrs. Alfred Illingworth,' and Mr. Ellis Roberts' 'Lady Beatrice Pretyman and her Boy.'

Those who expected to see Mr. Abbey's large dramatic scene of 'The Trial of Queen Katherine,' will have to possess their souls in patience until another year. His



Love, the Conqueror (p. 175). By Byam Shaw.
By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell, 160, New Bond Street, by whom an engraving will be published.



"Joyance."—Statue.
Model for a bronze fountain (p. 181).
By W. Goscombe John, A.R.A.

'O Mistress Mine, Whither are You Going?' will, however, cause many visitors to pass straight from the second to the fourth gallery, in which it is to be seen. His smaller composition, 'Who is Sylvia?' breathes the spirit of Shakespere's song. The commending swains, in attitudes of praise and devotion, attend their Queen of Beauty as she descends the stairs of some romantic hall.

Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, again endeavours to justify his unique agnomen by an ambitious essay in flowered landscape of undeniable individuality of treatment.

For some years Mr. Thomas Somerscales has given himself up to the study of the sea, and, like Mr. Hemy, has lived and worked on the waters to perfect himself in his art. He is attracted by the rich blues of the deep ocean, and his pictures are generally pitched in this full key. 'Off Valparaiso' (p. 178), with the sailing ship in full sheets, and the boat in the foreground, is a capital example of his powers, and its purchase by the Chantrey committee will come as a fitting reward for much patient and accomplished labour. Another work which is worthily illustrated in this article is Mr. C. Haigh-Wood's clever piece of eighteenth-century genre, 'Taken by Storm,' reproduced on this page.

It is now incumbent to draw the threads together and to bring these considerations on the present exhibition to a conclusion. Many additions can be made to the canvases already described, and only the exigencies of space prevent detailed



St. George.—Statuette (p. 181).
By G. J. Frampton, A.R.A.



Taken by Storm (p. 182). *By C. Haigh-Wood.*
By permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, owners of the Copyright, who will shortly issue a large plate.

notices. In this category should be placed such selections as Mr. Wehrschmidt's 'Down Among the Dead Men'; Herr Thaulow's clever scene of mills and sheds on a river bank, 'Smoke'; Mr. Walter Urwick's portrait study in the second room; Mr. Rolshoven's 'Madame Koch and Children'; Mr. Arthur Nowell's ambitious 'Perseus and Andromeda'; Mr. Richardson's fresh sea-piece, 'In for the Morning Market'; Mr. Edward Head's tender 'Evening'; Mr. Cotman's 'Winter Sunrise'; Mr. Arnesby Brown's 'The Marsh Farm'; Mr. José Weiss' series of landscapes, especially 'Wild Surrey'; Mr. Millet's clever detailed study, 'The Travelled Man'; Mr. Arthur Lemon's 'A Moment's Rest'; Mr. Fred Stead's 'Waiting for a Bite'; Mr. Hal Hurst's curious allegory, 'Though Thy Sins be Scarlet'; Mr. W. Titcomb's Newlyn exercise, 'A Mariner's Sunday School'; Mr. H. S. Tuke's capital picture of nude figures in sunlight, 'The Diver'; Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove's versatile landscapes; and Mr. Charles Sims' colour fantasy, 'The Kingdom of Heaven.' Mr. Alfred Parsons exhibits a marvellous sky effect in 'The Village by the Links,' and Mr. David Farquharson's 'Romantic Ground' is a poetical rendering of an attractive scene. Then there are Señor Gonzalo Bilbao's impressive Cathedral scene, 'Dance of the Choristers, Seville'; Mr. Joseph Farquharson's joyous landscape, 'When the Yellow Sun Declines'; Mr. Nettleship's boa and peacock study, 'Resistless'; Mr. Skipworth's 'An Early Rehearsal'; Mr. Ridley Corbet's 'The Dead Knight'; Mr. Aumonier's 'Sheepwashing,' one of the most restful landscapes in the exhibition; Mr. Ablett's small study, 'Walberswick'; Mr. Mark Fisher's 'Old Lime-Kiln'; Mr. Robert Noble's 'The Sere and Yellow'; Miss Hilda Montalba's effective seascape, 'Moonlight'; Hon. John Collier's 'Garden of Armida';



Sir William Agnew, Bart.—Marble bust (p. 184).
By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.



"The Triumph of the Hour."—A shield with pictures in enamel (p. 184).
By Prof. H. Herkomer, R.A.

and Miss Henrietta Rae's well-composed 'Diana and Callisto,' which hangs opposite to Mr. Byam Shaw's *magnum opus*. Mr. R. W. Allan's 'Market Day at Moret' is painted with a ripe knowledge of the sea. Mr. Coutts Michie is not so favourably treated as at the New Gallery, but his 'Farm Pool' in the last room is a delightful transcript.

One of the illustrations on page 180 is from the picture by Mr. Robert Hillingford, 'Amongst the Guns at Waterloo,' and represents the Scots Greys dashing in amongst the French batteries. This spirited picture is to be published in an important size by Messrs. Landeker and Brown.

A remarkable feature of the year is the unwonted number of lady artists' work in the exhibition, and it is no secret that the miniature section would have assumed astonishing proportions, if all the competitors for the favours of the Hanging Committee had succeeded. A case of work of much daintiness of execution is sent by Mrs. Emslie, and other excellent miniatures are contributed by Mr. Alyn Williams, Mr. Scott Barber, Miss Millard, and Miss Mabel Hankey.



"Peace."—Statuette, bronze and iron (p. 184).
By H.S.H. The Countess F. Gleichen.

The rooms devoted to sculpture this year contain an unusual number of meritorious examples of a craft which does not meet with the encouragement in this country that it deserves. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's colossal tribute to the dominating individuality of Cromwell seems to command the entrance, and is in every way a fitting representation of the subject, although one wonders what kind of allegorical essay Rodin would evolve. Mr. Herkomer's shield, with pictures in enamel, illustrating 'The Triumph of the Hour' (p. 183), is an accomplishment which more than ever displays this artist's versatility. Surmounting the shield is the title "Divine Law," and at the base is the legend, "The old shall ever ring in the new." Mr. Onslow Ford's bust of 'Her Majesty The Queen' is a very effective piece of work, and so also is the representation of a well-known patron of art, 'Sir William Agnew' (p. 183), in which the characteristics of the sitter are convincingly suggested. It is a matter for regret that Mr. Swan has not found time to complete a picture for the present Academy. Two small studies in sculpture can be seen, however, and it is doubtful whether any modeller in Europe could equal the power displayed in the sleuth-like 'Leopard Running' (p. 184). Mr. Frampton's well-known gifts of decorative sculpture have tempted him to produce a statuette of 'St. George' (p. 182). This is, in every way, an achievement of great merit. Opportunely comes Countess Gleichen's beautiful realization of 'Peace' (p. 184). The figure of the knight holding an olive branch, is set well against his peaceful banner, and shows great refinement of modelling. Mr. Goscombe John's first work since his Academic honours, 'Joyance' (p. 182), is a particularly well-balanced statue of a laughing boy, and those who look for work of promise will find much to admire in Mr. Gilbert Bayes' strenuous group, 'The Sirens of the Ford.' Lastly, Mr. W. R. Colton's spirited bronze statue, 'The Girdle,' which is the final exhibit in the catalogue, has been purchased for the Nation under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest.

A. C. R. CARTER



Leopard Running—bronze (p. 184).
By John M. Swan, A.R.A.



THE DANCE.



By permission of Chas. T. Harris, Esq.

THE NEW GALLERY SUMMER EXHIBITION, 1899.



1899.

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"Trees, old and young, sprouting a shady boon for simple sheep" (Keats' "Endymion").

By Edward Stott.

By permission of Chas. T. Harris, Esq.

THE NEW GALLERY SUMMER EXHIBITION, 1899.

WEARY with his patient wanderings through the Academy, the amiable pilgrim of art turns to the New Gallery, where the pictures are fewer and where there is no such Alpine climbing for the eye as at Burlington House. Here again it is necessary to look for interesting or pleasing work, else, more than ever do Virgil's lines apply:—"Habes tota quod mente petisti—Infelix." This was the legend that Burne-Jones applied to his lovely conception, 'The Depths of the Sea,' in which is seen the fair siren dragging down the shapely mariner to her sea bower, there to find him dead. A few weeks ago and the walls gleamed with the master's work. Now we know his brush is still, and it might seem that the glory of the New Gallery had departed. "The man who overtopped us all," in Mr. Watts' panegyric, is gone, yet there will be few who will not recognize in Mr. Watts' three works a laudable endeavour to prove that there are still some compensations left.

Not for many years has one of the greatest painters of the century been exemplified to better advantage. His portrait of Mr. Gerald Balfour in the Academy has already been described. At the New Gallery he exhibits not only his power of putting on canvas a search-light glimpse of character, but his unique gifts of mysticism and symbolism. The portrait of Lord Roberts gives us the soldier and the man with unerring insight. What other painter could so certainly have probed the heart of his theme? The pale blue eyes with their fearless gleam light up the picture and shine forth from the darkened scheme. In the place once held by the tragic 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' there hangs 'Peace and Goodwill,' one of those tender mystical truths which his art has always cherished. In an attitude of ecstatic maternity the symbolic figure of 'Universal Love' cossets her babe on her benevolent lap. She is clad in a gorgeous cloak of gold, and the sleeves and lower robe are of intermingling reds and purples. Her head is thrown back against the soft blue twilight, the upper part of the face being in this tender shade. The robust babe in happy innocency crows against her bosom, and fulfils the idea of this Peaceful Nativity. This is a picture that compels a reverence, a sympathy, and an awe, strangely out of keeping with these material times. It is as if some prophet made a sign. The third canvas, 'Dedication' (which is reproduced here), surely conveys a lesson that cannot be thrown away, even if it be far above the intelligence of the thoughtless votaries of fashion. With all the righteous indignation at his command, Mr.

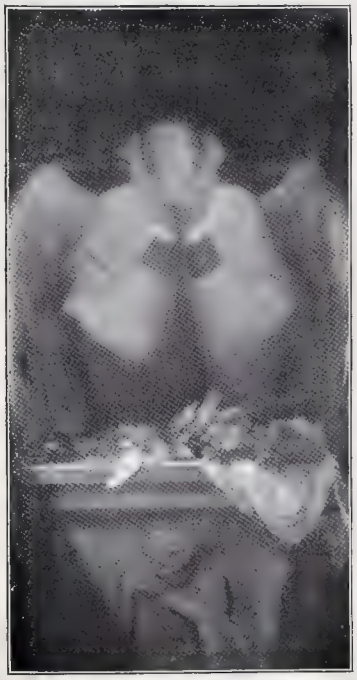


Photo Hollyer.

Dedication.

By G. F. Watts, R.A.

Watts has sought to translate into the language of paint his denunciation of those who are indirectly responsible for the wholesale slaughter of wild birds for the sake of their plumage. In any other hands the subject would smack of hyperbole. An angelic figure stoops over an altar, decked with the feathered dead, in an attitude of grief. Her face is covered with her hands, and the red bands about the wrists set off the dull gold of her hair. Behind her the red setting sun makes a solemn aureole. All through the canvas is evidence of the painter's majestic colouring, and if the lesson be lost after all, there is still left another example of Mr. Watts' genius.

Mr. Holman Hunt's 'The Miracle of Sacred Fire in the Church of the Sepulchre, Jerusalem,' is an astonishing display of endurance, and will mightily tickle the palate of a public bent upon counting the number of objects it is possible for a single canvas to hold. One wonders what Mr. Hunt would have done with such a subject as the Jubilee ceremony. Surely the result would have been a miracle of connotation. As it is, the New Gallery picture is the undoubted forerunner of colour photography, and, compared with it, Mr. Byam Shaw's prodigal Academy canvas is only a very small directory.



Mrs. George Lewis and her daughter Elizabeth.
By L. Alma Tadema, R.A.

From this overwhelming and particularized mass of colour, the eye lights restfully upon Mr. Edward Stott's idyllic pastoral, 'Trees, old and young, sprouting a shady boon for simple sheep,' which forms a headpiece to this article. This is another instance which shows how truly the Amberley painter feels the pulse of Nature. If Mr. Watts painted landscapes he would share Mr. Stott's vision. The simplest means are here, and the result is a simple poem. Tending her lazy sheep, a little shepherdess sits by a shady pool in which the blues and greens of the sky are reflected. Golden crowns of sunlight come through the overhanging trees and gild the nibbling flock. Beyond this symphony of colour, and past the gnarled roots of the shading canopy, the landscape melts away. If any seeker be in urgent need of a picture of the year, let him see this interpretation of one of Keats' most pregnant lines.

Mr. Edward Stott's second exhibit, somewhat inharmoniously hung adjacent to Mr. Shannon's 'Magnolia,' is perhaps his most advanced exercise, so far, in luminosity of colour. 'Washing Day' (p. 188) sounds prosaic enough, and in this connexion it is curious that both Mr. Clausen and Mr. Stott, who have the poetical vision, should as a rule choose commonplace titles for their themes; the adaptation of Keats' line, in the case of the picture already described, being quite exceptional. In this small work Mr. Stott has noted the beautiful effect of prismatic colour produced by sunlight streaming through wet sheets as they flap in the wind. The problem is one to make many a painter hesitate, and before such a picture can "come off" there must be numberless studies and an infinity of labour. All this arduous effort is concealed in the suffused glow of colour before us.

Mr. Alma Tadema has so long been associated with the successes of the New Gallery's annual displays that any casual defection would come to many as a keen disappointment. Yet anyone disposed to hurry through the present exhibition will overlook the tiny canvas, 'Mrs. George Lewis and her daughter Elizabeth,' just as the same person will miss the delicate exercise in portraiture, 'Mrs. Marcus Stone,' to be seen in the cabinet room at the Royal Academy. These tenderly coloured portrait studies have been frequently essayed by Mr. Alma Tadema, and have always been held up as examples of subtle grouping and decorative treatment. The painter has evidently found his present task eminently inspiring. It comes unconsciously as a contrast to Mr. Watts' broader theme, 'Peace and Goodwill.' The mother and child in Mr. Tadema's work make a particular illustration of that bliss which is noted in its universality in Mr. Watts' grandiose theme. Those who look for the finesse of miniature execution will find much to admire in this small masterpiece, which is reproduced here. The face of the babe is painted and modelled with the surest skill, and one would have to go to the Dutch Room in the National Gallery to find painting realistic enough to equal that of the wicker-chair in which the crowing child is perched. A similar charm may be noticed in Mrs. Alma Tadema's 'Great Reward,' of which the complement hangs in the small room at Burlington House. Miss Alma Tadema's contribution to the New Gallery this year is a water-colour entitled 'The Closing Door.' This is a subdued scheme in gray, and depicts some

anxious-faced woman starting to her feet as the door closes upon her loneliness.

A piece of equal good fortune permits a reproduction on this page of Mr. Sargent's single portrait of a man this year. He, too, like Mr. Watts, has painted a soldier, and his 'Colonel Ian Hamilton' is eloquent of his theme. The tense face in profile is thrown back so that the light flashes past the temple. The pose is essentially dramatic, and the picture might be labelled 'Imperialism.' Hot reds are splashed upon the muscular jaw and throat, and the chin shoots out in challenging disdain. The open cloak reveals the medalled chest, and the sinewy hands—right over left—that clutch the sword hilt, are even more suggestive of the man than the almost anatomical neck. This is one of the most convincing essays in characterization which Mr. Sargent has yet produced, and Sir George Reid's sympathetic treatment of 'The Rev. Alexander MacLaren,' in its scholarly introspectiveness, is an effective foil. The days of cheap symbolism in portraiture are certainly gone when such painters as Mr. Sargent and Sir George Reid can so thoroughly dissect the characters of their sitters.



Colonel Ian Hamilton.
By John S. Sargent, R.A.

Rarely has Mr. J. J. Shannon been better represented than by his three fine works this year at the New Gallery. Occasion has already been taken to comment on his methods of decorative treatment, by which he succeeds in enhancing the grace or beauty of his subject. 'Lady Henry Bentinck,' and 'Mrs. Senior,' are portraits in which effective settings are cleverly used; but perhaps the 'Magnolia' illustrates this even more. Like some Ophelia, the naïve girl descends a stair carpeted with buff and pale purple. A pink chaplet binds her yellow hair, and a deep blue robe is thrown over the gray and jewelled dress. The arras background is an elaborate decoration of green slashed with a deep-blue portcullis, sending into fine relief the simple face of the maiden. In this portrait fancy Mr. Shannon makes a great advance, and it is decidedly a picture to be remembered.

Mr. Alfred East, too, shows that his hard-earned honours have by no means been conferred too soon. His 'Land that Shakespeare loved,' reproduced at the end of this article, is in harmonious juxtaposition to Mr. Shannon's 'Lady Henry Bentinck,' and notwithstanding his landscapes in the Academy, is the most important of his works this year. It is obviously a tribute to the influence of Corot, and is painted in a subdued key quite in keeping with his exemplar's manner. A tender gloom is on the foreground, beneath the shapely trees that stretch and fade away against a sky of almost pure monochrome. Beyond the river, a saffron and blue bank makes the horizon, and anon this gay line is broken by the woodland on the left of the picture. The canvas is never out of tune and breathes a sensitive charm and delicacy of calm delight.

Mr. Robert Brough's dashing equestrian portrait, 'Phil Fleming,' is a work of great promise in which, however, an imitation of Mr. Sargent's *bravura* is too insistent. Another young painter, Mr. Spencer Watson, sends two canvases which show that the influence of Millais still remains. The 'Mother and Child' is painted in a full key. The figures are well realized and the painting of the woman's shoulders is excellent. A prominent place is also given to Mr. Austen Brown's remarkable 'In a Calf's Shed,' full of warm colour and quite the best work yet painted by this member of the Scottish Academy, and the picture, which goes into Mr. McCulloch's possession, merits a place in such a fine collection. Mr. Coutts Michie's 'Fleeting Shadows in Autumn' has a place of honour above Mr. Watts' 'Lord Roberts.' It is an effective transcript, and the line of black crows on the rails in the foreground is well introduced. The atmosphere, with its varying lights, is dexterously managed, and the picture forms one of the most pleasing landscapes in the exhibition. Mr. Arnold Priestman, Mr. Pickering, Mr. Arthur Tomson, Mr. J. S. Hill, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Ryle, and Mr. Parsons also send works worthy of their reputation.



Washing Day.
By Edward Stott.
By permission of Edmund Davis, Esq.

Both Mr. Tuke and Mr. Ralph Peacock are better represented at the Academy. 'A Dream of Italy,' by Mrs. Swynnerton, is a very ambitious composition, and if somewhat dry and incisive, attains a measure of success that, with due deference, perhaps no other woman artist could secure.

There is a fine feeling for sunlight in Mr. James Charles' 'Evening'; and Mr. George Wetherbee's 'Caught,' if savouring somewhat of instantaneous photography in the attitude of his racing sirens, is a decorative seascape of good quality. In the same room Mr. Harold Speed's 'At the Fall of the Leaf' is a delicate study of the nude, and note should also be taken of Mr. Hallé's 'Violets,' and Mr. Glazebrook's portrait of 'Anthony Hope Hawkins.' Mr. Hallé in his other works, and Mr. Strudwick, endeavour to continue the Burne-Jones tradition, and the chief feature of Mr. Southall's romantic fancy of 'Beauty receiving the White Rose,' is a wonderful cat which wears its hair like some mediæval charger in trappings. The spirit of martial enthusiasm so evident at the Royal Academy this year is not reflected at the New Gallery, although space has been found for a Waterloo subject and for a non-combatant in the shape of a war correspondent. Mr. Beadle's 'Dawn of Waterloo' is an attempt to treat the drizzly dawn of that historic day. The Hon. John Collier's portrait of Mr. G. W. Steevens, under the descriptive title of 'With Kitchener to Khartoum,' is a carefully painted canvas, although the artist has not avoided a sense of self-consciousness in the pose of his sitter. In a year not remarkable for numerous examples of portraits of children, it is pleasing to see such a winsome study of the lusty cherub by Mr. Percy Bigland, 'My Three-Year Old.' Mr. Collier Smithers' 'All Hallows' E'en,' rather hidden away in a corner of the West Room, with its Scots lassie braving a dip in the fairy pool, is a more reticent picture than usual from this artist's brush, but shows some fulfilment of early promise. A Calvados custom has inspired Mr. W. J. Hennessey to paint 'Le Feu de Joie,' which is to be seen in the first room. An otherwise clever picture is marred by a certain looseness of grouping the figures which stretch across the work. As at the Academy, Mr. Herbert Draper has endeavoured to prove that he is not a painter to be confined in a single groove. 'For St. Dorothea's Day' is really an elaborate flower-study, with still-life accessories and a carefully painted figure of a nun—a picture very different from those mythological sea-and-sirens themes associated with his name. As usual, the sculpture at the New Gallery is arranged as an effective decoration, and much interest is attached to Mr. Pomeroy's small study of his larger work of Mr. Gladstone in his robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer.



The Land that Shakespeare loved.
By Alfred East, A.R.A.

EXHIBITIONS.

MESSRS. COLNAGHI collected at their gallery some of Mr. D. Y. Cameron's pictures, etchings, and drawings. The New Scottish School is known in England only by the occasional appearance of pictures at the Grafton, International, and other galleries. Although Mr. Cameron's etchings have been often shown, I do not remember any previous one-man show of his oil-paintings in London. The collection at Messrs. Colnaghi's fully justified Mr. Cameron's reputation as a painter of breadth and style. He is more grand than accurate in conception, and the magnificent manner of his canvases fits them for the society of pictures by such great men as Rousseau, Corot, Courbet, and Millet. But one might find him shallow in such company; he lacks those men's knowledge of nature; he treats the features of landscape and man somewhat largely and summarily as elements of a decorative scheme. The dignity of his work commands instant respect, gives tone to surroundings, and acts upon you with something of the effect of noble oratory or great rhetoric. Conventionality, however, is more apparent in it than in the true intimate poetry of nature given us by such a man as Corot. 'The Avenue' is one of Mr. Cameron's most stately landscapes with figures; 'Braxfield,' 'The Bridge,' and 'Woodland Mirror,' are other specimens of that kind of art. Amongst figure pictures 'The Bride' (reproduced here), 'The Dreamer,' 'Master Willie,' and 'Robert Meldrum, Esq.,' show the painter to most advantage. Mr. Cameron's modelling of a face is broadly suited to his grand manner without being very subtle or intimate in its rendering of refinements of shape. I should think his relation to nature is rather that of the eighteenth century English painters than that of Velasquez, Rembrandt, or the modern men of the French school, Carolus Duran, Sargent, Bonnat, Manet, and the rest.



The Bride.
By D. Y. Cameron.

It is unnecessary to criticise the shortcoming of those who practise a kind of painting more or less naturalistic; it is better to turn to work avowedly decorative or mannered. The New English Art Club always shows plenty of Art based on formula rather than on observation. Mr. Tonks, Mr. Lindner, Mr. Rothenstein, Mr Muirhead, Mr. Muhrmann, Mr. Graham Robertson may be mentioned as given to mannerism in this year's show. Of their works, Mr. H. Muhrmann's 'Clouds' and Mr. Muirhead's 'Autumn' were, perhaps, the most harmonious in arrangement. My own taste led me to prefer works with a more decided flavour of nature in them, such as Mr. Mark Fisher's 'Swineherd,' Mr. Brabazon's 'Flowers,' and Professor Von Menzel's two or three drawings. Mr. Fisher's picture was pushed further than any other exhibit in the direction of good landscape structure. His colour appeared, perhaps, a little dull and dirty, although true in value; probably, he had looked too closely at nature to perceive a general harmony of colour. Even on the greyest day or evening, before one begins to work and to estimate the values of separate patches, one's mind is conscious of a large but subtle contrast of colour between two or three great prevailing elements of effect.



Buttercup Bloom.
By permission of H. Velten, Esq., the owner of the Copyright. *By Bertram Priestman.*

These may be only the ground and the sky gradated together at the horizon, yet between them a chord is struck which should not be forgotten during closer study of the landscape. Mr. Steer's figure pictures, 'Aminta' and 'Carmina,' were more graceful and more engaging than his landscapes. Amongst others whose works attracted our notice, we may mention Mr. F. N. Shepard, Mr. J. H. V. Fisher, Mr. Bellingham Smith, Mr. H. Carter, Mr. W. H. Bell, Mr. M. Bauer, and Mr. F. Bate. We reproduce on this page Mr. Bertram Priestman's 'Buttercup Bloom.'

The Goupil Galleries contained during April fifteen or sixteen oil pictures by Mr. Fritz Thaulow, a painter whose treatment of snow and water has been much admired at the New Salon, Paris. His technique is clever and powerful rather than beautiful in itself. It serves his purpose, however, and that seems the first object of technique in the eyes of a lover of nature. His colour and his brushwork are by no means ugly or clumsy, but they are not decorative in themselves. Indeed, he seems too much interested in the general aspect of his scene, in the values that local tints take from their place in his composition, and their relation to his effect of light, to care much for small refinements or to pursue style as his first object. The men of the New English Art Club might give a thought to his work with advantage to themselves. What beauties they work for are certainly not those that come from study and appreciation of nature.

Messrs. Agnew held a large exhibition of mezzotints after Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, and one or two others. The collection comprised many rare and many beautiful prints. The beauty of the compositions and the style of the workmanship were, of course, purely eighteenth century in character—that is to say, more elegant than grand, more graceful than serious or thorough. Such, however, is the peculiar charm of this art that these mezzotints were able to fascinate one, even when closely hung for the purpose of exhibition.

R. A. M. STEVENSON

GOSSIP FROM THE SALE-ROOMS.

THE Miéville sale at Christie's, on April 29th, was one of the most interesting which has taken place for some time. Mr. Miéville was either a man of exceptional judgment and taste, or his advisers were such. The collection yielded several times the original outlay. It does not require great imagination to see this conclusion, as two pictures alone, Romney, and the so-called Opie (a Hoppner of the first quality, as a matter of fact), realised 3,130 gs., as against their cost price of 248 gs. A few did not much exceed, and others fell somewhat short of, the amounts originally paid; but these instances were not numerous, and do not affect the main point. The prices paid for the four Troyons were exceptionally high, and the 'Dairy Farm,' with its 6,400 gs., was a record one, so far as English auctions go. From the pedigrees attached to most of the pictures, it will be seen that Mr. Miéville formed the greater portion of the collection thirty years ago, when the works of the minor Dutch artists, and portraits by the early English school, were not much in favour with collectors generally. The small prices which were paid look ridiculous by the side of those realised; and the total of £41,751 for 101 lots, works out at a highly satisfactory average.

In spite of those who have been for several years past decrying the prevailing popularity of engravings printed in colours, prices continue to advance every season, when examples are fine and rare. The complete set of 'The Cries of London,' after F. Wheatley's pictures, sold at Christie's on April 19th for 610 gs., is a case in point, for that amount is about three times the previous "record." But the set was an exceptionally fine one, and it was more than "complete," for it included a duplicate of the very scarce extra plate of 'Hot Spiced Gingerbread,' by Vendramini, with additional figure and different background. These delightful mementoes of Old London were printed in comparatively large numbers and sold at about a guinea each; many of them were clipped to fit into frames which happened to want fresh pictures; a few, sets and single issues, were religiously preserved in portfolios—to the joy and considerable profit of the descendants of the original

owners. The above "record" set was purchased by Messrs. A. B. Daniell and Sons, who have courteously allowed us to reproduce the extra plate of 'Hot Spiced Gingerbread.'

The artistic decoration of pianofortes and earlier musical instruments is one which has ever been popular, the greatest of all artists in this respect being the most recent, Sir Edward Burne-Jones. An early instance of this kind of artistic treatment appeared, with peculiar appropriateness, in the late Mr. H. F. Broadwood's sale — Mr. Broadwood was a member of the well-known firm of piano makers — when a picture which was originally the lid of a spinet, came up for sale and realised the very high price of 2,450 gs. The work is ascribed in the sale catalogue to N. Lancret, but it was much more likely to have been done by Fragonard (who died in 1806); it represents a fête at which Louis "le bien-aimé" and a Madame Camage danced on the terrace at Versailles, the company being attired as Greeks, Romans, Medes, and Persians.



"Hot Spiced Gingerbread, Smoking Hot." By F. Wheatley, R.A. From an Engraving by Vendramini from "Cries of London."

By permission of Messrs. A. B. Daniell & Sons.

When 114 gs. are paid—as was done recently at Messrs. Foster's—for a set of three Chelsea two-handled vases, each 6 inches high, and all three broken, it looks very much as if there was going to be a "boom" in these dainty articles, and in old English porcelain generally. This is borne out by other sales, at Christie's (and elsewhere), this season. An old Worcester hexagonal-shaped vase and cover, 13½ inches high, realised £215 on April 27; and on another occasion a Worcester mug was knocked down at £72. A pair of Longton Hall beakers, with shaped panels of exotic birds, 9 inches high, and a smaller pair *en suite* together realised, on April 14, 140 gs.

An article in the new *Quarterly* will probably result in old oak furniture being asked for, and give a little impetus to trade in Wardour Street but old oak has had its day. Beautiful as are some old examples which one comes across in old country houses and museums, we think, if there is to be a distinct revival at all, mahogany will have the first start, if, indeed, it has not already "come in." Some interesting "bits" of old English and other furniture have come up for sale quite lately in London and elsewhere. At Christie's, a Carlton House Library table, of mahogany with inlaid satin-wood borders, brought £40; an Italian upright cabinet, of chestnut-wood, 145 gs.; and a Louis XVI. mahogany cabinet, of rectangular form, 210 gs. It is, however, at "sales on the premises" in old country houses that one looks for old English furniture. Such a sale, for instance, as that held by Eiolart and Co., of Folkestone, at the old ManorHouse, Hythe. There were some beautiful articles of furniture in this house, and the sums at which they were sold indicate that some collectors have secured "bargains." But the prices are probably higher than the things would have fetched a few years ago. A Sheraton wardrobe of Spanish mahogany was cheap at £37; another, just double the size (8 feet wide), brought £45; a Hepplewhite table, in ebony, with wave-carved moulding, £27; an Adam pattern Carlton escritoire, delicately inlaid in satin and green woods, 17 gs—Sir Edward Sassoon was the purchaser of this and other articles; two renaissance carved-oak hall chairs, £19; and a Hepplewhite settee, carved with the celebrated wheat-ear pattern, £30.

W. ROBERTS.

ARTISTIC BOOKS.

THE illustrated work upon which M. Eugène Muntz has been long engaged, entitled "LEONARDO DA VINCI, ARTIST, THINKER, AND MAN OF SCIENCE (Heinemann), has recently been brought to a successful conclusion. We are unable in these pages to do more than indicate the great importance of these two heavily illustrated volumes, containing no less than 48 plates and 250 smaller illustrations. The story of the 'Mona Lisa,' the 'Virgin of the Rocks,' and the 'S. Anne,' are set forth in full detail. The illustrations are produced with clearness and printed with effect, and no student of Leonardo can afford to be without this engrossing publication. The questions raised by the author and discussed with much acuteness by him, are probably never to be set at rest, and while we cannot always agree with M. Muntz' conclusions, we must admire the delightful enthusiasm with which he treats some of the most difficult artistic questions yet unsolved.



Mona Lisa.
By Leonardo da Vinci (Heinemann).

Miss Rose G. Kingsley's "HISTORY OF FRENCH ART, 1100—1899" (Longmans), successfully aims at bringing together in one volume the chief characteristics of our gifted neighbours. One half of the work deals with the artists of the present century, and neither in French nor in English do we know any publication wherein is contained so lengthy and so luminous an account of Modern French Art. Miss Kingsley is specially well-acquainted with the Barbizon men, the Impressionists, and the Sculptors, and as these groups are by far the most interesting, her book gains greatly by the arrangement. The lists of examples of the artists' works, and of the collections wherein they are contained, might have been fuller and brought more up to the present moment, but on the whole the volume is one which will bring the writer much well-earned reputation. We shall look forward with interest to the still further development of her skill in arrangement, and of her taste in writing.

At the Goupil Galleries, Regent Street, a recent exhibition has provided material for an ingeniously arranged and well-printed illustrated catalogue. The publication reflects much credit on Mr. W. S. Marchant, under whose care the collection was brought together.



"Three Sheets in the Wind."

"It's simply hum'l'at'ng. To be blanketed with flying newspapers at the very moment you thought you might renew your acquaintance with those jolly girls you met at the ball! Blow these March winds!!"

By permission of the proprietors of "Punch." *From a Drawing by Arthur Hopkins.*

ARTHUR HOPKINS, R.W.S.



Mr. Arthur Hopkins

"ARTHUR HOPKINS, R.W.S., contributor to *Punch*, *Graphic*, and the *Illustrated London News*; b. London, 1848; 3rd son of Manley Hopkins, Haslemere; m. Rebecca, d. of late Daniel S. Bockett, 1873; educ. Lancing College. A few years in a City office; abandoned it for career of artist; exhibitor at R.A., and most other Art Exhibitions. Recreations: Tennis, billiards, cricket, golf. Address: Hurstleigh, Arkwright Road, Hampstead, N.W. Clubs: Arts, St. John's Wood; Society of Artists." Such is the information given in that useful annual, "Who's Who." Perhaps the readers of THE ART JOURNAL may care to be acquainted with a few further particulars concerning this capable, yet modest and unassuming, artist, and the writer is in a position to supply such information. It will be brief, however.

It was one of those days, too familiar to Londoners, on which a fog of no mean density enveloped the metropolis, when I called on Mr. Hopkins at his residence, after traversing London by means of the useful yet odious Underground Railway. It was a relief to reach the clearer air of Hampstead. My mission was not unknown to Mr.



"Hullo, old boy, getting on all right?"
"No; but thank goodness I got off all right."

From a Drawing by Arthur Hopkins.

By permission of the proprietors of "Punch"



LITERATURE—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

UNCLE BEN (who entertains a profound admiration for everything in connection with his niece): "One of the English Classics, I'll be bound—a capital practice, my dear, for an hour or two in the morning. What is it? Macaulay, Bacon——"

NIECE (with some reluctance): "Oh, well, it's 'How to treat a Husband on the Honeymoon.'"

From a Drawing by Arthur Hopkins.

By permission of the proprietors of "Punch."

Hopkins, and I was cordially received. We were soon enveloped in another and more pleasant type of fog, namely, that from choice cigarettes, seated by the fire in Mr. Hopkins's pleasant studio. The aspect within was far pleasanter than that without. A word about Mr. Hopkins's studio. At the time I understood it was his studio, but as the apartment was in so orderly a condition I have since questioned whether it really could have been an artist's studio, although it is true that it contained an easel on which was supported an unfinished water-colour, and around the walls of the room were hung several specimens of Mr. Hopkins's work. Mr. Hopkins is nothing if not versatile. There are comparatively few of our well-known black-and-white men who also paint, and Mr. Hopkins has been an exhibitor at the prominent exhibitions, including the Royal Academy and the Royal Water-Colour Society, for years. Mr. Hopkins is best known to the public, perhaps, through his *Punch* contributions, but he has also contributed largely to several of the other well-known illustrateds, including the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic*. He has also done a very considerable amount of book-illustration work. Amongst the stories he has illustrated were two for Thomas Hardy, two for the late Mr. James Pain, and others by Manville Fenn, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Henry Wood, Hawley Smart, etc. Mr. Hopkins was good enough to show me a folio containing a large number of pictures—cuttings from the illustrated Press—depicting all manner of phases of life, representing many hours of patient work. "But," said Mr. Hopkins, "I do very little of that class of work now." Subsequently, in answer to a question, Mr. Hopkins said:

"I will not disguise that I have quite decided to spend no more of my energies on the particular branch of black-and-white work that has monopolised so much of my time during the last twenty years: I mean that class of artistic hack work that I did for the *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, etc. I daresay it is not generally realised what a terrible strain that is. One receives a note or telegram suddenly, with instructions to go somewhere, in town or country, at a moment's notice—perhaps a Royal wedding, or a Drawing Room, a State ball, or goodness knows what, take it all in, make up your mind how you would treat it, sketch or commit to memory all sorts of details, and finally make a page or double-page drawing in a day or two. And one always had to remember that, however difficult, the drawing must be delivered sharp to time without fail. It was fearful work, and, after slaving all day long, one generally had to sit up half the night, and on more than one occasion the whole night. And I never once failed to hand to the messenger who called the drawing finished.

"But while I was doing this sort of work I always found time to do a certain amount of work in colour, both water-colour and oils. And during the eighteen years or so that I have been associated with the R.W.S. I have never missed exhibiting at a single show. My first oil picture was shown at the R.A. in 1877—a large picture, called 'The Plough.' And this was followed by 'The Apple Loft,' 'All Hands to the Capstan,' 'Signals of Distress'—representing an old pilot and his daughter peering out to sea, during a storm, from the rickety old balcony of their seaside cottage—which made rather a mark at the time, and other subjects, and by several



"SOCKER" ON THE BRAIN.

HARRY: "Smart sort that on the right-forward."
TOM (a devoted "footer"): "Right-forward? Oh, no good forward; but looks like making a fair 'Half-back.'"

By permission of the proprietors of "Punch." *From a Drawing by Arthur Hopkins.*

portraits. In later years I have exhibited there: 'The Empty Boat at Sea,' 'A Load of Lilac,' and 'The Sea Nymph's Frolic.' I have not painted in oil this year.

"With regard to black-and-white, I still enjoy making a facsimile drawing for *Punch* when I feel in the humour, and when I think I have a good subject to treat. And this is the only class of black-and-white work I shall do in the future.

"As a beginner at black-and-white I was originally largely influenced by the work of the late George du Maurier, who gave me much good advice, and who remained one of my greatest friends to the day of his death. I was also under the spell of the charm of G. J. Pinwell, A. Boyd Houghton (whose work was masterful in the extreme, but not known to the majority to-day), and Fred Walker. The latter I had the pleasure also of knowing personally. All these four men, but especially the latter, also influenced very much my early water-colour work. And my admiration in oil-painting was—and ever will be—Millais.



A Pencil Study by Arthur Hopkins.

"I think now I go my own way in water-colour work, and look at nothing but Nature. I try—as I think every honest worker should—to avoid all mannerisms, and to eschew every transient fashion which sways the art world, or is said to be doing so. Slipshod and affected methods or tastes will be swept away. Nature and the greatest of the old masters will always remain the tests. And so long as the artist sticks to the truth, and learns from Nature to be faithful and modest, he will always have his reward, though he may never be the fashion."

Mr. Hopkins has been kind enough to allow me the use, for reproduction in this journal, of several



WHY TAKE A CHILL?

"If your train is not heated by pipes, get plenty of foot-warmers, as Algy and Betty did. Sit on one, put your feet on another, a couple at your back, and one on your lap, and you'll get to your destination as they did—warm as muffins."

From a Drawing by Arthur Hopkins.

By permission of the proprietors of "Punch."

specimens of his black-and-white work, including some of his *Punch* drawings. I think they may be allowed to speak for themselves. It will be noticed that they are all done in the straight-line style favoured by *Punch*, which necessarily restricts the artist somewhat. I am also allowed to give on the previous page a choice pencil drawing—a head study.

In this age of specialists it is somewhat rare to meet a man of Mr. Hopkins's versatility. The walls of Mr. Hopkins's rooms constitute a charming picture gallery, and I had the pleasure of a private view. Oils, water-colours, black-and-white work, including pencil drawings, adorn the walls in charming array. Mr. Hopkins is evidently a man of taste and culture, but there was a distinct absence of anything cheap and tawdry, or the slightest sign of affectation. Geniality and frankness are this artist's characteristics. That he has a keen sense of humour his *Punch* pictures give ample evidence. Considering that so much of his time has been taken up working for the illustrated Press, I think it will be admitted that he has accomplished much; and now that he has decided to relinquish a great deal of his black-and-white work, it is very probable that he will be able to take a higher position in the world of art than his journalistic duties have hitherto enabled him to do. He occupies no mean position already. As a black-and-white artist he is, of course, in the front rank, but it is in the region of colour where his ambitions now lie. I, as his humble interviewer, sincerely trust that his ambitions will be realised.

J. A. REID.



"Here comes Sir Charles Thistledown and his newly-married wife. And yet people say he married beneath him!"

From a Drawing by Arthur Hopkins.

By permission of the proprietors of "Punch."



Bridge over the River near the Head of Strathfillan.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

THE SOURCE OF THE TAY.*

BY REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.SCOT.

CRIANLARICH, with its comfortable hotel and railway station, and cluster of picturesque houses, relieves the loneliness of the strath at the foot of the mighty Ben More. Here the two systems of railway cross each other, the one from Callander and Glenogle, and the other from the sides of Loch Long and Loch Lomond; the one to Oban, and the other to Fort William. And at certain hours of the day, in summer-time, the wilderness is peopled with the overflow of the crowds of London, Glasgow and America, and waked out of its sleep of ages for a brief interval in consequence, only to relapse into a deeper repose when they have passed. Here a glimpse of the wild entrance of Glenfalloch which stretches down to the shores of Loch Lomond, may be obtained, with views of far-receding hills. The finest scenery occurs where the River Fillan, below this point, enters Loch Dochart--a narrow sheet of water, here and there expanding into wider spaces, nearly three miles in length. The two sides of the glen approach more closely, and consist of a great variety of crags and knolls, covered with scanty natural copses of birch, alder and hazel; while the huge bulk of Ben More fills up the whole sky on one side, and with its patches of snow far on in April and May, imparts a sublime Alpine look to the landscape. A picturesque ruined castle, on a wooded island in the loch, gives an air of old romance to the scene. It was originally built by one of the chiefs of the Macgregors, to whom this whole region at one time belonged; but it was wrested from the lawful owners by the ruthless Campbells of Lochow, who had dispossessed them of their heritage. On one occasion the castle was retaken by the Macgregors in an ingenious fashion. They took



Ruined Castle and Island on Loch Dochart.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

* Continued from page 154.



Crianlarich.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

advantage of a severe frost, when the loch was covered with thick ice and the island became a part of the mainland; and constructing huge fascines of straw and boughs of trees, they sheltered themselves behind them from the arrows of the besieged, and advanced, pushing the fascines before them, until they got near enough to attack the castle, when they scaled the walls, and took possession of it by a *tour de force*. Wordsworth and his sister passed by this place on their famous tour, and the scene, which they happened to reach at sunset, when the breezes had died away and the water was in perfect stillness, made a deep impression upon their minds. Dorothy describes the ruin on the island, overshadowed by trees reflected in the loch. On that beautiful evening, she says, the building seemed to be wrapped up in religious quiet. All traces of war and danger had passed away; and in the mood in which they were they could only look upon it as a place of retirement and peace. A snugly-situated mansion, Loch Dochart House, surrounded by dense pine-woods, on the other side of the river Dochart as it winds out of the loch, adds to the charm of the scene. In former times, fragments of the matted roots of the vegetation in the upper parts of the loch, which are gradually being filled up with sedges, rushes, and other aquatic plants, were occasionally detached, and like the famous floating islands of the Vandimonian Lake, described by Pliny, they shifted their position in the waters according to the prevailing wind. The Macgregors have left another relic of their former occupancy of the district, in the ruined gable of the house in a field on the upper side of the road, traditionally said to have been inhabited by Rob Roy, when he settled down here as a peaceable shepherd, tending his flocks on the slopes of Ben More.

The stretch of six miles between Crianlarich and Luib is one of the most charming walks in the kingdom, especially in early April. Hidden waterfalls tearing their silver fleeces over sharp rocks, and their roar softened through folds of hazel and pine, catch the eye and ear here and there along the road; while beyond, the white ridges of Ben Challum lift the thoughts up to the pale blue spiritualised sky, which transfigures the earth over which it rests. Dim diaphanous mists linger in the distances, and catch the ethereal flitting tints of the sky. There is a sense of spring quickening in the air. A pulse of vital fulness is felt beating in the soil. How fragrant is the smell of the growing herbage, and the acres of brown bog-myrtles, and yellow willow-catkins in full bloom, and the laughing woods and copses covering themselves with a veil of tender green; odours sweet and yet evanescent, caught for an instant and then lost again, offering themselves spontaneously, but not to be traced to their source by any conscious effort! How bright are the green tassels of the larches contrasting with the rich crimson tufts on the flexible branches as you pass through the long pine-woods; and what magic lights and shades chase each other over the greensward, as the sunshine falls at intervals along their intricate vistas! The water of the lake, by its luminous mirror, makes an open space in the landscape, letting in the sun, and widening the heavens in its inverted image, giving the idea of liquefied sky by its blueness, and white clouds in the limpid depths touched to purest snow by the light that passes through to the bottom.

As the glen opens up before you, it becomes more desolate; only a few houses and cultivated fields occurring here and there. The scenery wears a serious meditative expression, as if recalling the past. The



On the Dochart, the Islands, looking towards Ben More and Stobinian, from Killin.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

pathos of a vanished population breathes over all the grey, neglected pastures. The Macnabs and Macgregors, once the lairds of Glendochart, have vanished, with their hosts of kilted retainers, and their places have been taken by strangers from the South, utterly ignorant of the traditions of the region. Thoughts of "unhappy far-off things and battles long ago" people the solitude for you. You think that it is an appropriate scene for the weird "Spectre of the Glen," the idea of which was actually conceived by Hogg in this locality. The river flows through marshy meadows like a stream of Lethe; and where it breaks into swift currents over a rocky bottom it seems to inform you in its loud murmur of the profitable pearl-fishing that was once carried on in such spots, one of which—indeed "a pearl of great price," the largest and finest ever found in Scotland—went to adorn the crown of Robert the Bruce, now only a pathetic relic of a nation's glory. As you walk leisurely on, nature's soft caresses seem to come closer to you out of the wilderness, and to confess some passional mood with which you can truly sympathise. And you dream day-dreams that come and go like the opaline lilac and pink tints in the tender air, with ghostly realization of forgotten hopes and ambitions of childhood. Into these dreams come the memories and the visions of the poets; for Coleridge, Wordsworth, and the Ettrick Shepherd traversed this haunted region, and some deeper meanings and secrets of nature and humanity can be called up by the follower upon their footsteps who has drank deep of their inspiration.

(To be continued.)



On the Tillan.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin

A POWERFUL MONK—SON ÉMINENCE GRISE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. L. GÉROME, H.R.A.

THIS dramatic historical *tableau* gives us a glimpse into the life and times of one of the greatest statesmen of France, Cardinal Richelieu, Minister to Louis XIII. The weak-minded king, who was called to the throne at the age of nine under the regency of his mother, fell completely under the control of his powerful minister, who, for upwards of twenty-two years, was the veritable ruler of France. During the whole of his career, while building up the power of the French crown, and achieving for France a preponderance in Europe, the Cardinal was surrounded at Court by hosts of enemies whose hatred never slumbered, and confronted by an endless succession of conspiracies, plots, and intrigues against his power and his person. But he never failed to emerge victorious, and to maintain his supremacy, crushing his foes and confounding their machinations.

The scene in the picture is the grand staircase of the Palais Cardinal, later the Palais Royal. Descending the staircase, absorbed in his breviary, is the intimate friend and *fidus Achates* of the great Cardinal, the Capucin monk, Father Joseph, through whose agency in 1620 the king and queen-mother were reconciled, and Richelieu gained access to power. To the end he retained the humble grey vestments of his order, in strong contrast to the imposing scarlet robes of Richelieu; to which fact is due the title of *l'Éminence Grise*, given him by the wits of the day.

Ascending upon the opposite side is a troop of courtiers upon their way to pay their respects to the Cardinal. While yet they are passing the great man's friend, their deportment is marked by the most profound obeisance, exaggerated courtesy, and fair, not to say fawning, words. Once past him, however, they see no further occasion to mask their malice, and turn to cast upon him a cool and insolent stare. The monk appears to be absolutely indifferent alike to their courtesy and to their contempt.

This fine picture by J. L. Gérome, who, by the way, is in his seventy-sixth year, is now in the collection of Mrs. S. D. Warren, of Boston, U.S.A. H. W. B.





A Bit of the Harbour.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT EDINBURGH

We [illegible]

the gallery were ex[illegible]

seeing and judging of pictures wo[illegible]

in fact would claim from us nothing further than a little

confusion of mind as to the progress and tendencies of art. At the International the visitor quickly determines

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[illegible]

A fast [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] a decorative panel, really meant to be half overlooked in a scheme of architecture, betrays your expectation, and presents you with a thing that [illegible] in

You have bought a scheme of [illegible] instead of a piece of [illegible] mannerism and of d[illegible]

s[illegible]how landscape
[illegible]ture: a l[illegible]

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Blue and Silver—Trouville. By J. McNeill Whistler.
From the Picture in the possession of J. S. Forbes, Esq.

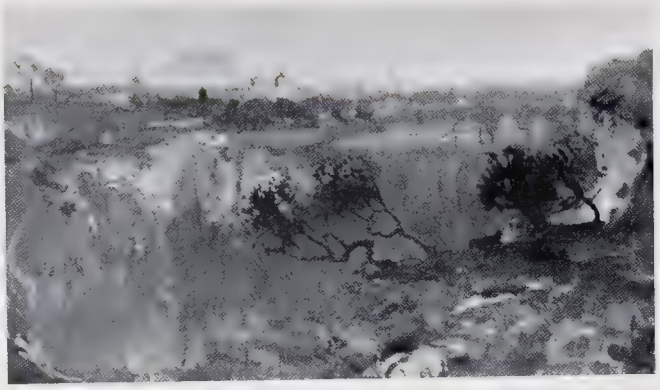
THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

GOOD lighting, good hanging, a wide spaciousness, and a choice of exhibits that need not be confined to any limits of time, country, or school, should enable one to note many phases of art, and to do so in a pleasant place without unnecessary fatigue. Truly, one is able to form some kind of judgment upon a work of art in these large, tranquil, well-hung and well-spaced rooms; and if the gallery were extended ever so much, provided that each additional room were arranged with equal care, the seeing and judging of pictures would remain easy and pleasurable, would make no severer demands on our nerves, strength, and temper, than the smaller show, and in fact would claim from us nothing further than a little extra allowance of our time.

At the great shows of the year one generally gains nothing but exhaustion of the eyes and an increased confusion of mind as to the progress and tendencies of art. At the International the visitor quickly determines what he likes and what he dislikes. He can distinguish the various aims of schools and individuals, and he can decide upon the tendency which the exhibition encourages as a whole. To me it seemed a little less interesting than the first International, because I seemed to remark a very common devotion to style as an end in itself. Many men sought mere quality of paint before rightness of relation, some method of brushwork before modelling of shape, and the cutting of vast, empty masses into a large pattern before searching from nature the expression of air and space.

A fast and furious rush is made at style nowadays, although everyone knows that style is only valuable when it comes almost unconsciously to a man at the end of many years spent in sincere effort to translate rightly his impressions of the aspect of nature. There are, of course, such things as decorative styles, architectural styles, furniture styles, the outcome of a quite different training. But one presumes that in speaking of a show of easel pictures nothing so formal or so subjected to an environment as decoration should come under consideration. The picture that pretends to recall the poetry, the spaciousness, the lit-up structure of nature, and offers you instead a decorative panel, really meant to be half-overlooked in a scheme of architecture, betrays your expectation, and presents you with a thing that, hung in your room, will not grow upon your mind, repay study, or invite you to enter and dream in its created world. You have bought a scheme of artistic consistency instead of a piece of natural poetry. This cult of *chic* mannerism and of decorative formula, is the fad of the hour, and one sees at the International not only flat, shallow landscape, but even showy, structureless portraiture; a branch of art which calls for something of the high naturalism of Rembrandt, Velasquez, Tintoretto, Whistler, or Sargent. It is, however, in the too abject following of great examples that danger lies, and the empty Sargent, and the flat, flimsy Whistler, are by no means unknown at the International.

The collection of Mr. Whistler's work at Knightsbridge is neither so large nor so varied in style as that of last year. He contributes, however, both figure and landscape. 'Blue and Silver—Trouville' (which is reproduced on this page) is one of his most admirable schemes of coast marine colouring. The exquisite limpidity of its flat sands, the tender greenish blues of its oily water, and



Edinburgh.
By James Paterson, A.R.S.A.

the soft entanglement of silver greys and creamy whites, which veils its morning sky with cloudy but luminous wrappings, cannot any of them be shown adequately in our illustration; yet something, I think, may be seen of the artistic arrangement of the few small rocks, the long, curving lines of the lazy waves, and the well-subordinated wealth of quiet cloud form that gives the sky an interest beyond consistent elegance of style. One would wish to point out also the sensitive shaping of the hands in his 'Rose and Gold—the little lady Sophie of Soho,' and to point it out to those who think that pleasant tone will make a Whistler.

The Scottish school hardly reaches the high level of its display at Knightsbridge last year. In figure work Mr. Guthrie's 'Mrs. Edward Martin' must be excepted. It is excellent as far as the head goes; but the dress looks too much like mere brushwork, mere decorative padding. Now a study of Mr. Sargent's brushing of accessories will show one something full of meaning, and prompted by a just estimate of the value of everything he sees. Mr. Lavery has also sent good portraits, though perhaps no better than those of Mr. J. E. Blanche, especially in the matter of flesh-colour, and certainly less studied and accurate than Mr. Kroyer's 'Edward and Nina Grieg.' In landscape one saw no Scottish work quite up to Mr. D. Y. Cameron's 'Braxfield House' of last year, yet several painters appeared to advantage, and among them Mr. Paterson, Mr. Grosvenor Thomas, Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. E. A. Walton, and Mr. H. Spence. We reproduce on this page Mr. Paterson's 'Edinburgh,' a picturesque view of a most romantic place. Now when we look at this school of Scottish landscape as a whole, do we not see in it, as in the work of kindred English groups, a dangerous tendency to forget the true taste of the thing to be expressed, and to enjoy, too exclusively, the flavour of the method and manner of expression? Breadth is a merit because it prevents choking of the few big by the many small objects, definitions and values of colour; but the big things should be poetically, impressively, and poignantly true. Close unity of key is a merit because it signifies the action of natural illumination, in binding together an effect, in swamping local accidents of colour, and small disturbing details of structure; but this unity should be eloquent of light, space, and air, a real, live harmony, not a dull, made-up, decorative fusion of tone.

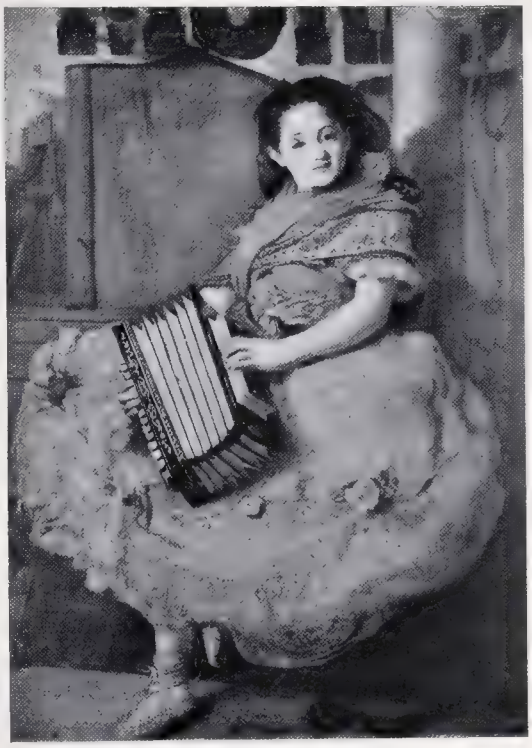
In this connection, at the International, one can look upon two groups of artists—one that we may call roughly New English, consisting of Messrs. Bertram Priestman, D. Robinson, Muhrmann, Hartrick, Moffat Lindner,



At the International Exhibition.
From a Drawing by A. Ludovici.

and several others various in their degrees of merit, and their degrees of *chic;* the other a scratch group of naturalists, such as Pissaro, Sisley, Claude Monet, Mark Fisher, and the like. We have no space for any argued comparison here; we can but ask our readers to say whether they do not perceive in the work of the New English and New Scottish Schools a falling off in that gusto for reality, that power of intense personal perception which makes more than half the merit of the highest and even the most imaginative art, and very nearly all the merit of the little group of naturalists last mentioned. They will agree with me and answer yes; but they will also agree with me in admiring this new decorative art, and in believing that its tendency to *chic* might be checked with a little closer study of nature. Our only example of this modern English school is the illustration, 'Evening,' by Mr. Bertram Priestman.

Whilst looking at the little group of French pictures in the North Room, and admiring the fine reticence displayed in the naturalism of Pissaro's early style, we come on a figure picture made by Renoir in 1871. It is very rich and warm in colour, and full of feeling in its general treatment. One cannot help comparing it with the work of a Scot, Mr. T. Graham, who was also exhibiting good work at that fairly remote period. Mr. Graham was led by no logical principles of art, but was guided by a very strong personal sentiment of what was touching or beautiful. For this reason his work generally contains a mixture of beauties and weaknesses; sometimes his feeling triumphs patently, and at other times lies so buried in irrelevance that one would scarcely suppose him an artist. The 'Italian Girl' of his, reproduced here, is a most glowing piece of colour worthy of his best moments, but in black-and-white it must lose much of its merit. The warmth and evenness of its colour reminds one of Renoir's portrait which hangs in the same room with it at the International, but the work of the Frenchman is more solid and more firmly and broadly illuminated.



An Italian Girl.
By Thomas Graham, H.R.S.A.

Turning, however, to the drawings, one recalls a very full and fine display of work by men of various nationalities: — Professor Menzel, Professor Legos, and Messrs. Whistler, Pennell, Kroyer, Felicien Rops, E. J. Sullivan, Strang, D. Y. Cameron, A. Studd, L. Housman, A. S. Hartrick, W. Nicholson, H. Wilson, E. Grasset, F. Mura, Max Klinger, Anning Bell, and innumerable others. The section of sculpture showed us memorable work of the finest imaginative kind — M. Rodin's 'Head of Bellona,' and his later 'Group.' The fervour of this work takes us back to Michael Angelo, and, different as it is, impresses us with something of the same feeling of a superhuman energy at work. The figures of the flowing 'Group' are tossed about as if they were lifted on a sea surge, so lightly, so voluptuously, and so rhythmically their limbs, and hands, and hair seem intertwined and twisted in a soundless symphony of motion.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.



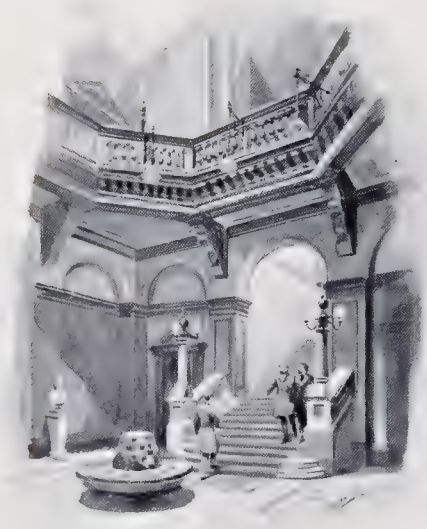
Evening. By Bertram Priestman.
From the Picture in the possession of Alexander Young, Esq.



WITH DRAWINGS BY HERBERT E. BUTLER.*

DURING its earlier years the Carlton Club seems to have been rather a restless association, and to have had some difficulty in suiting itself with a building of the right kind. It was founded by the Duke of Wellington, and met for the first time in 1831 at a house in Charles Street, St. James's Square. So inadequate, however, was the accommodation there for the needs of the club that in the following year a larger place was taken in Carlton Gardens, only to be abandoned four years later for a new club-house which had been built in Pall Mall. Even this did not long remain equal to the demands made upon it, for in 1846 it had to be enlarged,

Continued from page 137.



The Entrance-Hall of the Carlton Club.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

and was pulled down in 1854 and rebuilt on a much more generous scale. The architectural style first adopted for the Pall Mall house was pure classic, from the designs of Sir R. Smirke; but the rebuilding was entrusted to Sidney Smirke, and he chose as his model the florid Italian of Sansovino's Library at Venice, and followed in his elevation the characteristic features of that justly-noted example of Renaissance architecture. The club, as it is seen from Pall Mall, contrasts very effectively with its more solemn and reserved neighbour, the Reform, and takes a most dignified place in that row of palaces which is the great feature of the street. It has the advantage of an outlook at the back over the gardens of Carlton House Terrace, and has a return frontage to a narrow side-street, so that it is more or less isolated, and gains in importance by the prominence of its position.

The impression created by the exterior of the building is completely upheld by an inspection of the arrangements within. In the planning and distribution of the rooms, a thoroughly judicious use has been made of the site selected, and every care has been taken to combine decorative effect with real comfort and convenience. The interior is neither unduly gorgeous, nor repellently plain, but hits a happy mean which allows of considerable elaboration of ornamental detail without loss of that general atmosphere of quiet dignity which makes so persuasive an appeal to the senses. The scheme of adornment that has been adopted inclines towards sumptuousness, and lends itself well to treatment in rather a lavish way; but a certain preference for low tones of colour, and an avoidance of chromatic contrasts of a definite kind, quieten down the main effect and give it a surprising degree of repose and restfulness. It is only by a detailed inspection that the actual profusion of device in the decorations can be realised, and the rich variety of invention shown in filling the many spaces available can be understood. The compromise is a judicious one, for it gives strength without leading to any touch of garishness, and allows an amount of decorative display that does not offend by undue redundancy.

The main entrance to the club is in the centre of the Pall Mall front. A flight of steps leads to a vestibule of no great size, but arranged conveniently for working purposes. A second flight of steps gives access to the

Central Hall, which is one of the chief features of the interior, and on either side of these steps is a staircase by which business visitors can reach the offices and staff-rooms in the basement without passing through any part of the building to which members only have right of entry. The one decorative characteristic of this vestibule is the great doorway which opens into the hall. It is set in a frame of green, grey, red, and black marbles, and flanked by pillars with gilt capitals; an architectural effort of a very successful kind, and quite convincing in its dignity and fitness as an introduction to the rooms beyond. The hall itself does not err in the direction of exaggerated importance. It is large enough for good effect, and allows plenty of room for the convenience of those members who wish to use it as a lounge; but no mistaken idea of making it imposing by mere size has led to sacrifice of space needed for the proper planning of the rooms by which it is surrounded. It is square, with an octagonal balcony above on the first-floor level, and is lighted by a glass dome. The walls are coloured a warm terra-cotta red, with a cream-coloured frieze, and this frieze is broken by lunettes filled with conventional designs in raised plaster above each of the wall-panels. The tesselated floor is laid with black, red, yellow, blue, and white tiles, in an extremely complicated geometrical pattern; and on each side stand busts on pedestals, portraits of Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury, W. H. Smith, and the fourteenth Earl of Derby. On the left-hand side of the door from the vestibule is the Morning-Room, one of the chief of the club apartments. In colour-effect it is distinctly reserved and quiet, low in tone, and without any dominant characteristics which might over-emphasise the manner of its treatment. The walls are divided into panels of deep green and gold leather-paper, with intervening plain spaces of dark blue-gray, and the ceiling is also panelled in pale blue with touches of cream-colour, dull red, and gold in the surrounding mouldings. At one end of the room is a recess marked by red pillars carrying a cross-beam. The mantelpieces are of yellow marble; and all the woodwork is dark oak, carved, and brightened here and there with gilding. Over each window is a cornice supported by pilasters with Corinthian capitals. The furnishing has been kept appropriately quiet in its character; and the window-hangings and carpet, in shades of dark blue-green, assort exactly with the general colour of the room. Great brass chandeliers of unusual solidity and elaborate design hang from the centres of the three ceiling-panels.

The great Dining-Room is on the right-hand side of the hall. It runs through the building from back to front, and is lighted by windows at the ends and by a skylight in the centre. The appearance of extreme length, which would probably have been a little too evident if no means had been adopted to disguise the exact proportions of the room, is avoided by dividing the space into three by columns of green scagliola with gilt capitals. This division has been turned to good account in the construction of the ceiling, which is coved to the skylight in the centre, and flat at each end, and has lent itself in



The Dining-Room of the Carlton Club.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

consequence to a variety of treatment that gives results of a noteworthy kind. This ceiling is indeed the most striking decorative effort which the club presents. It is particularly elaborate, and in its comparative gaiety of colour, departs, to a marked extent, from the somewhat sombre richness which distinguishes the rest of the interior. In the coving to the skylight considerable use has been made of conventional patterns in raised pilaster of very florid design, and overlaid with metal lacquered with distinct brilliancy of hue. In the two end divisions of the ceiling there is an octagonal centre-panel to which ribs run from the walls, and each of the spaces between the intersections of these ribs is filled with painted ornamentation, based upon natural forms and drawn with much freedom. Below the ceiling is a frieze of lions' heads, and heavy swags of leaves in high relief, also overlaid with metal in two tones of bronze. The walls are in panels surrounded with an egg-and-tongue moulding in black and gold, and are coloured a deep red, with a large pattern of formal foliage in a shade of darker red-brown. Between the windows are painted panels of the same character as those in the coving of the middle section of the ceiling, and running round the room is a low dado of green and black scagliola. As the chief colours in the ceiling are blue, green, dull red, and gold, the whole combination cannot be said to be wanting either in audacity or ingenuity; but the result is so far harmonious that the room is by no means lacking in good taste, and is perfectly pleasing in its artistic consistency.



The Smoking-Room of the Carlton Club.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

Across the hall and at the back of the Morning-Room is the Writing-Room, which overlooks the garden behind the club-house. Like the Morning-Room it is treated in a scheme of green and brown, with walls divided by pilasters painted in three shades of chocolate-brown, and ornamented with a freehand design in black and gold. The panels between these pilasters are filled with a stencilled pattern, based upon a horse-chestnut leaf motive in green and brown, upon a ground of lighter sage-green; and the



The Gallery of the Carlton Club, containing Portraits of Nelson, Wellington, and Lord Salisbury.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

coved ceiling is covered with conventional flower-forms in brown, black, and gold. Dark oak wood-work and carved-oak mantel-pieces help to make the room appear a little ponderous and sombre, a trifle too much so for its size.

Immediately opposite the door which leads from the vestibule to the hall, is the main staircase, ascending under an archway, and projecting only slightly into the body of the hall itself. It is in two flights, returning to the octagonal first-floor landing, which is, when seen from below, the most marked and characteristic feature of the central space. The few steps which come beyond the archway at the bottom have a balustrade of grey and red marble. After the archway is passed the walls of the staircase are light red, without any special details to relieve their simplicity, and the flat coffered ceiling above is creamy-white with a few lines of gold. Between the windows on the half-landing, to which the first flight leads, and from which the second flight rises to the first-floor level, are engaged pilasters with gilt capitals. The first-floor landing is a square, corresponding in size to the hall beneath, but its area is chiefly occupied with the octagonal opening which gives light to the ground-floor. Round this opening is a solid oak balustrade, opposite to the angles of which, pairs of semi-circular engaged pilasters divide the enclosing walls of the landing into panels on three sides, while on the fourth, where the staircase is, pillars similarly grouped form an open screen. The same scheme of colour decoration which is used on the staircase is continued on this landing, but the wall-spaces there are also used for the display of three large portraits, full-lengths, of Nelson, Wellington, and Lord Salisbury, of which the last two were respectively painted by John Jackson, R.A., and Professor Herkomer, R.A.

On the first-floor are the Library, the Smoking-Room, the Card-Room, and the two Billiard-Rooms. Of these, the most noteworthy is the Smoking-Room, which was formerly the library, but was handed over to the smokers when the place previously assigned to them was required as a second Billiard-Room. It retains still something of its original character, as tall book-cases, elaborately carved, still stand along the walls and give a suggestion of learning and study which seems hardly to assort with the smoking-room atmosphere. Architecturally it is certainly out of the ordinary run, as, instead of a ceiling of the usual kind, it has a coffered roof carried by massive rafters, and pitched at a fairly definite angle. In colour it is quiet and harmonious, with walls of dull red, a frieze in a warmer shade, and its roof cream-colour, with gilding freely applied. The mahogany doors in oak frames give a certain touch of sumptuousness; and a large brass chandelier of good design adds picturesqueness to the general effect. The Library, which adjoins, is quite unpretending, a comfortable room of moderate size with green walls divided into panels with gilt mouldings, and a white, green, and gold ceiling with a large circular centre panel; and the Card-Room, which is also used as the



The Drawing-Room of the Carlton Club.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

Committee-Room, is not distinguished by any features of special moment.

The only other room which claims attention is the larger Billiard-Room, which has been diverted from its original purpose as the Smoking-Room. It still retains the gorgeous ceiling which belonged to it in its former state, a complicated piece of panelling ornamented freely with a multiplicity of detail and coloured very richly in warm reds and green, on a cream-coloured ground, and heightened with gilding somewhat lavishly applied; and this ceiling has set the key in which the redecoration of the rest of the room has been carried out. A dado of glazed tiles has been added in the same range of colours as those overhead, and with something of the same freedom of pattern; and above this dado the walls are painted a moderately bright green. The room looks into Pall Mall, and is so well lighted that its gay colouring loses none of its effect through obscurity. The second Billiard-Room is plainly meant for use and has no decorative glories left over from a previous state.

Altogether the Carlton Club may be defined æsthetically as a place where no rash experiments have been attempted, and no departures from recognised lines have been countenanced. It is marked throughout by a reserve which is not so much timid as deliberate and intentional, and by a reticence which aims at pleasing the many who prefer what they are accustomed to rather than the few who delight in new ventures and novel sensations. At least the result has been to make the building attractive by its air of comfortable prosperity, and to give it the aspect of conscious responsibility which befits the headquarters of a great political party.

A. L. BALDRY.

(The Series to be continued.)

THE ART OF MR. HOMER WATSON.



Mr. Homer Watson.
By Dickson Patterson, R.C.A., of Toronto.

IT has somehow become a tradition that American landscape and American atmosphere are unpaintable. This is in great measure true of the monotonous prairie and of the dry area of the inland continent. Of the sea-board and of the regions around the Great Lakes it is not true at all. The landscape of New England and that of great parts of Eastern Canada, afford not merely ample field for selection, but have certain characteristics that, studied closely and intimately, have attractions not less fascinating to the eye of the artist, and not less worthy of his serious study, than those of nature anywhere. As regards Canada, it is not the superb but untamed scenery of the Rocky Mountains or of the Selkirks that are either the most readily accessible or the most appropriate subjects of paint; but rather the tame landscape of the well-settled portions of Ontario and Quebec. In spite of the immense area of the country, the number of places in which an artist might judiciously settle is, so far as yet discovered, extremely small. In time, no doubt, they will become more numerous. Meanwhile the Isle of Orleans, one or two places on the shores of the St. Lawrence, both below and above Quebec, and a few places on the shores of Lake Ontario or on the rivers which flow into it, are the only resorts of artists. The reasons for this are obvious. The wilder country exhibits either a monotonous stretch of



The Beech.
By Homer Watson, R.C.A.
In the Collection of Jas. Wilson, Esq., Montreal.

forest, where living in certain seasons of the year is impracticable, either from the severity of the winter or from the inconveniences of the summer. To paint under the influence of the mosquito, the black fly, and the other noxious insects that render life in the wilds difficult to support, is not an agreeable occupation. In the regions where the ring of the lumberman's axe is no longer heard, where the forest trees have disappeared, and where the landscape is a mere desolation of burnt or burning stumps of trees, or of a monotonous second growth of timber consisting largely of poplar, the attractions are not very great. Even in the settled regions the finer trees have largely disappeared. The pioneers, who had to cut their way through the forests, were for a time sworn enemies to timber of all kinds, and the axe has not been used with discrimination. Nor have human habitations the picturesque variety of older countries. Thus, while sketching enough has been done in many directions, there has been a slender amount of real work. Again, while the strain of life is not nearly so great in Canada as in England and in the United States, the necessities of life occupy the attention of the people to such an extent as to render some of them positively antagonistic to artistic impressions. An idea is even rather prevalent, especially among the more Spartan country folk, that art is to be avoided as an effeminate luxury, that anyone who devotes himself to artistic production is a useless incumbrance.



The Sawmill. By Homer Watson, R.C.A.
In the Collection of Sir William Van Horne, Montreal.

Under these conditions it is not a little remarkable that there should have been developed in Canada what may, perhaps, be called fairly enough a group, if not even a school, of landscape painting. At first, indeed, this was not indigenous—the older painters who have lived and painted in Canada brought their skill with them. But their influence, such as it was, has resulted not in the growth of an exotic art, but in an art which in the best sense may be called native. As yet the group of landscape painters in Canada is small, but there are two or three painters whose work is unquestionably destined to earn renown for themselves and credit to their country. Among these, undoubtedly the most significant is Mr. Homer Watson. Mr. Watson has, to a large extent, although not altogether, lived the life of a recluse at the small village of Doon, on the Grand River, which flows into Lake Erie. The country about Doon is in many ways like certain parts of our English Surrey. The rolling cultivated country, the woods and hamlets, while retaining certain primitive characteristics in the form of root and snake fences, has been settled for about a century, and has lost the dreary wildness which the pioneers found when they went there. Here Mr. Watson has for many years pursued his art. In his youth there were still remaining many of the noble trees of the primitive forest, most of which have now almost wholly disappeared. His earlier studies of the anatomy of trees and of the structure of foliage were thus made under the best conditions, and his industry sufficed to give him an immense store of memoranda, by the aid of which he now works out his characteristic landscapes. It is perhaps not too much to say that not half-a-dozen modern painters, Rousseau, Diaz, and a few others, compare with Mr. Watson in his knowledge of tree structure and in his capacity to render it with admirable artistic effect.

Perhaps the most conspicuous feature of Mr. Watson's art is the deliberateness of his method. He evidently always knows thoroughly what he wants to get; even though sometimes he may be unable to get it. More than this he has equally evidently worked out the *rationale* of his method, and thus, while his painting has no literary interest, it is highly intellectual in the best sense.

The principles upon which he works may be summarized as follows. To any close examination, the movements of wind in foliage, and the movement of clouds are too subtle and evanescent to be painted in detail directly from nature. Any one phase has gone ere it can be set down in cold paint. Half of artistry is, therefore, generalization; and fidelity to nature means fidelity to characteristics rather than fidelity to detail in any single aspect of a scene under the varying moods of nature. When one who knows a landscape very thoroughly, finds himself observing it under a particular set of conditions, he will have present in his mind not only what he happens to have in his eye at the moment, but what he has seen before, and therefore a habit of close observation is necessarily linked to the habit of generalization. In order to cultivate this habit, it is necessary in the first place to possess not merely



The Harvest-field.
By Homer Watson, R.C.A.



The River Pool.
By Homer Watson, R.C.A.

technical skill in painting, but a certain quality of mind which is akin to that which we find in those poets who have devoted themselves to the study and the exposition of nature. When an area of examination is restricted, and a restriction of area is necessary to close intimacy, the most trifling changes are noticed, and the effects of wind, sun, and cloud, on particular landscape forms come to be studied in the closest way. A tyro who would set about his painting in this almost scientific manner, would inevitably land himself, to begin with, in serious difficulties; but when the method has become a habit, and a certain mastery of it has been acquired, then it is that the best landscape work is produced. By the aid of observation, memory, and judgment, a painting may thus be produced in the studio which interprets a given kind of landscape with more absolute truth to nature, for so much as that is worth, than one attempted to be painted on the spot, when changing moods and tones confuse the painter, when he paints not one landscape, but half-a-dozen, one on top of the other. Mr. Watson has passed through all the phases of strident realism, plein air, and so forth, and considers that there is something to be got out of landscape more than any of these methods affords.

One has always to keep in mind the limitations of pigment, and that a direct representation of nature is no more possible in paint than in anything else excepting in the actual substance of nature herself. Moreover, one must also realise that not all the phases of nature, even when they are expressed in the best manner of which paint is susceptible, will give pleasure in that medium to the painter himself or to anyone else. The painter has, therefore, to select his moods of nature, and nature herself does not pose for him. The luminous colour which we see in certain aspects of landscape is continually changing—changing so swiftly, in fact, be he ever so dexterous a painter, he could not possibly get it all down. Yet it is necessary for him to get some luminous colour in his picture, in order to give any kind of pleasure. This luminous colour, since it cannot be instantaneously photographed—and if it could, the result might not give the full impression of luminosity—is to be obtained by more roundabout, and perhaps more laboured, efforts.

Effects come and go, one on the heels of the other; but the precise representation of any one of them is not to be taken as a record of the series, and it is the series that is essential after all. All effects simultaneously, or in succession, contribute to the whole; but all effects are not of equal importance. To get the best result, one may have to wait for a long time, yet meanwhile the structure of things is not materially changed by the moving influences of sun and air, and the structure of things may be studied most of the time. To an artist prepared by serious study of structure of trees, clouds, rocks, the impression of a momentary effect is received with infinitely more intelligence—and emotion also, for that matter—than is the case with the uncultivated mind. Such moments mean a great deal more than a mere confused impression of colour masses; but mean, in the best case, spontaneity added to training. A clever sketch may be done by anybody, but there are many stages beyond mere artistic persiflage. The union of spontaneity and fundamental knowledge must produce the best result. Besides, one gets out of nature just in proportion as one brings to it. Every artist, whether he likes it or not, must disclose his individuality in his pictures. He inevitably selects that which he thinks most important, and is, as it were, publicly confessed and revealed by his mere selection. Some find light and air the only essentials in painting; to others, these, as it were, go without saying, they must be had always. But things have to be painted in light and air, and the structure of these things is, at least, not less essential than the atmosphere in which they are placed. Take, for example, the oak. It is strong, rugged, firmly rooted in the soil, rich in colour, large in its masses of foliage. The essential point in painting it lies in the modelling of it. The local colour is even more necessary to be grasped than the greyness with which it is suffused by the atmosphere. Its characteristic form is more necessary to understand than the circumstance that the contour of its lines is rendered indistinct by the same cause. The limitations of pigment are such that one must choose among the important things. If then, the *raison d'être* of a landscape is an oak, its characteristics should be given. On the other hand the willow is more susceptible to the influences of light and air than an oak is; and this, indeed, is its special characteristic. Its leaves are grey, and the greyness of the atmosphere only emphasizes a quality already existing there. It flutters in the slightest breeze, so that, to be revealed, there must be an impression of wind. The delicate modelling of it will only be more fully disclosed when light and air play through its branches. If, on the other hand, the idea is to give an impression of a high wind, as in Mr. Watson's



The Mill Pool.
By Homer Watson, R.C.A.
In the Collection of C. E. J. Pouteous, Esq., Montreal.

'After the Storm,' structure does not fill a less important place, because no matter how twisted even the oak may be by a tremendous gale, it yields to it in a characteristic way. Thus intimate knowledge of nature must go hand in hand with knowledge of the possibilities of paint, in order that any worthy result may be achieved.

These principles are amply illustrated in the paintings which are here reproduced; but no known process of reproduction can render adequately the rich, fat, luminous colour that Mr. Watson succeeds in getting into his canvases. They do give, however, the impression of the masterly reserve and sustained energy which almost invariably are to be found in Mr. Watson's work.



Loading Beechwood. By Homer Watson, R.C.A.
In the Collection of the Honble. Geo. Drummond, Montreal.

In many ways 'The Harvest-field' (page 209) is the most mature of Mr. Watson's works. The foliage of the two great trees which form the principal background is well massed, the form of the trees, particularly the anatomy of the trunks, is admirably drawn, the light falls on the loaded wagon at the point of maximum effect. Next to this may perhaps come 'The Beech' (page 208). The huge trunk of the beech is the most carefully elaborated object on the canvas; the splendour of the colour and the perfect decisiveness of the modelling are highly characteristic. 'November in the Clearing' is a clever study in the management of light in painting a woodland piece—the foreground with wagon and oxen in shadow, while in the middle distance a flood of light *silhouettes* the trees in front of it and throws a very charming tone over the trees of the background.

The clever management of aerial perspective makes this example unusually attractive. 'The Sawmill' (page 209), 'Loading Beechwood' and the 'Château Beaufort,' on this page, are all notable examples of Mr. Watson's characteristic manner, a manner decisive and original enough to attract attention when applied to any artistic content, but specially suitable and specially significant when applied to Canadian landscape. For this landscape has precisely those features as regards local colour, etc., to the representation of which this method lends itself. It remains to be told that Mr. Watson is still in the prime of life, that he is a Royal Canadian Academician, and that his high merit as a landscape painter has not been overlooked in his own country, where the few but notable collectors have placed his landscapes alongside those of the great masters of landscape painting without disappointment.

JAMES MAVOR.



Château Beaufort, Quebec.
By Homer Watson, R.C.A
In the Collection of E. F. Clouston, Esq., Montreal.



Lightning. By Albert Moore.
From a photograph by J. Caswall Smith.

CASWALL SMITH—PHOTOGRAPHER.

THE first rule at billiards is to hit the ball. The first law of portraiture in any kind is to produce a likeness recognisable on sight by anyone who knows or has seen and observed the person portrayed. In fulfilling that condition it has been usually supposed that the photographer has over the painter or drawer of portraits the advantage of a perfect mechanical process, unhampered by his own personality or any passing mood, and dependent only on the exact working of machinery, the right admixture of chemicals, and on not very exacting conditions of light.

But the personality of the artist, which goes for so much in the painting or drawing of a portrait, and which finds an apologist in the dictum that no painter can put into a portrait more than his own mind contains, is really as important though more subtle a factor in the art of portrait photography.

The only solid distinction between the two arts as to final result (setting aside the question of colour and handling in the former), is that while a poor or inaccurate draughtsman can never produce a convincing likeness, the most mechanical photographer may, under favourable conditions of light, and a chance happy mood in the sitter, blunder into producing a fine portrait. Moreover, the range from unrecognisable or hopelessly bad likenesses to masterpieces of portrait rendering is as wide in the one art as in the other.

In both arts, personality, intuition, the gift of seizing the right mood, are equally essential. Nor in photography is the process nearly so instantaneous as is generally imagined; for the artist photographer makes as many trial negatives as the portrait painter makes sketches or studies, while in either case the craftsman's intuition finds the right moment, the touch or management of light, which fixes and epitomises the subtlest characteristics of face, expression, and gesture.

Mr. Caswall Smith owes his success to this personality, to his rapid and penetrating observation, to his power of



Miss Julia Arthur and her Sister.
From a photograph by J. Caswall Smith.

seizing the best mood, and noting and selecting the characteristic contours and expressions of his sitters.

Probably no one else, except Mr. Hollyer, aims at these results by the simple process of taking the negative at a moment when the sitter is quite unconscious of being victimised. The right seizing of this unconscious moment, as well as those other gifts, have, in Mr. Caswall Smith's case, been trained to their highest efficiency by continual practice, and that not only during the actual work of producing negatives, but at all times, in the street, among friends, at social or public gatherings, and in preliminary interviews with sitters. Observe that these gifts are precisely those required for the success of a portrait painter; in either case the highest point of achievement in character reading is attainable—in certain instances this point has been reached already by Mr. Caswall Smith, and it will be reached more frequently as time goes on.



Perseus and the Sea Nymphs. By Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart.
From a photograph by J. Caswall Smith.

Mr. John Caswall Smith, who was born in 1866, began at the age of fourteen to develop his powers as a man of business by working with his father, Mr. W. A. Smith, who has possessed the esteem of our most illustrious artists for fully half a century. In fact, during the years 1880 to 1887 inclusive, Mr. Caswall Smith was in closer touch with the work and ways of Mr. Watts, Sir John Millais, Sir E. Burne-Jones and Albert Moore than has fallen to the lot of any but a few close friends of those painters. This is important as showing how well circumstances have combined not only to qualify him for the first branch of his art, in accustoming his eye to the sense of values in portraiture, but to help him in the second branch, that of photographing pictures.

During these eight years, more or less, his artistic faculties, as well as his practical gifts, received a thorough training; the former he derives from his father, who, besides possessing an unusually fine sense of decorative design, has executed many landscapes of a high imaginative power and assured technique.

Mr. Caswall Smith started his artistic career by managing the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition, held in Melbourne by the Earl of Buckinghamshire, acting for Sir Coutts Lindsay, in 1887 and 1888. On his return, early in the last-named year, he embarked on what we must presume to be his life-work, by entering into partnership with Mr. Cameron, in Mortimer Street. At this time he had everything, technically, to learn of his new profession. But a portrait of his mother, executed two months after his joining Mr. Cameron, shows that he had then already mastered more secrets of the photographic art than its merely mechanical details.

It must be remembered, however, that he was entering an atmosphere not wholly unfamiliar. Mr. Cameron, too, was in touch with the distinguished men above named; while he possessed, and for some time he and Mr. Smith carried on, the tradition of Mrs. Cameron, whose "out-of-focus" photographs of many distinguished men were such a revelation to the art-loving world some thirty years ago.

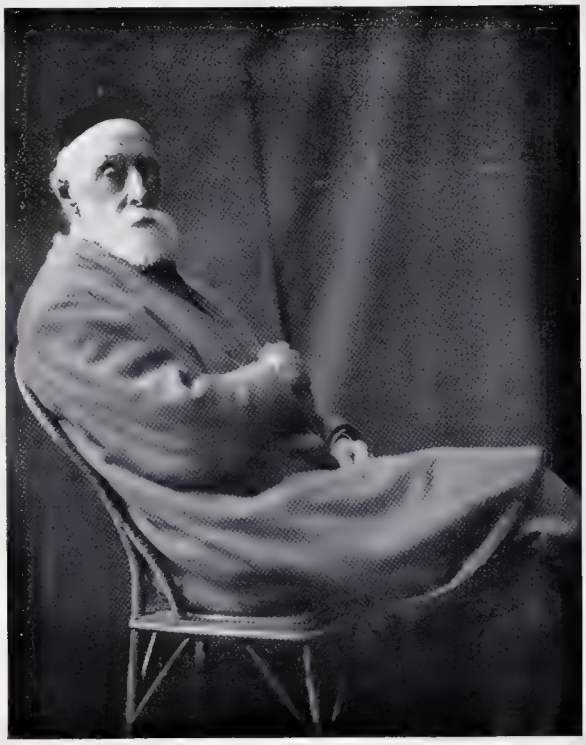
In 1894 the partnership came to an end, and Mr. Caswall Smith migrated to 305, Oxford Street, where his Gainsborough Studio and Gallery is now well known; and here, for the first time, he may be said to have begun the new career with a free hand.

It was in this house that he initiated what was then an innovation, and still remains, I believe, an almost unique experiment, by building at the top of the house a studio, not (as usual with photographers) entirely of glass, but precisely in the fashion of a portrait-painter's studio; that is, with brick or opaque walls, a large north light in the slope of the roof, and two large windows below in the wall itself, either or both of which can at will be darkened with blinds. This new departure was, I believe, laughed at by more than one eminent photographer of Mr. Caswall Smith's acquaintance, and he was, moreover, told in all serious friendliness that it was a mad thing to do. But *finis coronat opus*, and for the last five years he has successfully proved his sanity by producing countless photographic portraits, excellent as really fine likenesses and works of art; to say nothing of his many productions in this same studio in the way of photographs from pictures.

A peculiar excellence in Mr. Caswall Smith's work is that his fine judgment as to light and exposure, his in-

tuition as to the moods of his sitters, and his unerring choice of characteristic expression, preclude the necessity for that retouching which smooths out wrinkles and prettifies or sweetens a portrait. All his work gives, so far as I have seen, the sitter as he or she is, at a finely caught moment; if they are haggard, or worried, or sulky when they enter the studio, he has the gift of charming away the dark mood or the troubled expression. He is, however, independent, where necessary, of his special studio light, for his portraits of Cardinal Vaughan were done in an unfavourable light at the Cardinal's palace at Westminster, and a fine likeness of Dr. Bond was taken in Mr. Watts's studio.

He apparently does not believe in full-length portraits as a rule—partly owing to his idea that the lighting of a portrait-painter's studio prevents a just distribution of light on an upright figure—partly, and perhaps with more reason, because it is in the expression and gesture of the head, shoulders, arms and hands of the sitter, that one finds the most convincing elements of portraiture. Still he has broken his rule very successfully in several instances, notably in a full-length of Mr. Forbes Robertson as Hamlet, another of Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Ophelia, and several photographs of actors and actresses, as well as of other people in private life—one of exceeding charm being that of Miss Lena Ashwell, in a feathered hat and lace-trimmed dress.



Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.
From a photograph taken recently by J. Caswall Smith.

A special department of Mr. Caswall Smith's art in portraiture is photographing actors and actresses in different rôles, "in their habit as they live" on the stage. Each one of the series of Mr. Forbes Robertson as Hamlet is quite a triumph of rendering in expression and movement. Another achievement equally fine in its way, is the photograph of Miss Geneviève Ward as Margaret of Anjou, in "Richard III." Several others—three especially—of Mr. Taber, as Macduff, are also masterly in the way the varying expressions are interpreted, while the rendering of the different materials of costume, fur, leather and metal, is peculiarly rich. There are several delightful portraits of Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Ophelia, where the subtlety of expression of that remarkable actress in this simple yet difficult rôle, is curiously, if accidentally, true to her impersonation on the stage. And yet, in the most charming of these, a half-length, in which she is seated with her hands in her lap facing the spectator, the fascination would seem to be due to the lady's own personality, and to a sweetness of expression which has, at any rate, no appearance of acting at all. Again, in one of the finest of the portraits of Miss Julia Arthur, also a half-length, but in the character of Imogen, it is the happily-chosen pose of the head, full fronting the spectator, the face a little tilted up, with a slightly mutinous expression in the mouth and eyes, which constitutes the charm of the work, seeming as it does to represent a natural and not a dramatically imposed mood of the sitter. However, in the photographs of her as Lady Anne (Richard III.) the various dramatic moods in that play's most dramatic scene are finely caught, and the face is, in each instance, transformed so far that the actual mask, the real Miss Arthur, is to seek for a moment or two.

Among theatrical celebrities in their private capacity the most remarkable are those of Sir Squire Bancroft, and Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Ian Forbes Robertson, Mr. John Hare, Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Stirling, a delicious three-quarter head of Miss Gertrude Kingston, and a beautiful lifted profile, almost a *profil perdu*, of Miss Sybil Carlisle. Last, but by no means least, comes a fine rendering of the sphinx-like mask of Mr. Pinero. In these portraits of Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. Hare, and Mr. Forbes Robertson, as well as in a fine one of Mr. Lewis Waller, a freedom from self-consciousness is part of their charm: each man looks what he is, an English gentleman at his ease; for the time, they have forgotten the stage.

It is interesting to compare the two photographs from Mrs. Thursby—one in profile, a little lifted, the other a three-quarter face, looking down—with the photograph from Mr. Sargent's painting of that lady (New Gallery, 1898), which is full-face. Each of the photographs from life brilliantly justifies the painter's genius in epitomizing

character. As I recall the picture, everything is there.

Mr. Caswall Smith's latest portraits of men in private life are his best in this line, especially those of Cardinal Vaughan, Mr. G. F Watts (reproduced opposite), and Mr. Ionides. Those of the two former (three views in each case) were all done during the present year.



Miss Ida Nettleship.
From a photograph by J. Caswall Smith.

These photographs are only a few among many of equal, or nearly equal, value to be seen in the Gainsborough Gallery, which show Mr. Caswall Smith's gifts in the portraiture of men. One of certainly equal value was taken between two and three years ago from Mr. W. A. Smith. The photographs of Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Gertrude Kingston, the one already noted of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, those of Mrs. Thursby, Mrs. Herbert Roberts, Miss Bramley, and Miss Clara Montalba, give an equal measure of his power in giving us fascinating portraits of young women.

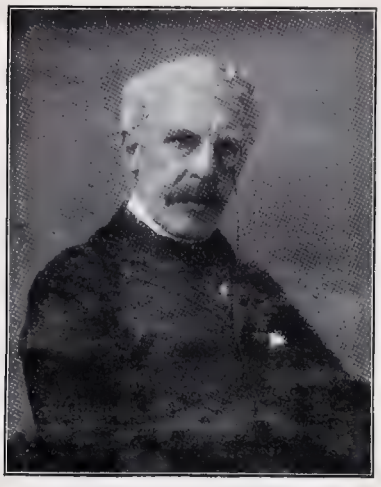
Miss Bramley's portrait is a head and shoulders only; Miss Clara Montalba's is a three-quarter length (practically full-length), and the lady is dressed in a dark robe, falling in fine, simple folds. To both these photographs Mr. Caswall Smith has imparted a charm outside the undoubted fineness of the portraiture—something of that ideality which our greatest British portrait painters have loved to infuse into their work where the subject was inspiring.

From his portraits of women in later life I should choose, as proving his success, those of his mother, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Keeley, and Mrs. Stirling. But the difference in technique between his early portrait of Mrs. Smith and the latter ones of Mrs. Black and the two great actresses is very marked. Indeed, the characterising in the case of Mrs. Black's portrait is one of his finest achievements in any line, and the rendering of the lace fichu is masterly.

Entirely by itself among these portraits of women, separate from them in treatment and in rendering of character, one of the most beautiful photographs in the Gainsborough Gallery is that of Lady Walpole (1897). It is a three-quarter or practically full-length; she is wearing a pale long cloak, she moves swiftly, as in welcome, across the allotted space. The movement is gracious, and quite natural; the tone of the picture is a light silvery grey, very charming—the effect is not shadowy, but evanescent, as if she were materializing, or the reverse, like a spirit.

Mr. Caswall Smith has done a great deal of interesting work in the photographing of pictures, chiefly from the works of G. F. Watts, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Albert Moore, Lord Leighton, Rossetti, Lady Waterford, and several of the Old Masters.

J. T. NETTLESHIP.



Sir Squire Bancroft.
From a photograph by J. Caswall Smith.



Mr. Forbes Robertson.
From a photograph by J. Caswall Smith.



The Sainton Salon.
Designed by Messrs. H. & J. Cooper.

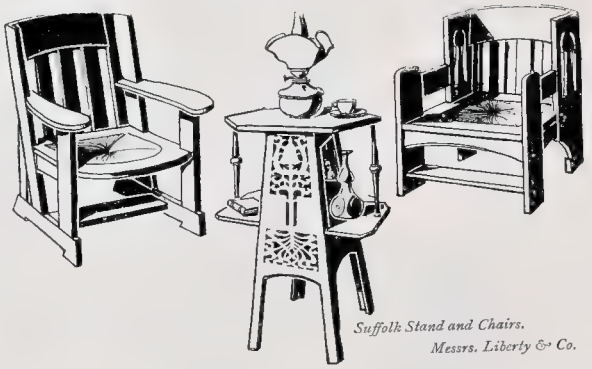
RECENT INDUSTRIAL ART.

MESSRS. H. and J. COOPER have been holding an exhibition of electric lighting, a question they seem to have studied with great effect. The position of the lights in a dining-room, where the pictures would be brilliantly illuminated, without any glare being seen from the light itself, was most satisfactory; there being at the same time separate lights for the dinner-table. A writing cabinet was also on view, which had a light arranged so as to illuminate the interior. I also remarked some hand-painted Persian glass vases (suspended by bead chains), which considerably subdued the effect of the light, that people are apt to find occasionally too brilliant. Messrs. Cooper have arranged a room which, to employ a cant art phrase, might well be termed a symphony in purple and white.

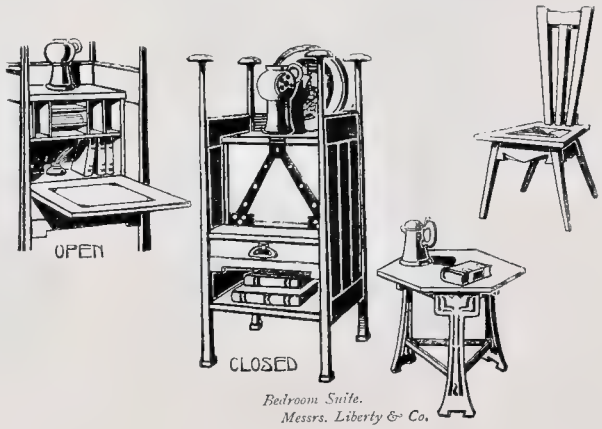


Copper Fireplace.
Messrs. Green & Abbott.

The walls are panelled in white, forming in various



Suffolk Stand and Chairs.
Messrs. Liberty & Co.



Bedroom Suite.
Messrs. Liberty & Co.

places frames, into which are let some of Mr. Sainton's silverpoints, the silvery tones of which make most effective harmony in such a setting. To avoid too great a feeling of coldness or monotony, the alcove opening into this room has been painted purple, against which another specimen of Mr. Sainton's art looks remarkably well; the curtains are heliotrope, bound with deep purple, and the floor is also covered with purple felt. A special feature in this original and charming room is the way the electric light is disposed; it is completely hidden from sight, and so arranged that a mellow light strikes on the pictures, showing them off to great advantage. An illustration of the Sainton Room forms a headpiece to this article.

The firm of Liberty and Co. is so well known as designers of artistic furniture, that mention need only be made of some of the newest work they are now presenting to the public; they usually manage to combine what is quaint and picturesque with what is useful, and intending purchasers should not be discouraged by the somewhat severe appearance of certain of the chairs, for experience proves that they are quite as comfortable as the clumsier ones we are more accustomed to see about us. There was a remarkably nice bedroom suite of furniture in grey-coloured oak, finished with hammered iron fittings which harmonised well with the severity of the design. The washstand was fitted with brick-shaped tiles at the back, representing, in green and white, ships in full sail on a stormy sea, and the plain green tiles were repeated on the flat of the table, while a green basin and jug added to the clean and cool effect of this charming piece of furniture. The suite was completed by the addition of oak arm-chairs with leather or rush seats. The wooden Thebes stools, which were exact copies of some old Egyptian ones, were pleasing, either with slatted wooden tops or laced leather; these would take up little space in a room, and are always useful; one was carried out more elaborately in ebony with ivory bars. A small table, called the Suffolk stand, was of novel shape, with a shelf beneath to hold newspapers. Other tables had pretty coloured tiles let in, which would save the unsightly marks that so frequently come to disfigure the surface of polished wood.

Messrs. Liberty recently held an exhibition of hand-hammered silver, which they have called by the name of Cymric silver, the designs of which are peculiarly simple and graceful. This silver is not burnished except as regards an occasional boss or decorative detail, but has the soft natural shine of the metal untouched. Some long-shaped buckles were very pretty, with a pierced design of leaves and interesting stems. Tea-spoons were also in great variety, with pierced or only beaten handles; hand-mirrors, bowls, cigarette and match-boxes were to be seen, all characterised by the same simplicity of line, a pleasing contrast to the stamped work which one sees in such abundance. An additional interest was furnished by a workman, who was engaged in executing some specimens in silver, and this enabled the public still further to understand and appreciate the workmanship of the articles.

Messrs. Green and Abbott have some delightful fireplaces, made entirely of copper, the design beaten and raised in a simple and decorative manner. They are made with big hobs on either side, covered by a projecting hood which is also ornamented; in appearance they are after the style that one still sometimes sees (made in iron) in old country cottages, which are always so much admired.

Messrs. Green and Abbott have also a large selection of jute hangings, in plain colours, or with a design printed on them. A room with the walls covered in this manner has a very good effect, as the texture is more pleasing than that of ordinary wall-paper. This firm also has some good designs in hand-painted and stencilled fabrics, which make very effective curtains and friezes. The material used is a stout canvas.



Photo. Elliot Nicholson. *Arras Wall Hangings.*



Photo Elliot Nicholson. *Arras Curtains.*

We are most familiar with stencilling by seeing the Japanese work that has of late years been sent over in such quantities to England, and for anyone who wishes to try this interesting method, it would be well for them to study attentively the best examples of this kind. Mr. Hargreaves Smith, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying illustrations, has been making stencilling a special study, with very artistic results.

The quality of the arras is the first thing to be considered. This can be of canvas, the fine being the most durable, but the coarse kind, ordinarily known as sacking, can also be used with good effect, as when dyed, it takes such lovely colours, but by force of contrast of texture kills nearly every other fabric used in connection with it. Cloth does not possess this drawback, and it would be undoubtedly the most lasting material to work with, although more expensive in the first outlay. As regards dyeing the stuff, it is easier to have professional help, though a great deal can be done by experimenting with the directions given in trade manuals, or better still, to have a few practical lessons from a dyer. Some colours are easy to obtain, such as greens and greys, but reds and yellows are much harder to get in harmonious shades.

Simple and bold patterns are the most effective, and the cutting of the stencils must be done with great care, so as to leave the ties in the right places, the ties being small pieces left out here and there across the pattern to keep the stencil together. The whole art of cutting a stencil lies in leaving these in such a position that they will give the greatest possible strength to the stencil, while at the same time they should interfere very little with, or if possible aid, the design; but this only comes by practice.

Dye or oil paint should be used to stencil the pattern; if the latter, it should be mixed with a good deal of turpentine. Dye on the whole gives the best results, but the experimenter should be careful to test both tone and colour before applying it on the material, as unless this is done, the tint is often not of the shade required, and will alter the whole harmony of the work.

Several colours can be used in the construction of one pattern, the varying shades giving beautiful effects of colour which could never be obtained by merely mechanical means, as the stencil leaves scope for artistic selection and judgment in a remarkable way. Bronze and silver paints may be applied carefully, with delightful results, but they must be of the best quality or will quickly tarnish. When the design is dry, the arras must be damped, and then ironed with a heavy iron, or if possible calendered.

Anyone who would take a little trouble to master these technicalities would be surprised at the possibilities of this art, and would doubtless be rewarded beyond his expectations, as the arras when finished is most artistic. A piece executed by Mr. Hargreaves Smith was remarkably pretty, showing purple iris and green leaves on a blue ground, which would make effective wall-hangings or curtains.

E. F. V.

"HOME ARTS AND INDUSTRIES."

THE Fifteenth Annual Exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association, held as usual at the Albert Hall, included, according to the prospectus, "work in wood-carving, inlaying, *repoussé* metal, pottery, baskets, hammered iron, handspun linen, woven fabrics, lace, embroidery, smocking, plain needlework, knitting, embossed and cut leather, bookbinding, and rugs." Some of these many industries were, of course, not very fully represented, and some did not amount artistically to much—such, for example, as the small exhibits of lace from Beer and Sidbury; the knitted jerseys and Tam-o'-Shanter caps from Curraghmore; the plain and fancy needlework from various girls' clubs and rural classes; and the rugs from Birmingham—though these last were distinctly good in colour.

Industrially rather than artistically interesting, was again the great part of the weaving, such as the homespuns from Stonehenge, woven by peasants from the wool of the sheep of the district, largely for their own use. The work, however, done under Miss Clive Bayley, at the British and Irish Spinning and Weaving School, strikes one as a genuine attempt at art of a homely kind. The most ambitious effort of the children working there is a reproduction in tapestry (our illustration shows it in progress) of one of Fra Angelico's frescoes. Failing the possibility of obtaining for the purpose designs by competent artists, this is about as good a source as Miss Bayley could have gone to. The Langdale Linen is, by this time, one of the best-known among Home Industries. Attention was attracted to it by some remarkable drawn thread-work, admirable both in design and workmanship—but "home art" only in the sense that it is the work of a very accomplished lady and her husband. The weaving industry of Haslemere has been "developed" on lines laid down by Mr. Godfrey Blount. Some of the patterns woven in two or three colours were broad and effective in design, very determinedly simple; some complicated chromatic effects were not so happy. Pottery does not seem to be an industry very easily domesticated, though the attempt to carry it on at home has succeeded better than could have been expected at Kirkby Lonsdale, whence there came ware decorated with slip and scratching, which showed advance on what was done there last year. The other exhibition of pottery, which made a great show, was so "developed" as to have passed the stage of home art and to have reached pure manufacture. It would have been more convenient to the public, and fairer to exhibitors, to have grouped the "developed industries" (industries which, theoretically at least, began as simple home art classes, and have in due course become established on a commercial basis) together. As it was, Home Arts and Developed Industries were mixed together in the most perplexing way. One had to ask oneself continually which was which.

Wood-carving was, as heretofore, well represented. There was good work from Southwold, Altrincham, Welbeck, and other places too many to mention. From Ascott there came a quite charming little long-legged cabinet, designed by Mr. Heady, and carved by Thomas Page, and from Leigh some work in green wood (not quite so well stained as last year); but the prettiest thing from there was a piece of lacquer work, most delicate in colour. The technical superiority of the carving from Kent is perhaps to be attributed to the fact that the County Council systematically encourage their students to work at home as well as in class.

There was a brave show of inlay, again, amongst which the most covetable things, perhaps, were some pretty trays of very simple design from Little Gaddesden. The figure work in other examples was clever and effective, but designed without much sense of scale. The inlay from Pimlico was rather wilfully up-to-date. One felt rather proud of discovering that the ornament on a large panel represented boats with sails, and that

the odd band of pattern across a chest was composed of crouching sheep with black faces. The inlay generally left something to be desired in the way of relation in colour; often the dark wood did not hold its own, and the light asserted itself too much.

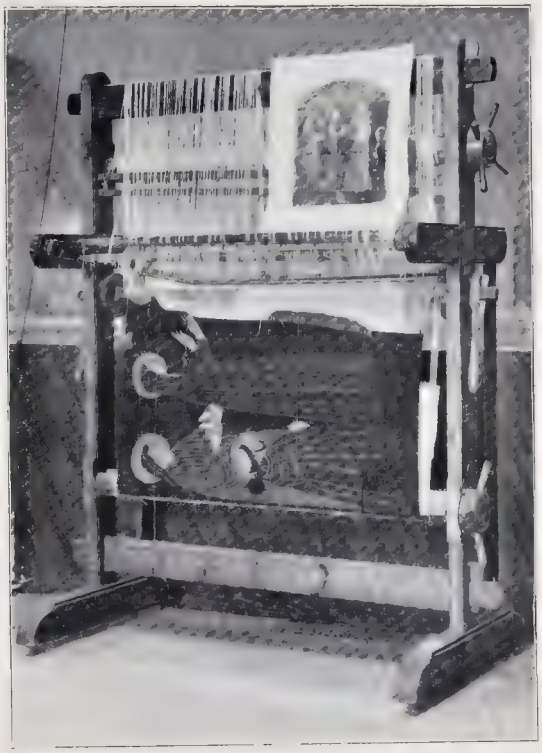
There was abundance of embossed leather work, some of it rather amateurish-looking. The tinting on pale coloured leather, for example, in favour at Leighton Buzzard, does not grow upon you as you see more of it. It is thin and poor in effect, and looks unserviceable. The sterner treatment shown in the binding of "The Shepheard's Calender" (an adaptation of Mr. Crane's design in the book to tooling in blind and gold), was much happier. The Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts was not so successful in its bookbindings as in the large screen in reddish leather, which was really an effective piece of work. The best leather work was that from Porlock Weir. It looked less tentative, more business-like, and not so very anxious to be new. Amongst it were some footstools and a Bradshaw cover one would have liked to possess.

The metal-work was chiefly in brass and copper, the "bent iron," which was so popular a few years ago, being happily represented by only a few isolated examples. One has learnt to expect good work from Keswick and Yattenden, and both of these classes contributed tasteful and characteristic repoussé. One of the largest displays was from Fivemiletown (illustrated on this page), but there was nothing really better worth doing than the simple finger-plates in copper by Patric Roch, and the yet simpler lock escutcheons, marked "not for sale." Why not give the public a chance of buying what is best?

A feature in the exhibition was the altar from Compton, designed by Mrs. G. F. Watts, curiously Scandinavian in design, and yet original. It is a work, too, which depends more upon the feeling than upon the technical skill of the worker.

The year's work seemed on the whole better than what has been shown before. The classes of which we have learnt to expect good work, still go on doing it. Perhaps it is not better than it was; but, then, is there any reason why it should be? The satisfactory thing is the evidence shown of a steady movement towards a higher level of achievement generally. That appears to promise more for the advancement of Home Arts than would the exceptional excellence of here and there a class.

LEWIS F. DAY.



Miss Clive Bayley's Tapestry Loom.
(British and Irish Spinning and Weaving School.)



Beaten-Copper Mirror Frame (Fivemiletown).

GOSSIP FROM THE SALE-ROOMS.

TWO uncommonly interesting sales were provided by Messrs. Christie for the two Saturdays which followed that of the J. L. Miéville dispersal, to which reference was made in the last issue. The more important of these was the singularly good collection formed by the late Sir John Fowler, the eminent engineer, whose great work was the Forth Bridge. A collection which comprised a dozen examples of J. M. W. Turner could scarcely be other than one of distinction, and the fact that these produced £22,349 says much for the late owner's skill and judgment in collecting. The view of the Dogana and the Santa Maria della Salute, with numerous gondolas and figures, is a perfect dream of beauty, and is one of the most striking of the many ideal works of his later years; it was at the Royal Academy of 1844, and was purchased direct from the artist by Mr. E. Bullock, at whose sale, in 1870, it realised 2,560 gs.; it now fetched 8,200 gs. (Agnew). Five years later Sir John Fowler acquired the well-known view of Oxford from the Abingdon Road (engraved by John Pye), from the collection of Jesse Watts Russell, presumably by private purchase, and at a price certainly much less than the 4 000 gs. now paid for it. The most important of the eight Turner drawings was the well-known view of the Lake of Nemi, painted about 1842, and purchased from Mr. Windus (who had it direct from the artist), by Mr. Ruskin, and by him described in "Modern Painters"; it was engraved by Willmore, and by Middiman and Pye in Hakewell's "Picturesque Tour of Italy." It realised 3,000 gs. Next to Turner's Venice picture, Sir John Fowler's most profitable investment was the splendid example of Hobbema, painted in 1662, and of a size—41 ins. by 50½ ins.—unusually large for this master; it was for four generations in the collection of the Ford family, and Sir John Fowler gave £3,100 for it in 1871; it now sold for 9,100 gs. The charming little Greuze, 'La Petite Mathématicienne,' was one of the gems of the San Donato collection, and the price which it realised (about 880 gs.) at that sale has nearly doubled —1,680 gs.

The other sale, on May 13th, was formed of the Old Masters, the property of the late Sir Cecil Miles, Leigh Court, Bristol, of some fine old Italian pictures from the collection of Lord Methuen, of Corsham Court, and of properties from other sources. Of the pictures, special mention need only be made of the very fine Rubens, 'The Holy Family,' which Waagen, with a restraint quite unusual in him, described as "warm but sober in the colouring, but carefully finished." This is one of the few obviously autographic pictures in private hands; it realised the excellent price of 8,300 gs. (Agnew); in 1884 it was bought in for 5,000 gs. One of the best of the Methuen pictures was the very interesting portrait of himself, by Andrea del Sarto, which was painted for the Ricci Gallery, Florence, and was one of the several good things which the Rev. J. Sanford brought home from Italy in the earlier part of the century; this sold for 890 gs.; a 'Holy Family' of Lorenzo di Credi realised 680 gs. There were several somewhat sensational prices in this sale; a pair of portraits by Frans Hals, a gentleman and a lady, both dated 1648, which realised 3.000 gs. and 2,000 gs. respectively; a Raeburn portrait of a little girl in white muslin dress, which brought 1,900 gs.; and a Hoppner portrait of a lady, said to be Shelley's first wife, Harriet Westbrook, 1,380 gs.

If, to paraphrase an expression of Milton, big prices and great names have their attractions, obscure names and pictures, not at all great, often possess a keen interest. This is distinctly the case in connection with a work incorrectly ranged among "modern foreign pictures," and described as by "O. Van Deuven," when it should be O. Van Deuren, in the Miéville collection. The picture in question, which we reproduce here, represents a boy in a brown dress seated at a table, working with compasses; it is on panel, and measures 12 ins. by 9½ ins., and the date appears to be 1685. A reference to the new edition of Bryan reveals the fact that this artist is only known by his signature, and the date, 1624, on a picture of a hermit now in the Dresden Gallery. If these two dates can be absolutely relied upon, it is quite clear that O. Van Deuren lived a long life, and it is equally certain that many other pictures by him must be in existence.



The Student.
By O. Van Deuren.

By permission of Messrs. Agnew.

In reference to the note last month in which two pairs of beakers of the excessively rare Longton Hall ware are mentioned

as having realised 140 gs., Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, who was a friend of the late owner, tells me that they were bought of Rochford, in Brewer Street, over thirty years ago, as Chelsea ware, and the price paid was £3 10s. Similarly extraordinary "rises" may be mentioned in connection with about 30 egg-shell plates of the Kien-dung dynasty, with ruby backs, which were in the Morrison collection, sold on May 4th. Half-a-century ago a guinea each was regarded as a very good price for these plates, but at the recent sale one alone brought 80 gs.; two pairs went for 95 gs. and 120 gs. respectively; and a set of three for 165 gs.

The subject of fancy prices may be fittingly "rounded off" with the extraordinary sum – 470 gs.—paid at Messrs. Robinson & Fisher's, on May 12th, for a copy of Meyer's mezzotint engraving, printed in colours, of Romney's celebrated picture of 'Lady Hamilton as Nature'; it was, undoubtedly, a very fine open letter proof, with full margin, a condition and state in which this engraving is very rarely found, but the price is absolutely staggering. Romney, probably, never received anything like that amount for his finest portrait. But the most curious fact about this particular engraving is that it was bought in at the same place ten months previously for 210 gs.!

W. ROBERTS.

'ST. LAURENT,' BY FRANZ DVORAK.

WE congratulate the Art Committee of the Corporation of Oldham upon the purchases they have made from their Spring Exhibition for the permanent collection of the town. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Charles E. Lees, Oldham possesses an important collection of water-colour paintings, and though we have not seen the picture, 'Marshlands—Springtime,' just purchased from Mr. George Cockram, yet we have seen many of this artist's excellent works, and do not doubt that it will make a valuable addition to the collection.

Of the other picture, 'St. Laurent,' an oil painting by Franz Dvorak, we are enabled to print a reproduction upon this page. It is enviable and delightful to be in the position to show practical appreciation of, and to devote discerning support to, living merit; infinitely worthier, to our thinking, than to spend fortunes in competition for the works of dead and gone artists of established fame; and, as art patrons, such public bodies as the Committee of Oldham Art Gallery are doing a great and valuable work.

Franz Dvorak is an artist better known in America than in this country. A native of Bohemia, born in 1862, he studied first in Munich, and attracted notice by some *genre* drawings in pastel, dealing with child-life. He then went to America for about five-and-a-half years, meeting with much success, and painting a large number of portraits of prominent people in Philadelphia, New York and Chicago; also exhibiting at the World's Columbian Exposition. For the last three years he has been working in Paris, exhibiting at the Salon Champ de Mars, where this picture, 'St. Laurent,' was hung last year. He is at present engaged upon a large picture of St. Cécile for the approaching Universal Exposition in Paris. The legend of St. Laurent, or St. Lawrence, as he is known in the English-speaking world, is one of the most famous in the history of the early Christian Church. A native of Huesca, in Spain, he was made Archdeacon by Pope Sixtus I., at Rome, in 257, and was conspicuous for the piety of his nature and the purity of his life. Upon the publication of the Emperor Valerian's Edict condemning all Christian bishops and priests to death, and confiscating the property of the Church, the Pope was arrested and executed. Lawrence then distributed the goods of the Church to the poor and sick, who were his special charge (the act represented in the picture), and calmly awaited his doom. Dragged before the Prefect of Rome, he was called upon to deliver up the treasures of the Church. For reply he collected together all the poor — God's poor – and indicated that they were the Church's treasures. He was condemned to be broiled alive upon a grill, and suffered martyrdom on the 10th of August, A.D. 258.



St. Laurent.
By Franz Dvorak.

By permission of the Committee of the Oldham Central Free Public Library, Art Gallery and Museum.

The picture is a powerful and interesting one; not remarkable for any learned study of the architecture or manners of the times, such as Mr. Alma-Tadema might have given in treating such a subject, but relying in its appeal upon broad, human dramatic interest. The grave and tender dignity of the heroic martyr are finely expressed, and the utter love and devotion of the poor folk kneeling before him, their anxious fears and forebodings for his fate, are very pitiful and plain to see. Their bishop has already gone to his doom, and they know only too well that torture and death also await their beloved deacon, their comforter, supporter, and friend.



First Prize. Design by A. H. Webster. *Second Prize. Design by H. Wanless.* *Third Prize. Design by Miss M. F. Taylor.*
The Scarborough Poster Design Competition.

PASSING EVENTS.

ALTHOUGH the knighthood conferred on Mr. Walter Armstrong is quite evidently for services in connexion with the National Gallery of Ireland, art writers and critics cannot be blamed for recognizing in the honour some appreciation of Mr. Armstrong's distinguished success in art literature. Readers of THE ART JOURNAL will be mindful of his many brilliant contributions to these pages, and the conferment of the distinction comes at a time when he is engaged upon his *magnum opus* dealing with the life and achievements of Turner. It is confidently anticipated that this book will be one of the most lavish art books prepared for many years, and the fact that the firm of Messrs. Agnew has undertaken its publication is a surety of thoroughness.

SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, as he must now be styled, worthily wears his new honours. Knights and baronets of Art now form a goodly company, and it may be opportune to enumerate them, as, perhaps, few persons could be relied upon to give a complete list straight off the reel. The names are:—Sir William Agnew, Bt., Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Sir Walter Armstrong, Sir Wyke Bayliss, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bt., Sir Frederick Burton, Sir T. N. Deane, Sir John Donnelly, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir T. Farrell, Sir J. C. Harris, Sir James Linton, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Sir Noël Paton, Sir Francis Powell, Sir Edward Poynter, Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Sir George Reid, Sir W. B. Richmond, Sir Charles Robinson, Sir Murdoch Smith, Sir John Tenniel, Sir E. Maunde Thompson, and Sir Henry Trueman Wood.

MR. WALTER CRANE has apparently found his official ties with the Science and Art Department too exigent. The fact of the matter is, South Kensington was not built in a day, and the most earnest reformer will find that the work of undoing the system will be the labour of a lifetime. It must be borne in mind that, all over the country, the Department has its officers entrenched in strong bureaucratic positions—Art-masters steeped in the South Kensington traditions—and it will be long before these excellent and conscientious gentlemen unlearn the lessons in which they have been steeped.

WE wonder if the Department have ever considered the desirability of placing a young man in the position again vacant. In Edinburgh, Mr. William S. Black, a competent designer and draughtsman, has been exercising his adaptability for teaching in the Government School there; and if some one possessing all the artistic qualifications, together with tact in teaching and taste in design, is not easily found, we can with confidence recommend this gentleman.

THE Poster Competition, recently held at Scarborough, produced many clever designs, and the Advertising Committee are to be congratulated upon the successful result of their enterprise. We give, as a headpiece to these notes, reproductions of the three designs which the committee—assisted by Mr. Trevor Battye—selected as the most suitable for advertising the merits of the popular seaside resort. In Mr. Alexander Webster's design which won the first prize (£30), the artist has successfully depicted Scarborough with its gay and fashionable crowd. The idea is somewhat Japanese in treatment, and is pleasing in its bright and sunny effect. The second prize (£20) was won by Mr. Harry Wanless, whose design is quite different to Mr. Webster's, but will doubtless attract attention, which, after all, is the mission which a poster has to fulfil. The third prize (£10) was awarded to Miss Taylor, with a design quaint and original in conception. We understand that it was recommended by Mr. Trevor Battye for the second prize, but the Committee considered that Mr. Wanless's design was more suitable for advertising the attractions of the town.

ROSA BONHEUR'S death makes art much poorer, and there can be no doubt that she was one of the few women painters who attained to the first rank. THE ART ANNUAL, 1889, contained a full account of her life and work. One of the old school of Scottish painters has also recently passed away in the person of Mr John Smart, a Royal Scottish Academician, and one of the founders of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours.



"The Wives bore the babies on their backs, while the older ones trotted unsteadily at their sides." By Miss Helen Stratton.
("Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales")

REVIEWS.

WE have been much charmed with the brilliance of the illustrations made by Helen Stratton for the quarto edition of "HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES," issued by George Newnes, Ltd. Never before, we imagine, have the familiar tales appeared in so sumptuous a guise, and with such a wealth of sympathetic designs. Miss Stratton, an example of whose work we are permitted to give, is a pen-draughtsman possessed of a convention singularly energetic and vigorous. Among the four hundred pictures in the book are many that exhibit very high imaginative and creative qualities, together with refined decorative sense and much beauty in composition. In spite of their large number the range of the drawings is so great, and their execution so spirited, that they hardly at all become monotonous.

* "THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS," by J. W. Mackail (Longmans, Green and Co., two vols.). To write the life of a man like William Morris, to follow panting after his boundless enthusiasm: to review the interests and pursuits—so singularly diversified—of his crowded life, and to convey an idea of his unique personality, was no ordinary biographical undertaking. Mr. Mackail, who undertook the task at the special request of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, must be congratulated upon having produced the standard and official biography of the master. It is a most fascinating story, which no one who cares for the art of our own time will fail to read, and Mr. Mackail tells it tersely and evenly, with a fine sense of proportion and without literary passion.

Mr. Lewis Day dealt so adequately with the art of William Morris in our special Easter number that it is unnecessary to review it again here. The present is not the time when the debt which the present generation owes to him can be rightly estimated. There are many artists who are able to say of him—as a well-known artist and architect said not long ago to the present writer—that Morris has made it possible for them to live. There is much that seems inexplicable about Morris to the general public, and nothing more so than his association with active socialistic propaganda in his later years. But as it was the influence of John Ruskin, in his "Stones of Venice," that first showed Morris a new road on which the world should travel in matters of art, so the whole of the Socialism with which Morris identified himself had been implicitly contained, and the greater part of it explicitly stated, in the pages of "Unto this Last." As Mr. Mackail says: "All his serious references to Ruskin showed that he retained towards him the attitude of a scholar to a great teacher and master, not only in matters of art, but throughout the whole sphere of human life."

Space forbids us to deal here with the story of the ceaseless activities, the indomitable courage, the heroic achievements of this remarkable man, for which the reader must turn to the pages of Mr. Mackail's volumes. Poet, artist, manufacturer, printer and socialist, and not without his share of human failings, Morris's whole life was a passionate protest against the shoddy and the sham: a vehement defence of the beautiful and the true; and of him it may be said, indeed, that "he touched nothing that he did not adorn." The volumes are



Small View of Kelmscott Manor. By E. H. New.
("The Life of William Morris.")

* The Editor recommends the purchase of the books marked in this way.

embellished with some beautiful drawings by Mr. E. H. New, one of which we print here.



Mouth of the Glen Shesk and Ballycastle.
By Hugh Thomson.
("Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim.")

* "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN DONEGAL AND ANTRIM," by Stephen Gwynn, is a valuable addition to Messrs. Macmillan's series of literary guide-books, and it is illustrated by Hugh Thomson. Mr. Gwynn has written a most readable book, and Mr. Thomson has been exceedingly happy in hitting off types of local character. Some of his drawings are perfect triumphs of reproduction.

Mr. Henry Ospovat has excelled himself in his illustrations for Mr. John Lane's dainty edition of "SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS." They are finely decorative, and well attuned to the measured, stately sweep of the poems they embellish.

There has not been a brighter and wittier little book published than Mr. Whistler's * "THE BARONET AND THE BUTTERFLY" (May, Paris). It embodies the story of the trial between the painter and patron. Its language is dignified and severe, yet it is like living amidst fireworks to realize what this biting sarcasm truly means. Mr. Whistler has satisfied his injured feelings by a display of clever language such as no other writer or painter can command. It is a book which future generations will greatly enjoy.

The Royal Academy has undergone some criticism in its time, and the callow art critic considers it fair game, when other amusements fail, to spend the force of his puny hoof upon that venerable though happily not very sensitive institution. But helpful and discriminating criticism and suggestion every public body must expect, and should welcome, and in this latter class we place Mr. Henry Naegely's little booklet, "THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1900" (Elliot Stock). His plea that the selection of British Art for the coming Exhibition should be made more representative than at the last is a reasonable one. Some of his remarks about the National Collections meet with our approval. The author has a vein of quiet humour that makes his essays very readable.

"NOTES ON COLOUR," by W. Clifton, Professor of Painting at the Woolwich Royal Artillery Institution (Grant Richards), contains some shrewd common-sense hints to students. Mr. Clifton's object has been to show how the laws that regulate monochrome can, in most cases, be applied to colour. His directions are clear and practical, and the outcome of long experience.

Likely to be useful to all who are concerned with the teaching of art, are the two volumes by Helen and F. Emily Phillips, "THE GRAMMAR OF PAINTING" (O. Newmann & Co). These are first studies in painting, arranged in a course of brush-work for young students. The value of the books is enhanced by a series of sixteen excellent plates in colour in each volume, graduated in difficulty from simple designs in flat tints to drawings in full perspective.

It was an excellent idea, and one of high practical value, that suggested to Mr. John Fisher, who is head-master of the Kensington Science and Art School, Bristol, to produce an "ILLUSTRATED RECORD" (Chapman and Hall) of the work that gained gold, silver and bronze medals, and book-prizes in the National Competitions of 1896—97. The work thus focussed is exceedingly interesting as showing what our students are doing, and we suggest that it should be made a regular annual or biennial publication. In this way a most valuable record of progress would in course of time be formed.

The latest addition to Bell's Cathedral Series is "DURHAM," by J. E. Bygate. The description of the cathedral fabric, and history of the See of Durham, seems to us fully up to the standard of its predecessors. There cannot fail to be a large demand for these reliable, concise, well-illustrated and portable handbooks.

We have received a biographical and critical study of "MAX KLINGER" (Schuster & Loeffler, Berlin), written by Franz Hermann Meissner, an occasional contributor to this journal. Max Klinger is one of the most original and powerful of contemporary German artists, and, being only yet in his forty-second year, much of his best work is, we hope, yet before him.

Messrs. Ellis and Elvey, of New Bond Street, have published a photogravure plate after a drawing by Mr. Arthur Ellis, entitled, 'A Painter Etcher.' It represents Mr. C. W. Sherborn at work in his studio, surrounded by his books and prints.

The illustrated catalogue of "LINCRUSTA-WALTON: THE SUNBURY WALL DECORATION," is an almost bewildering album of beautiful designs, and a convincing proof that the proprietors of this fine permanent decoration know not only what is good, but how to supply it to their clients. A most admirable idea for a catalogue of dadoes, fillings, friezes, and ceilings executed in relief are the charming reproductions, themselves embossed in relief, giving a satisfying idea of the effect and appearance of the decorations.



On the Lochay, with Range of Craigcailleach.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

KILLIN AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.*

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.SCOT.



In Glen Lochay—Killin.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

GLEN DOCHART, to the eastward of the railway station of Luib, is a bare and desolate tract. Its scenery has no magic of mystery. Its steep, leafless sides and green haughs along the river banks, its long, grassy uplands and broad brown moors are fully exposed to sun and wind, and there are few sheltered nooks or wooded dingles in which the imagination can nestle itself. The landscape depends for its charm upon the air of immemorial antiquity which lingers around such lonely places. There is hardly any population, and therefore you can taste the very essence of Highland romance; and the frequent grey ruins are eloquent of the rough struggles of former days. It seems an enchanted place in the drowsy languor of a calm summer day, when, like Madeline in the "Eve of St. Agnes," you can, "in the lap of legends old," share the sleep that is among the lonely hills; but it is often in a dreary mood, when the air is made of mist, and the leaden-coloured mountains in the inveterate rain look soaked and obscure, and the river, creeping along its forlorn swamps, seems wet with a wetness not its own, that chills the very core of your heart. The Dochart, though flowing quietly through flat land, gives to the motionless hill-sides, which shut it in and hardly change with the seasons, a sense of life and motion and space. It brings a mystery into the landscape, and seems full of weird secrets as it reflects the shadows of the mountains and the shapes of the clouds.

Out of this wide open country, relieved only by the distant view of lofty hills to the east and west, the river passes at Killin. There it breaks into a series of rapids and cataracts like a mountain torrent, dividing into two streams round a picturesque island called Garbhinish, covered with tall, old wind-swept Scotch firs. The view at the bridge which spans the Dochart at this point, looking westward, is truly Alpine; with a ghost-like vision of the twin peaks of Ben More and Stobinian filling all the horizon with their huge bulk and snow-clad summits. Ben More looks its best from this spot, and is one of the most graceful and imposing of all the Highland mountains. Its grand cone rises straight up from the glen with one great leap of heavenward reaching height. You never weary of admiring it as the skies seem to claim it for their own, when the dawn suffuses its snows with a rosy blush, and the sunset quenches on its brow its throbbing fires in the grey ashes of the twilight, and the dusky moon swathes its sides with soft folds of silver light. With the wild, tempestuous river rolling down its foaming waters, and the tortured ruddy limbs of the clump of firs swaying with the wind in the island in the foreground, and the calm serenity of the snowy summits of the Ben More range looming beyond, seen partially above the dark green crowns of the trees, a picture of landscape grandeur is formed which has few equals in our country. It is a favourite scene with artists, and has probably been oftener seen on the walls of exhibition rooms,

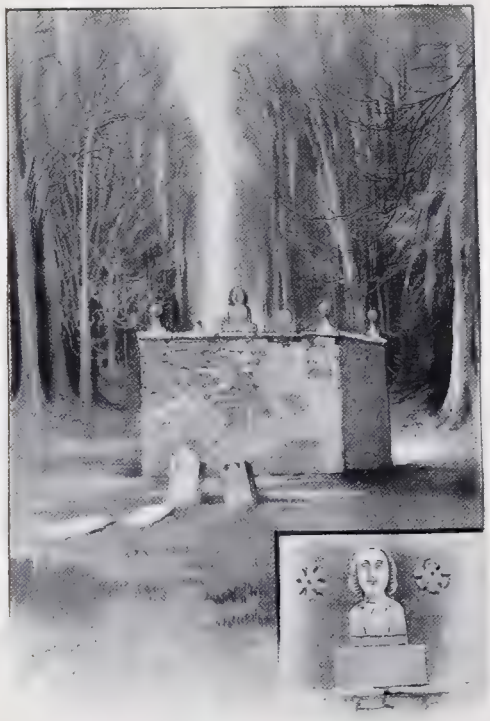
* Continued from page 200.



Arch at the Entrance to Inch Buie—Burial-place of the MacNabs.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

painted by men of the highest eminence, than any other in Scotland. The late James Docharty, a well-known Glasgow artist, made it the subject of one of the largest of his numerous paintings.

From the lower parapet of the bridge a view equally magnificent is obtained. Looking eastward, the eye is arrested and satisfied by the long green slopes of Ben Lawers, with the shadows of the stooping clouds clothing them, rising from the north shore of Loch Tay to the dark shoulders and storm-scalped double summit, four thousand feet above the level of the sea; while on the south side of the lake the mountains, richly wooded at the shore, seamed with the courses of bush-hidden streams on their faces half-way up, have round, featureless tops which, under the slanting afternoon light, glow with a vivid softness like the fields of the immortals. In the middle ground are the serrated peaks of the Craigcailleach range, crowding the sky on an extensive upland plateau; while below are the long line of village houses at the foot of the steep green hill of Stronaclachan, the foaming waters of the Dochart, and beyond, the extensive level meadows through which flows the tranquil river Lochay, with landscapes of a quiet English type along its wooded banks. A little farther on it meets its more boisterous brother and they both fall peacefully into the lake, a blue gleam of which shines through the trees fringing its shores.



Inch Buie, and Tomb of the Chiefs of the MacNabs.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Killin is one of the most charming of all the Highland resorts. The quaint simplicity of its older thatched houses has been indeed somewhat spoilt by the building of new villas and tall, three or four storied houses of the town pattern. But though man has tried hard, he has not succeeded altogether in marring the generally picturesque appearance of the place. The parish Church, built in 1744, reminds one, with its short nave and transept and octagonal apse, surmounted by a small round dome, of a Swiss mountain chapel; thus adding to the Alpine air of the surrounding scenery, with which it is in complete harmony. It is shaded by a huge gnarled sycamore, three hundred years old at least, whose roots extend under the floor of the church. The bark of this tree is covered with innumerable tacks, used to fasten the advertisements of the district. But the careful eye of the botanist notices growing among them little tufts of *Habrodon Notarisii*, an extremely rare moss first found on this tree in Britain, and since discovered on several other old sycamores in the vicinity. The principal ornament of the church is a beautiful stained-glass window in the apse—of rich colouring and admirable design, representing St. Cecilia. It was made



Ben Lawers, from Bridge of Dochart, Killin.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

in Munich and formed at first the great window of the staircase in the older portion of Taymouth Castle, from which it was removed when the castle was rebuilt. It was presented by the Marquis of Breadalbane to this church. In the square in front of the church there is a monument in the form of a Celtic cross, consisting of three different kinds of polished granite, erected to the memory of the Rev. James Stewart, formerly minister of the parish, who first translated the Scriptures into Scottish Gaelic, and so rendered a most valuable service to Highlanders in every part of the globe. He was a man of remarkable attainments, and added largely to the botany of the district, discovering many plants, especially mosses and lichens, previously unknown.

There are many spots of special interest in the village and neighbourhood. The nucleus round which all the habitations of the locality have gathered is Inch Buie, the lower of the two islands in the Dochart. Here, like Philæ, in the cataracts of the Nile, there seems to have been a religious sacredness from the remotest antiquity, which in later ages was taken advantage of to place there a roofless chapel and burying-gound, where the ancient clan of the MacNabs have laid their dead for many generations. In all probability a prehistoric altar stood on the site of the modern graves; and for ages the rude rites of sun-worship were performed by the pagan forefathers of the hamlet in the circle of hoary standing stones down below in the fields of Kinnell, overlooked by the lofty ridge of hills called, after them, Strona-clachan, or the Ridge of Stones. Perhaps the large mound behind the village, popularly supposed to be Fingal's Grave, may have been associated with this early shrine of religion, and may have given to the village its name of Killin—the grave by the pool or river.

Inch Buie is a most romantic island. The entrance to it is at the Dochart Bridge, through, first, two massive gate pillars, each surmounted at one time by a huge stone figure of a dragon, and then, a little beyond, through an ancient grotesque archway. It is densely shaded with tall beech and fir trees, which have suffered much from a devastating storm that laid low many of the woods and forests of the district five or six years ago. The ground is covered with a thick soft carpet of yellow moss, upon which it is pleasant to tread, muffling all sounds, and subduing the soul into sympathy with the venerable sacredness of the place. The trees meet overhead, and form a shady avenue, with the sunlight sifting through the bright leaves and flickering upon the grey trunks and the mossy sward. Although near a populous village, you have an unusual feeling of remoteness and isolation. The world of the dead past folds you about. As you listen to the cooing of the doves, and the all-pervading murmur of the white rushing waters on either side of the island, and contrast their eternal motion with the eternal rest of the graves in the little enclosure in the heart of the solitude, you seem to become absorbed into the natural life of the things around you. The fever and the fret of your human life vanish, and a sad, wistful peace settles upon your heart, like a foretaste of the true Nirvana.

The MacNabs, whose dust lies in the inside and around the little roofless chapel, were once lords of all the

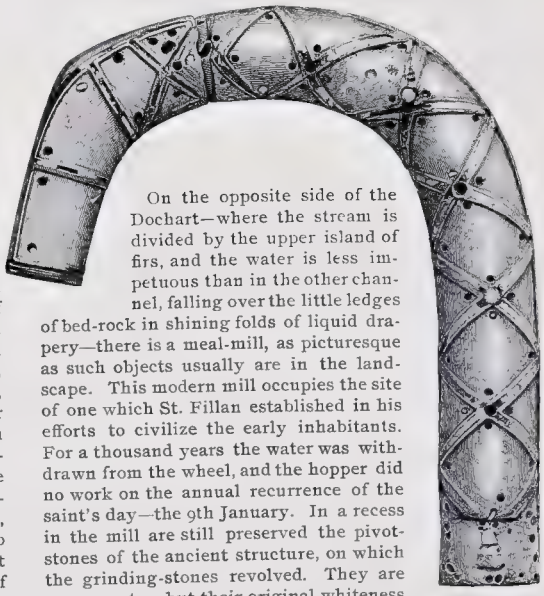


Finlarig Castle, Killin.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

territory within the horizon. They belonged as much to the nature of the locality as the heather on its braes, which was their own clan badge. Deriving their origin and name from the abbots of the Priory of Strathfillan, they held their own, in the frequent struggles of feudal times, against the surrounding lairds, from the days of King Robert the Bruce till the close of last century. Their early home in the islanded castle of Eilan Rowan, and afterwards in the mansion house of Kinnell, harboured as fine a race of stalwart Highlanders as any in the North, whose motto of "Dread Nought" was entirely characteristic. They fought for their country in the wars of the Continent, and espoused alternately the side of the Stewarts and of the House of Hanover. Careless generosity and lavish hospitality impoverished them, and their estates were finally sold to the House of Breadalbane, which now owns all the country-side from Aberfeldy to Oban. The largest portion of the clan Macnab emigrated as a body to Canada; and there, under the leadership of their chief, Sir Allan MacNab, they helped to drive back the American invaders of their adopted country, and avenged the insult to the British flag by sending the steamer of their foes, called the *Caroline*, in flames over the Falls of Niagara. Archibald, the last undoubted chief, returned for a short time to Scotland, and ultimately died at Lannion, Côtes du Nord, in France; while the daughter of this Laird of Macnab passed away in Florence, and is laid in the Protestant burying-place of the City of Flowers, near the tomb of Mrs. Browning, far from the graves of her forefathers at Inch Buie. The burying-place of the Macnabs at Killin has been a favourite subject for artists. And one of the most effective paintings of it is by Horatio MacCulloch, who represented the lonely spot by moonlight, with a solitary mourner bending over the graves, and casting the dark shadow of his figure upon them. Dean Stanley was greatly charmed with this romantic spot, and wrote a graphic account of his visit in one of his home letters recently published. He found the old woman, Katy Thomson, who acted as guide, remarkably shrewd and intelligent, with a vein of poetry running through the homeliness of her speech, and capable of appreciating all the picturesque elements of the place and pointing them out to visitors.

> "A wall of crumbling stones doth keep
> Watch o'er long barrows where they sleep,
> Old chronicled grave-stones of its dead,
> On which oblivious mosses creep,
> And lichens grey as lead."

On the south bank of the Dochart, not far from its junction with the Lochay, is the old mansion house of Kinnell, the seat for several centuries of the successive chiefs of the Macnabs. It is a plain, square house, with long, narrow windows, and is shaded by huge beeches, willows, and sycamores, and surrounded by green lawns and extensive parks. There is about it an air of broken-hearted abandonment, a patient sadness, which seems to speak of the misfortunes of those who inhabited it, and which is increased by the sight of a circle of hoary Druid stones in the near neighbourhood, standing bleaching in the sun, like the unburied bones of a long-extinct faith. In the garden, under glass, there is a famous vine, of the Black Hamburg sort, planted about a hundred and twenty years ago, which is one of the largest in Europe, and yields upwards of three thousand clusters of grapes in favourable years. Its stem measures two feet in circumference, and it extends in length for 171 feet, completely covering the whole house.



The Original Crozier of St. Fillan.

On the opposite side of the Dochart—where the stream is divided by the upper island of firs, and the water is less impetuous than in the other channel, falling over the little ledges of bed-rock in shining folds of liquid drapery—there is a meal-mill, as picturesque as such objects usually are in the landscape. This modern mill occupies the site of one which St. Fillan established in his efforts to civilize the early inhabitants. For a thousand years the water was withdrawn from the wheel, and the hopper did no work on the annual recurrence of the saint's day—the 9th January. In a recess in the mill are still preserved the pivot-stones of the ancient structure, on which the grinding-stones revolved. They are pure quartz; but their original whiteness is now obscured by the grime of ages, and they still show the concentric holes drilled



Meal Mill on the Dochart at Killin.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

into them by the iron spindle of the millstones when at work. Many old people remember the superstitious use made of these stones in connection with sick cattle, which were required to drink the water in which they were immersed, when they were supposed to be cured by its miraculous virtue. There were at one time five stones in the mill, but two of them were unaccountably lost. I found the missing ones, bleached to their original purity by long exposure to sun and shower, on a tombstone, in a lonely burying-ground of the Macdiarmids, called Cladh Dhavi, on the shore of Loch Tay, below Morenish. Women used to come long distances to apply these stones in diseases of the chest, believing with a trusting faith in their miraculous efficacy.

Besides the mill, there used to be several other most interesting memorials of St. Fillan in Killin. Of these the most remarkable were five religious relics, the Quigrich, or crozier, the bell, the mallet used in the making of pot barley with the "knockin' stane" or mortar, the enshrined arm of the saint, and his Psalter, each of which was kept by a separate custodian. These custodians all bore the generic name of Dewar, and were distinguished by the addition of the name of the separate relic which each of them guarded; the word Dewar meaning in Gælic a wanderer, derived from the circumstance that the keeper of the saint's relic usually carried it through the country for various superstitious purposes. The official description became in course of time a family name, like Dempster, and many others. In return for the services which these Dewars rendered to the community, they received each a grant of land, rent free, in the neighbourhood. These lands are still known as Dewars' Crofts. It is a curious circumstance that the custodians of St. Fillan's relics should have been not clerics or priests, as we might have expected, subject to the ecclesiastical courts, but laymen, whose independent authority was upheld by the Civil Judicature. On several occasions the Priors of Strathfillan appealed to the Civil Court to obtain possession of the relics for the churches of Killin and Glen Dochart that were under their protection; but they were always defeated, and the Dewars were legally allowed to retain unchallenged possession of them, according to old Celtic usage.

James III. of Scotland issued letters under the Privy Seal, confirming the right of the Dewar who held the Quigrich, or crozier, and also his heirs to the custody of it in perpetuity. It was thus an hereditary office, held by a succession of the eldest sons of the family down to recent times, when the last descendant emigrated to America, and took the crozier with him. Ultimately, through the intervention of the late Sir Daniel Wilson, the eminent antiquary of Toronto, it was sent home to Edinburgh for presentation to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, where it may now be seen. The crozier was enclosed in a silver-gilt reliquary of beautiful chased work, ornamented by patterns in filigree of silver wire, in the style characteristic of the Christian Celtic art of Ireland. At the end of the crest or ridge where it overhangs, there is a small carved bust, probably of St. Fillan, and immediately



Grassed. A Sketch in a Breadalbane Forest. By A. Scott Rankin.

below this figure, in front of the pendent part of the crook, there is a plaque, adorned with a setting of rock crystal, which is supposed to be a charm stone, possessing curative properties, and also a vexillum guarding the bearer and securing victory in battle. The flat terminal plate has upon it a picture of the Crucifixion, with a star on either side of the cross. The Quigrich is of a type peculiar to the early Celtic church, and differing from all other European croziers. The reliquary has a remarkable peculiarity. The artist, instead of making an altogether separate outer case for it, stripped the older crozier of its filigreed silver plaques and made up the shrine with them, filling in the deficiencies with inferior work. This reminds one of the method adopted by the Irish masons, who, when sent to construct a wall round a ruined castle to preserve it from injury, took the stones of their wall from the ruins themselves. The original crozier in the inside, thus ruthlessly stripped and reduced to a mere framework of copper, must have been a work of considerable artistic excellence. In the raised bands which mark out the empty sockets in the original plaques may still be seen strips of lustrous niello work, which must have formed a beautiful contrast to the red of the copper lines and the brightness of the silver ornaments. Judging from the resemblance of the crozier to the cover of the prayer-book of Charles the Bold, in the Louvre, it cannot be more modern than the first half of the ninth century; and there is almost no doubt that it is the identical head of the pastoral staff of St. Fillan himself, coming subsequently into possession of his successors in office in the Priory of Strathfillan. Why or when it passed over to the custody of the secular Dewar Coggerach, and the extant reliquary was made for enshrining it, there is no evidence to show.

The Bell of St. Fillan, called the Bernan, is also preserved, beside the crozier, in the Edinburgh Museum. Like all the bells of the early Celtic church, which have a type of their own, it is square-shaped, with a loop-like handle. This specimen is an elegant casting of bronze; but the Celtic bells were usually made of hammered metal, folded square, and buttoned up one side, like the cattle bells of Switzerland, which are supposed to have taken their pattern originally from the Celtic bells of the famous Swiss Monastery of St. Gall, introduced by the followers of St. Columba. The early history of St. Fillan's bell is lost. In 1488 it was borne in the procession connected with the coronation of King James IV., at Scone. After the failure of the line of its hereditary keepers in the middle of the eighteenth century it was exposed in the open air, placed on a tombstone in the churchyard of the Priory of Strathfillan, protected by its own sanctity, and was used in connection with the miraculous cures effected upon mentally diseased persons at the Holy Pool, as already described. It was stolen from this place and carried to Hertfordshire, in England, where it was lost sight of for a long period, until, about fifty years ago, it was accidentally discovered and sent back to Edinburgh.

The other three relics of the Saint disappeared completely—probably at the Reformation, as being more obnoxious to the religious scruples of the Protestant party. The Farig was a wooden mallet used for shelling barley for broth in the stone mortars, once seen in front of every farmhouse, but now discarded for more than fifty years. It probably belonged to the Saint, and was venerated on that account. The Meser, like the famous Misach of St. Columba, which had its hereditary keeper and its grant of land in Inishowen, was probably a manuscript illustrated Psalter, belonging to St. Fillan, and written by his own hand. The Mayne was in all likelihood the left arm of the Saint, preserved after his death, which, according to the legend, he was accustomed to hold up when writing in the dark, and from which was emitted a glow of light, like the famous "Hand of Glory," sufficient to guide his right hand when engaged in copying the text of his Meser or Psalter. It is recorded that his servant, looking through the chinks of the door at night, often saw him engaged in this task, aided by the miraculous light proceeding from his own arm. This arm was enshrined in a silver casket, and was a highly venerated relic. It was kept at Killin, and was taken to Bannockburn, and on the morning of the famous battle it was held up before the Scottish troops, when they knelt before it. Edward II. asked Sir Ingram de Umphraville if the Scots were pleading for mercy, and was told that they were kneeling, not to man, but to God.

Hector Boece gives a remarkable account of a miracle which happened in the tent of King Robert the Bruce on the night before the battle in connection with this precious relic. Weary and anxious regarding the issue of the morrow, the King knelt down in prayer before the silver reliquary of the Mayne, or arm of his patron saint, when suddenly he was startled by a clashing sound. The custodian of the relic saw the arm of St. Fillan of its own accord opening the case and passing within it. Full of fear and awe, he confessed to the King that he had sent the reliquary empty, having kept the arm in his own tent, fearing for its safety. This miracle was regarded as a good omen, and greatly cheered the King. On a knoll beside the Dochart, a little distance west from the village, St. Fillan used to preach to the natives; and the farmhouse which now occupies the site is called from that circumstance, Tigh Beannaichte, or the Blessed House, and the slightly wooded crag jutting out from the hill-side above, Craig Neavie, or the Rock of Heaven.

Across the river Lochay, in a most romantic locality, are the ruins of Finlarig Castle, occupying a coign of vantage guarding the Pass at that end of Loch Tay betwixt the north and south. At one time it was picturesquely covered with ivy, but is now bare and blackened by the effects of a recent fire. This rugged relic of the past is surrounded by hoary trees, mostly oaks, chestnuts and sycamores, and one holly of great size and age. One of the sycamores, blown down some years ago by a fierce storm, was of enormous dimensions, and for two or three hundred years was the hanging-tree on which

criminals were executed, after having been tried on the Moot Hill, or open-air court, of Dunlochay, in the immediate vicinity, and found guilty. Several of the persecuted clan of Macgregor, among them Duncan Ladassoch, and his sons Gregor and Malcolm Roy, were put to death here. Previous to the erection of Taymouth Castle this was the family residence of the ancestors of the House of Breadalbane, those fierce feudal barons of Lochow who annexed one after another the properties of the surrounding lairds to their extensive domains, and reigned supreme. The most notorious of these was Black Duncan of the Cowl, who combined in his own person the extremes of gentle culture and ruthless barbarity. The dungeons in which he immured his victims, and the iron chains with which he fastened them to the walls, may still be seen below the basement of the ruined castle; and it indicates the rough character of the times when lords and ladies could enjoy their dancing and feasting in the grand tapestried upper rooms, heedless of the groanings of the wretched prisoners in the dark cells below, awaiting their execution.

The mausoleum of the Breadalbane family, occupying the site of an old chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, lifts its solemn architectural front above the funereal shrubbery around it, and looks across to the splendid residential mansion of Auchmore, on the other side of the valley, as if pointing, by its strong contrast, the sad moral of earth's highest station coming to the same end as the humblest lot—"If I wait, the grave is mine house." The memories that gather round the dark ruins of Finlarig Castle cast, however, a much more sombre shadow over the beautiful landscape in the midst of which they are set, than the associations of the modern chapel of the dead, for they speak to us not only of death, which is the common fate of all, as the latter do, but of human tragedy and cruelty, and abuse of power, so that we are thankful that the veil of oblivion hides most of it from our view.

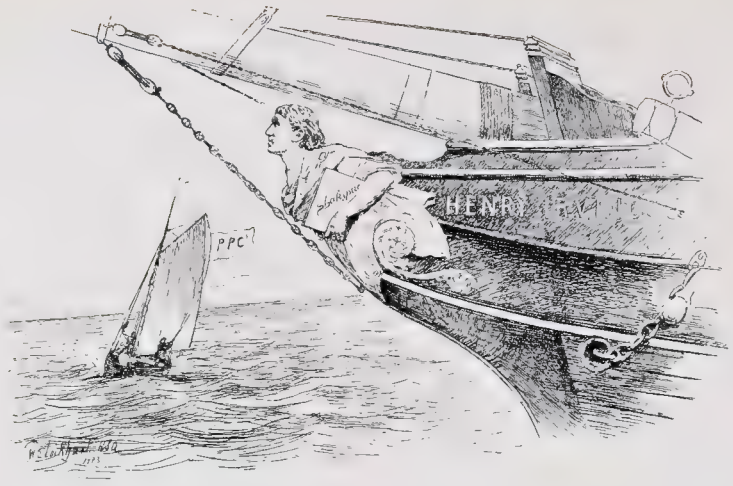
Behind Finlarig, on the lower slopes of Craigcailleach, there is a considerable tract of Scotch firs, the relics of the old Caledonian forest. The trees have been dreadfully thinned by the effects of recent storms, but those which remain are truly magnificent, with their huge, scaly trunks and tortuous branches clothed with masses of foliage. The effect of the level afternoon sun in bringing out the red glow of the trunks and branches and the blue-green colour of the needles is most beautiful. In this forest the capercailzie, which was here reintroduced from Norway, after having been long extinct in Scotland, may frequently be seen and heard crashing through the firs; while the rare *Linnæa borealis*, a flower named after Linnæus, which is usually found in Scotland in places where the Caledonian forest once extended its shade, may occasionally be picked up in the remote recesses.

Glen Lochay, which opens westward from this point, is quite different from Glen Dochart. Its scenery is richly varied and wooded, disclosing at every turn of the road new and more enchanting views. It contracts at the Falls of Lochay, where the river is throttled by the rocks, and forms a succession of white cascades and deep pools, exceedingly wild and grand, especially in a spate, while the opposite mountain-sides approach each other high up and shut out the western horizon. Beyond the Falls the character of the glen becomes much more picturesque, consisting of a series of vistas of woods and crags and far-receding mountain-slopes; while the bed of the river is rocky, and the water is broken up into foaming rapids whose loud roar fills all the air. One spot, especially, is remarkably fine, where the Lochay forms a deep pool by the roadside, overhung with rugged grey rocks, covered with native birch and alder trees, and the torrent-seamed sides and huge round shoulders of Maelghirdy rise up for three thousand six hundred feet on the one side, and the rocky rampart-like ledges of Ben Challum storm the sky on the other. In the far distance the blind glen is shut up by great, ghostly peaks, streaked with snow, appearing and disappearing through a dim haze; at the foot of which are miles of treeless pastoral lands whose monotony oppresses the soul, and whose profound silence becomes almost audible. The sigh of the wind and the murmur of the river produce a peculiarly sad effect in the universal loneliness, like the cry of the curlew and the wail of the plover. You seem here to lose consciousness of the human world altogether, while your own existence becomes more intense amid the immeasurable solitudes.

(To be continued.)

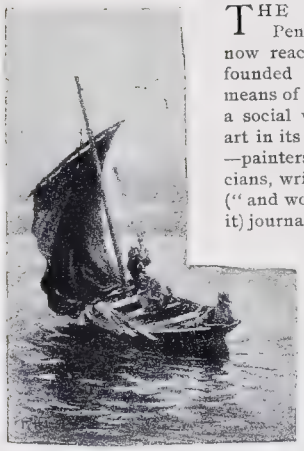


The Falls of Lochay, Glen Lochay, Killin.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



Designed by W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A.

THE EDINBURGH PEN-AND-PENCIL CLUB.



Designed by the late R. Anderson, A.R.S.A.

THE Edinburgh Pen-and-Pencil Club, which has now reached its majority, was founded early in 1879 as a means of bringing together, in a social way, men engaged in art in its various developments—painters, sculptors, musicians, writers in poetry, prose ("and worse," as Hood has put it) journalists and connoisseurs. It is a truly Bohemian organization, for not only was one of its earliest (unwritten), laws "evening dress not desirable," but it is even more savage than the Savage, being statutorily "vagabond" from having no fixed place of abode, and thus being able to sing, with Joanna Baillie's "Merry, merry men":—

> "Nor board, nor garner own we now,
> Nor roof, nor latchèd door."

At a recent gathering, the three gentlemen who had acted as secretary to the club during its twenty-one years of life, were found sitting together, and, on a suggestion then made, the men were photographed next day by Mr. W. Crooke, of Edinburgh, a member of the club, and this group we reproduce opposite. To be correct, there was another secretary, Mr. Hugh Rooney, but he left Edinburgh, on promotion, after two meetings had been held, and so his services ceased. The men represented are, on the left, the writer of these notes, who was secretary from 1879 to 1886; on the right, David Pryde, LL.D., formerly head of the Ladies' College, Edinburgh, who held office for several years; and, standing behind, Mr. W. Welsh McFarlane, the present secretary.

In its early days the club held on its roll a number of men who have since made a mark in the world. Robert Louis Stevenson was an original member, in sympathy with the intentions of the club, and known to many of its members. But he had, by 1879, begun those travels in search of health which form so pathetic a part of his story; and his "Travels with a Donkey," and "Across the Plains," give sufficient reasons why he did not join his brother Bohemians at home. As a matter of fact, Stevenson never attended a meeting of the club, and he



Designed by George R. Halkett.

resigned in December, 1880. As an honorary member, the club embraced the then President of the Royal Scottish Academy, Sir Daniel Macnee, and that inimitable *raconteur* has "tauld his queerest stories" to the members. His successors, Sir W. Fettes Douglas and Sir George Reid, have also held honorary membership. In the ranks were seen W. MacTaggart, W. B. Hole, R. Gibb, W. E. Lockhart, G. Hay, J. Smart, W. D. Mackay, R. Macgregor, Hugh Cameron, W. F Vallance, Academicians; G. Aikman, A.R.S.A., and many other members of the Royal Scottish Academy, as well as a goodly contingent of yet unlettered artists. Mr. W. G. Stevenson, R.S.A., painter, sculptor, and humourist, has been a host in himself with "Wee Johnnie Paterson," and other narratives. Amongst musicians were found Sir A. C. Mackenzie, then still "grinding in the prison-house" of teaching music in the Ladies' College, but preening his wings for the higher flight of composer and conductor, and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Still connected with the club, now as an honorary member, is Mr. George Croal, who, in his eighty-ninth year, joins our time with Sir Walter Scott's avowal of the sole authorship of the Waverley Novels at the Theatrical Fund Dinner, in 1827, where Mr. Croal was, as a youth, present. Another living veteran musician is Mr. Edmund Edmunds, whose public life is so remote that, beginning life by singing "Bid me Discourse," at Drury Lane Fund Dinner, in 1822, when twelve years of age, he made his last stage appearance in Edinburgh in 1834! Edmunds was one of two youthful prodigies brought forward by the famous T. Cooke, of Drury Lane (himself originally a prodigy), the other being Master Balfe, who, in 1823, appeared as a violinist, and subsequently became famous as the composer of the evergreen "Bohemian Girl." Amongst the crowd of musicians who graced the early lists of the club, may be named Mr. W. Waddell, violinist; Mr. Carl D. Hamilton, 'cellist; Mr. Millar Craig, Mr. Della Torre, Otto Schweitzer, and many others. Besides R. L. Stevenson, the list contained names in letters of more or less interest, most of whom are still living. Mr. Henry Bellyse Baildon, well known as a writer of dainty verse, and now Lecturer on English Literature in the University of Vienna, may be named; also Dr. Andrew Wilson, "Combe" Lecturer and literary scientist, or scientific journalist, and the late Patrick Proctor Alexander, most Bohemian of literary Bohemians. The non-professional element embraced, for example, Mr. J. M. Gow, banker, volunteer, and connoisseur, whose story, "And so on," still lingers; and as a non-resident member there was the late Sheriff Nicolson, most genial of Celts, after known in connection with the Crofter Commission, and author of the spirited marching song of our Highland regiments, "Agus O, Mhórag." Then there was the late Dr. James A. Sidey, equally beloved of physicians, whose "Mistura Curiosa" and "Alter Ejusdem" contain so many songs, tender and lovely, comic and rollicking, adorned with pictures by nearly every Scottish artist of note. His "Port o' Leith, Gentlemen," lives in many minds; and that, and such songs as "The Irish Schoolmaster," his golfing and curling songs, "The Siller's the Thing," the Bairnie's song, "I'll Sing a Songie-pongie to my Bairnie the Day," songs on Toothache and other medical subjects, prove the width and geniality of his mind. A *chef-d'œuvre*, not committed to writing, was his fantasmal account of how he and the secretary went to arrange about a picnic by barge on the Canal—which, *on dit*, Mrs. Grundy forbade!—his concluding words being that, after much brewing of "tums," he left the present writer on his doorstep, singing "Can-al Acquaintance be Forgot!" Mr. R. Richardson, hailing from Australia, and known in the columns of boys' journals, etc., was also a member.

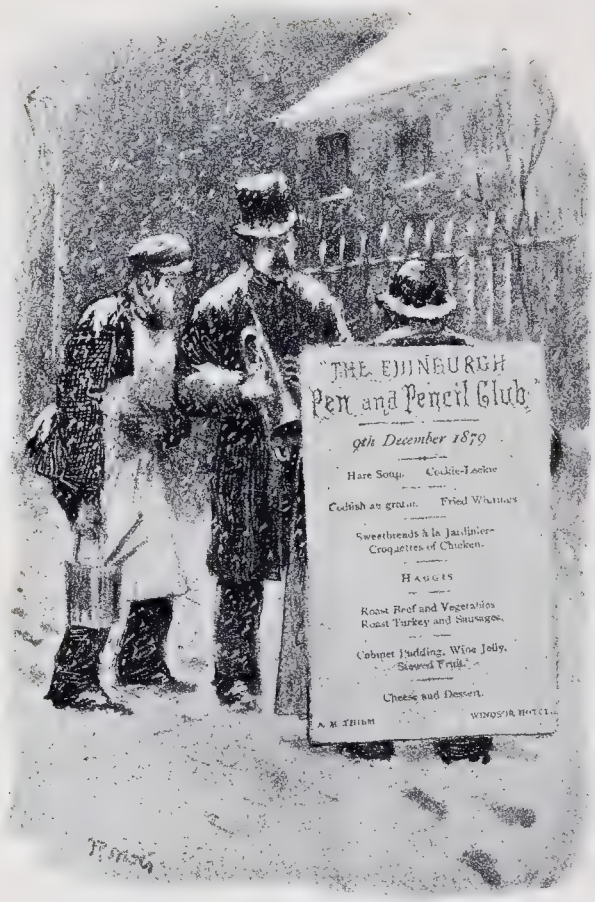


The Secretaries of the Edinburgh Pen-and-Pencil Club.

In November, 1881, the club gave the first of its special banquets to notable men, the guest then being Sir Henry Irving. On this, as on later occasions when Sir Henry has been the guest, the club borrowed another line from Joanna Baillie—

"And night has grown our day":

meeting as midnight approached. The menu-card for the first Irving banquet was much sought after, and, though reprinted, is now probably "scarce." It bore outside an excellent etched profile of the guest, with many symbols, by Mr. George Aikman, and within was made up almost wholly of Shakspearean words, in what seemed the bill of a new play, "Henry I." This was the work of Dr. Pryde, who was chairman on the occasion. After the haggis came what Lord Salisbury might call a misquotation—"incomplete and therefore inaccurate"—namely, "Let me have a dram," from "Romeo and Juliet." Some liberty was also taken with "Antony and Cleopatra" in the inverted Charmian, the company being shown as exclaiming—after 3 A.M.—"Oh, Chairman, I will never go from hence." Amongst those fêted by the club have been Toole, Paderewski, Professor Masson, Andrew Lang, Barrie, S. R. Crockett, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, and, recently, Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Many interesting menu-cards have been provided by members of the club, and we give examples of some of the earlier productions. That for the dinner of 9th December, 1879, when Mr. Edmund Edmunds was in the chair, is by Robert Macgregor, R.S.A., and represents



Menu designed by Robert Macgregor, R.S.A.

painting, music, and literature by a bill-sticker, a street-corner player, and a sandwich-man. From the card of 8th November, 1881, we give the chief portion, showing literature, music, and art in the shape of Ruskin, Sullivan, and Millais round a witch's cauldron. This is by George R. Halkett, whose black-and-white work is now well known, and whose "Gladstone Gleanings" had much vogue. Mr. Lockhart's design, entitled 'Westward Ho!' given as headpiece here, was part of a series of drawings for the menu-card, when, in 1883, Sir Henry Irving inaugurated the new Lyceum Theatre in Edinburgh. At the thirteenth meeting, 14th December, 1880, there appeared a menu as a paper from the *Rambler*, the heading of which we reproduce :—

THE

R A M B L E R.

NUMB. 13. TUESDAY. *December* 14. 1880.

Epulis accumbere Divum.

Olympian Joys here found no Fables,
Though Men we sit at godlike Tables.

NATURE, which has implanted in our Frames the Attributes of Hunger and Thirst, has with them generously conjoined the Faculty of exercising with Enjoyment our masticating and bibulous Organs. Hence we delight in the Triumphs of the culinary Art, and find in the Secrets of Gastronomy Opportunities for Delight such as are stirred in our emotional Being by the masterpieces of Art.

Poscentur varia multum diverso palato.
HORACE.

Requiring each to gratify his Taste with
Different Food. FRANCIS.

The dishes were then enumerated in rotund and balanced phrase, with occasional classic lines, such as, after haggis (and after Virgil!)—

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Amongst other imitations given, were "The Banquet," after Burns, "by one of the Scalds," being an imitation of "The Posie"; a poem with music, "Beau-a-desir," to the rhythm of the British Warrior Queen; "Hopenpencil," after "Hohenlinden"; and a long theatre bill, after the old fashion, describing, in large type, a new Christmas Pen and Pa(i)ntomime, entitled "The Merry Men of Windsor"—the dinners being then held in Windsor Hotel. Without doubt, the neatest imitation produced is that we now give. It is the menu-card for 20th March, 1883, and is from the pen of Mr. H. B. Baildon, B.A., already mentioned :—

THE MENU.

A SONG OF DINNER. BY W—T WH—TM—N.

I celebrate Dinner, I chant the Stomach,
Mine is the Hymn of Eating, yea, also, of Drinking,
I sing the Pleasures of eating—and the Pains,
To-day I sing the Pleasures—to-morrow, perhaps the Pains.
O effete Poets! ye sing of Primrose and Violet,
I am strong and virile, my appetite is enormous,
I am Eupeptic!

I see before me *Semolina Soup*,
I am asked to take *Kidney Soup*,
I am impartial—I take both.

Silly, dyspeptic Poets, feeding on Lilies!
I eat *Crimped Skate* and *Fried Haddocks*—
For these the Fisherman perilled his life,
To see these the bonny Fishwife smiled—
The Fisherman I embrace—also the fish-wife!

I see the *Porker* in his stye—he grunts,
Yet I refuse not to eat his *Cutlets*,
With *Mustard Sauce*.
Happy Porker! he becomes part of the Bard,
He shall become a Poem!

Popiettes! my Brothers! What are *Popiettes?*
You cannot tell—nor I—
There is one thing we know—it is *Haggis!*
Let us drink!
I drink to the Haggis and to the Popiettes,
To the *Known*, also to the *Unknown!*

The Solid! I sing the Solid!
Boiled Beef and *Roast Mutton*,
And after the strong the sweet,
After the Man the Woman—
After the meat, the *Pudding* and the *Tart*—
Some women are Pudding, some are Tart!
And the Child—what is *it?*
The Cheese!

—H. B. B.

T. A. CROAL.



"Festa," the Interior of a Venetian Cafe.
By S. Melton Fisher.

MR. MELTON FISHER AND HIS WORK.



A Chalk Study for 'Clerkenwell Flower-Makers.' By S. Melton Fisher.

WHEN the unsympathetic foreigner discourses upon British art, he straightway fastens upon what he stigmatizes as its insistent insularity; then raises a cheap laugh about the tendency to wobble between anecdotic small-beer and psychological conundrums; and finally, with a shrug of the shoulders, claims for his particular nation all the heritage of the Old Masters in composition, colour, harmony and simplicity. An International Peace Conference on art matters has not yet sat. In the meantime it is necessary now and again to urge that this country can still produce artists who are not insular in their prejudices, and who conform with the canons of the beautiful that have made the language of Art universal and eternal. One of the most hopeful signs at the present time, is the increasing number of earnest young painters who are not content with a patois or a slang version of this universal language; who will not confuse blatant mannerism with genius, nor sensationalism and advertisement with charm.

Once the student has made up his mind that henceforth his quest shall be of the beautiful, and that constantly he will find expression for his worship, he has at least set foot on that plane along which the greatest masters have progressed. But there must be no halting by the wayside, no contortionism, no tobogganing down the slope to clap-trap. In the recent Academy Exhibition there were, happily, to be seen works in which the traditional cult of the beautiful was maintained, where the grace and charm of the object seen were the be-all and the end-all of the artist's endeavour. Occasion has already been made in these pages to refer to some of these examples.

Included among these was the work of the painter whose name heads this article. Mr. Melton Fisher is of that band, striving to show that painting need neither be literary nor philo-



Fredk. Harrison, Esq., as the "Comte de Candale." By S. Melton Fisher.



A Chalk Study for 'Clerkenwell Flower-Makers.' By S. Melton Fisher.

sophic. Refinement, grace and tenderness are the simple qualities which he chooses as the combination to solace the eye to which he appeals. At a time when it has become the fashion to inveigh against English methods of art instruction, it is interesting to note that Mr. Melton Fisher was formerly a student in the Royal Academy Schools. As a youth he received his education at Dulwich College, an institution which can claim a goodly number of well-known artists among its old boys. Mr. La Thangue and Mr. Stanhope Forbes are two others of recent times, and Mr. Melton Fisher asserts that, apart from natural leanings, he was much influenced in his youth towards an artistic career by the study and admiration of the glorious collection of pictures in the Dulwich College Gallery. Later he became a student at the Lambeth School of Art, and thence he passed into the Academy Schools. His course of study there did not belie his early promise (whilst at Lambeth he had won a gold medal in the National Art Competition), and he succeeded in winning the "Prix de Rome" of British art awards—the travelling scholarship of £200 and a gold medal for a historical picture.

At that time Mr. Melton Fisher's bent towards portraiture was decidedly pronounced, and, although but an Academy student, he had established a reputation in this branch of work. He recalls now, with some amusement at the enthusiasm of youth, that the winning of the scholarship was not wholly pleasurable. It naturally meant leaving England for a definite period and the consequent temporary closing of an avenue which seemed then to be leading to success. Fortunately this specious argument did not prevail.



A Chalk Study for 'The Tambour-Frame.' By S. Melton Fisher.

If the richness of the national collections has rendered the "grand tour" less necessary to the earnest student than formerly, the opportunity afforded by this travelling scholarship is still very great. "Study the great works of the Old Masters," said Reynolds, "for ever." He, indeed, knew full well the advantages of this close worship, and it is exactly a century and a-half ago since he journeyed through Italy and fell under the spell of the great Venetian. What, then, more fitting than that the Academy which he founded should provide its alumni with the wherewithal to make a similar pilgrimage?



Ruth, daughter of Carmichael Thomas, Esq. By S. Melton Fisher.

In Mr. Melton Fisher's case this pilgrimage developed into the happiest of exiles. Arriving in Venice, the beautiful city captured him as completely as Titian won Reynolds. For over ten years he remained there, and how he absorbed the life, the light and colour of Italy is to be fully seen in the pictures which regularly, year by year, were exhibited at the Academy.

The 1889 exhibition contained the interior of a Venetian café "Festa." This is a typical example of Mr.



Clerkenwell Flower-Makers.
By S. Melton Fisher.

Melton Fisher's Italian work. The difficulty of grouping harmoniously a number of figures has been in the first place satisfactorily overcome. The colouring is soft, suffused, and in tender harmony. A *tour de force* is provided in the painting of the mirror which bounds the room, and in which the figures are reflected. The gladness of those Venetian years lingers in the artist's memory, and it may be added that it was in Venice he found and won his wife.



A Chalk Study for 'A Children's Picnic.'
By S. Melton Fisher.

With commendable zeal, and mindful of such men as Leighton and Burne-Jones, Mr. Melton Fisher makes numerous chalk studies and drawings of subjects which he may subsequently embody in his work. His portfolios are filled with sketches of great facility and power of delineation, and the reader can gather an opinion of his skill of draughtsmanship from the reproduction of some of those studies in this article. Naturally, he views this preliminary class of work as a means to an end, and as interesting merely on that account. To elevate it further is to illustrate Sir Edward Poynter's definition of cant provided by the case of a person who visited an artist's studio, and, after having been shown pictures and designs of no mean order of beauty, begged to be allowed to see some of his "earnest work—his studies of leaves and flowers." How far a combination of studies may foreshadow an artist's ideal is best displayed in a pastel, and this was well exemplified in the recent exhibition of the Pastel Society, of which Mr. Melton Fisher is the Honorary Treasurer.

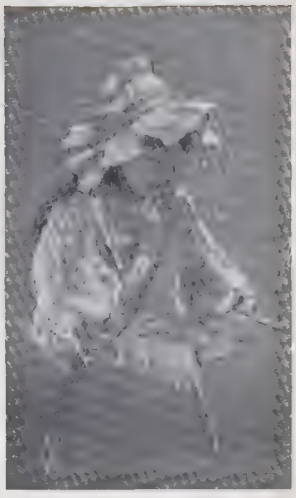
Returning from Italy, Mr. Melton Fisher was fortunate enough to settle in one of the most beautiful parts of London, near Kensington Gardens, in the house which had sheltered Wagner under its roof, and where the score of "Parsifal" was first played in this country. Fresh from the gorgeous colour of the southern city he was yet much impressed with the artistic possibilities of his native scenes, and patriotically confesses that London has not yet ceased to attract him, which at least proves the truth of the saying that beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

Remembering the success of his picture, 'Venetian Costume-Makers,' he felt that there must be somewhere in the Metropolis a counterpart to this subject. Forthwith he set out to encounter his ideal and, strange though it may appear, found it in the squalid district of Clerkenwell. By accident he learnt of the existence of a Water-Cress and Flower-Girls' Mission, founded in



A Chalk Study for 'The Tambour-Frame.'
By S. Melton Fisher.

the East End by the benevolence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. He visited the quarter, and obtained permission to view some artificial-flower-makers at work. Mr. Chevalier has been accused of idealizing the coster. Mr. Melton Fisher emphatically denies that he found it necessary to idealize the scene presented before his eyes. He found that the poor girls engaged in this delicate handicraft reflected in themselves all the grace and beauty of their calling. Here, indeed, was Venice in London. The careful studies made by him show that there was no need to exaggerate the charm of his models. Beautifully shaped hands, unconscious grace of attitude, a wealth of colour, were all before him. Perhaps he could not help gazing at the scene with Venetian eyes, and grouping his figures accordingly. But the fact remains that he found his picture in London, and did not borrow an Italian subject and label it with an English title. The criticism on this point, which the picture evoked, prompted Mr. Melton Fisher to prepare for the next Academy a subject which could be recognized as undeniably English in its nature.



A Chalk Study for 'A Children's Picnic.'
By S. Melton Fisher.

'A Children's Picnic,' which forms the frontispiece to this number, was the result. As the picture was exhibited in 1897 it contained two figures to the left of the happy ring of children which, the painter was quick to discern, overbalanced the composition. These he promptly deleted afterwards, and now the canvas shows all that justness of arrangement which has become the hall-mark of Mr. Melton Fisher's productions. The varying colours are kept low in tone, and in a perfectly harmonious key. There is no story to tell save that of the eternal winsomeness of childhood — that abiding canon of beauty in art which really can never be one jot diminished or increased. By this time it was quite evident that the work of the painter was inspired by an unswerving allegiance to all that which is best summed up in the single word —charm. When once the true æsthetic sense possesses the painter, he expels from his vision the garish, the



The Honble. Lilian Baring.
By S. Melton Fisher.



The Honble. Guy Baring.
By S. Melton Fisher.





A Chalk Study for 'The Tiny-cup-Drama.'



A Chalk Study for 'A Children's Picnic.'

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By S. Melton Fisher.



By Luring.



A CHILDREN'S PICNIC.

[illegible] HELEN MAHER

complex, the startling, and the strident. If he is a landscape painter he views Nature with tender eyes, and does not seek to set down a topographical survey of all that therein is, with the aid of a field-glass. Last year the Academy put a seal of its appreciation on Mr. Melton Fisher's work by the purchase of 'In Realms of Fancy' under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. An illustration of this successful canvas appeared in THE ART JOURNAL, 1898, p. 183. In the same year Mr. Melton Fisher seriously resumed his early predilection for portraiture, although it should be mentioned that three promising essays had been exhibited at intervals, namely, 1892, 'Mrs. Val Prinsep'; 1895, 'Commendatore Federico de Stefani,' and 1896, 'Miss Sechiari.' A capital subject was at hand in Mr. Frederick Harrison, whose impersonation of the polished Comte de Candale, in the adaptation of Dumas' 'Mariage sous Louis XV.,' provided a very picturesque opportunity. The costume of black-figured damask and lace-ruffles, with other decorative adjuncts, form very paintable accessories. As in all Mr. Melton Fisher's work, there is a Vandyck penchant for the most refined modelling of the hands. In the portrait illustrated the actor is posed unerringly, and the studied gracefulness which, as an actor, he would be bound to assume, has been skilfully translated by the artist.

That Mr. Melton Fisher's gifts should lead him to delight in portraying children is only natural, and in the reproduction 'Ruth, daughter of Carmichael Thomas, Esq.,' is to be seen the measure of success which attends his endeavours in this direction. This portrait is something more than dainty or pretty. It contains the very essence of childish grace and simplicity. The figure is unaffectedly posed, at once artlessly and artistically. Note the subtle painting of the hands, so cunningly arranged as to conceal the care of their arrangement. The shiny chair, the white profile against the bluish green background, the wrinkled pinafore, and the little fan of soft green and blue, with saffron tip, are all set down in faultless brushwork.

Of Mr. Melton Fisher's recent work in portraiture should be mentioned the pair of portraits, reproduced on the opposite page, in the possession of the Dowager Lady Ashburton, 'The Hon. Lilian Baring' and 'The Hon. Guy Baring.' In the first can be noted all the artist's especial aptitude for characterizing a graceful sitter, and for producing an essentially decorative composition. The second is a convincing portrait of a young Guardsman—stalwart and alert—the painting showing rare modelling of the face and hands seen in shadow. On his easel at the present time is a portrait which well illustrates the artist's versatility. Further, it is safe to say that, on exhibition, it will win much popular notice on account of its strikingly typical character.

Reference has already been made to the artist's prolific chalk studies for his subject pictures. The seven reproductions of such which are contained in this article are especially interesting, as they show a close connexion in each case with the pictorial result. The two sketches of a flower-girl for the Clerkenwell picture bear out the artist's contention that there was no necessity to draw upon the imagination to help the beauty of the theme. The study for 'The Tambour-Frame,' in the 1899 Academy, is one of many which Mr. Melton Fisher made in search of the exact line of profile he had in his mind's eye. The face in the finished picture is shown still more turned away, and is really a triumph of fine drawing. The studies for the 'Children's Picnic' fill a goodly-sized volume, and the two chosen for this occasion are characteristic. Every painter acknowledges the possession of some shibboleth. Mr. Melton Fisher's pet study is the formation of hands. This leads him further to note the individuality that a sitter reveals, in the manner in which the hands are held, and in all the artist's portraits can be discerned this close watchfulness. A small study of hands for 'The Tambour-Frame' is reproduced opposite. The final illustration is the first sketch made for the Chantrey purchase of last year, and it is not difficult to see from this Mr. Melton Fisher's instinctive gift of graceful composition. Like all busy men, he can find time for further labour, and in addition to being a promoter of the Pastel Society, he has the honour of holding the office of Vice-President of the Society of Oil Painters, the new name given to the old Institute of Painters in Oils.

A. C. R. CARTER.



A Chalk Study for 'In Realms of Fancy.'
By S. Melton Fisher.



Old Furnival's Inn, Holborn, formerly the Mansion of the Lords Furnival

RECENT LOSSES IN OLD LONDON.

FOUR centuries ago William Dunbar, disregarding for the moment the claims of the incomparably fine city, Edinburgh, dominated by its castle-crowned rock, near which he was born, characterised London as "The Flower of Cities all." The Scottish poet's dictum was defended by a seventeenth-century writer. Would any considerable portion of the cultivated community to-day be found in agreement with it? Much depends on the point of view. London, it is true, does not possess a crumbling Acropolis, the upstanding pillars of a Forum, a half-demolished Coliseum; no picturesque, shop-flanked bridge like the Ponte Vecchio now spans the Thames, no waterways shadowed by ancient palaces intersect the network of houses. We must, I think, abandon the claim so far as ancient architecture is concerned. Again, our national galleries, adequately representative as they are, do not, because such are non-existent, contain examples of native art to carry us back to remote times like the golden age of Greece, to classic Rome, or even back to the fourteenth century when, after, so to say, its sleep of a hundred years and more, Beauty resumed her sovereignty, and set her seal then, and for long thereafter, on the work of Florentine and Venetian artists. Where, then, must we seek for London's claim to our paramount consideration? To use William Dunbar's simile, we discover it, surely, in the fragrance that comes from the flower of association. Other countries, other cities, possess associations, but these for us—and profoundly as the civilisations of Greece and of Rome have influenced our development—are yet not so intimate, so compelling in their charm, as those that every thinking person discerns brooding over, creating the atmosphere of London.

Two men whose names are, each in its way, in the forefront of British Art, were neighbours in Leicester Fields: Hogarth and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the proximity of whose houses did not, it need hardly be said, result in friendship. After returning from Italy, Sir Joshua Reynolds first occupied rooms in St. Martin's Lane, then began housekeeping in Newport Street, and finally, in 1761, he had achieved such popularity that out of his savings he was able to expend something like £3,000 on the lease of, and additions to, No. 47, Leicester Fields, now Leicester Square. This house, which for many years has been occupied by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, auctioneers of literary and artistic property, is doomed. Happily, however, the back portion only, where was the studio, is forthwith to be rebuilt; it having been determined, in part because of the many regrets expressed at the projected demolition, to spare for a time the part fronting Leicester Square, including the Dining-Room. From the time that Reynolds established himself here—giving a ball to honour the occasion, and buying the remarkable chariot wherein, it is said unwillingly, his sister, Frances, was driven about the West End—until the great portraitist died in 1792, the mansion serves, perhaps few others so well, as a mirror reflecting three brilliant decades of eighteenth-century life. Across the glass we find flitting the figures of innumerable people, who left their mark even upon an age renowned for its wit and humour, for the varied talents of its men and women. Trumpet to ear, taking refuge, when occasion required, in that most remotely secure of all refuges, a pinch of snuff, Sir Joshua again and again presided here, in the front ground-floor room (now subdivided into offices) at the

somewhat happy-go-lucky dinner table, round which would gather Johnson and Boswell, Goldsmith and Burke, Paoli, Warton, and Garrick, to say nothing of other chance visitors, who deemed it no indignity to fight for a chair and a place. To-day we may climb the self-same stairway that a century ago led towards waiting-room and studio, the iron balustrades, bulging outward, reminiscent of the days when "ladies of quality" passed up and down in the exaggerated crinolines of the time. Reynolds was a hard worker, and his visitors were numerous and varied. During a single morning the manservant who opened the door—to whom Sir Joshua is said to have offered a hundred pounds a year for the gratuities he received—might usher in the artist's old friend, Admiral Keppel; Mrs. Siddons, come to pose for the celebrated 'Tragic Muse'; Maria Lady Waldegrave, a frequent sitter, a lock of whose golden-brown hair was not long ago discovered in one of Reynolds's pocket-books; Nellie O'Brien, or her rival, Kitty Fisher; the famous actress Mrs. Abington, or "Little Burney," between whom and the painter a firm friendship existed onward from the time that he spent a *nuit blanche* reading her "Evelina." No. 47, Leicester Fields was, indeed, not alone the residence of one of our most justly famous portraitists during thirty brilliant years of his life, but, too, a favourite meeting-place of the wits and beauties, heroes and politicians, men of letters and actors of the period.

Strangely enough, James Boswell is said to have met for the last time at Reynolds's house in Leicester Fields his hero, Samuel Johnson, whose footsteps he followed with a faithfulness which one could hardly have foreseen in a man so vain. The incomparably fine biographer passed his last days and died, in May, 1795, in that long and rather uninteresting thoroughfare, Great Portland Street. The house, renumbered 122 some time ago, has recently been pulled down.

If to-day we mount to the summit of St. Paul's Cathedral and take a bird's-eye view of the immediate neighbourhood, we shall miss not a few of the thirty-five churches erected from designs by Wren, after the Great Fire—churches whose spires encircled, like two mighty bows, the Metropolitan temple itself. More than one-half the number have been swept away. In this connection allusion may be made to the recent disappearance of St. Michael's, Wood Street (illustrated on this page), beneath whose floor legend says that the head of James IV. of Scotland was thrown, borne thither from Shene by a master glazier of Queen Elizabeth's time. The site is now occupied by a branch of the London Joint Stock Bank. Similarly, St. Michael's, Bassishaw (page 242), where Dr. Wharton, honoured for self-sacrificing aid rendered to the sick during the Plague, was interred, is about to be razed. On the other hand, despite threatening rumours, it has been found possible to spare the grim structure, St. Mary Woolnoth, at the corner of Lombard Street, although at present the interior is nothing more than a covered chasm, consequent on the excavations of the Electric Railway Company. Many will account it to the good that while St. Mildred's, Bread Street, and St. Clement Danes have undergone repairs, and, to varying extent, redecoration, the structures themselves are not threatened. A little further eastward, a church, not of Wren's design, Holy Trinity, Minories (page 242), has lately been closed as a place of public worship. A portion of the north wall is deemed to date from the time when a religious sisterhood, of the Order of St. Clare, had their chapel here. In the vestry is preserved the head of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, executed



St. Michael's, Wood Street.

on Tower Hill in 1554, discovered about fifty years ago during excavations at the east end of the edifice. Those antiquarians who learned of it in time eagerly paid a visit to Mitre Street, Aldgate, at the beginning of 1898, there to see laid bare by rebuilding one or two fragments of the once-glorious Priory of Christ Church. Queen Matilda founded this religious house, which grew in power and magnificence until the time of its dissolution. At least one other interesting church in London is in danger. St. Mary the Virgin, Charing Cross Road, was built about the year 1677, with funds collected by Joseph Georgeirenes, Bishop of Samos, "an indifferent, tall man, but slender, with long black hair, having a wart on the right side of his nose, but against his eye," who fared far and wide to gather moneys sufficient for the erection of this first Greek Church. It is particularly interesting to students of Hogarth, inasmuch as the doorway in its southern wall is represented in the famous "Noon."

In the Whitehall district a great change has been wrought during the last few months. On the riverside of the thoroughfare the small house of the architect-dramatist, Sir John Vanbrugh—because of its squatness nicknamed the pill-box or eel-pie house by his detractors—which served, too, as the original *locale* of the United Service Institution, has gone. Nearer Westminster, the block of somewhat uninteresting houses facing Parliament Street on the one side and King Street on the other has been razed to make place for the projected Government offices. On this site, or on that of the north side of King Street, where, again the houses are coming down, stood the tavern in which Edmund Spenser died just three centuries ago, and thence his body, followed by Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and perhaps Shakespeare, was borne to the Abbey church close by. On the other hand, by the rejection in the House of Commons of the Bill which would have permitted the continuation from St. Stephen's to Vauxhall of the Embankment by a private company, several streets of architecturally reposeful old houses have been spared.

Not a vestige of that picturesque relic of coaching days, the Bell Inn, Holborn, reproduced on the opposite page, remains to remind us that the wheels of life did not always revolve with the speed to which we of the latter half of the nineteenth century are accustomed. A few yards westward Ridler's Hotel, the London resting-place of a hundred old-time squires, has disappeared, and a larger gap marks the site of unattractive Furnival's Inn, which forms the headpiece to this article. To say nothing of Sir Thomas More's association as a reader with old Furnival's, of the Gothic Hall, with its fine timber roof, which remained until Peto in 1818 built the just-demolished structure, passing allusion must be made to the fact that Dickens lived for some time in No. 15. To this somewhat sombre home he took his young wife. Here he wrote "Pickwick," and, after the self-inflicted death of Seymour, Thackeray here called upon Dickens proposing to illustrate the remaining numbers. Not far distant, again, the George IV. tavern, which many point out as that to which Mr. Pickwick was taken by Sam Weller in quest of Lowton, can no longer be found.

In Fleet Street, almost opposite the end of Chancery Lane, there stood until lately the banking house of Messrs. Gosling. Since the amalgamation of the business with that of Messrs. Barclay, the building has been pulled down. If the structure itself lacked distinction, it is far otherwise with the annals of the firm. At any rate as early as the seventeenth century, Henry Pinckney, at the sign of the Three Squirrels, over against St. Dunstan's Church, was carrying on business as a goldsmith with "running cashes." He founded the house of Gosling, whose books, like those of several long-established banks, possess a hundred elements of romance. More noteworthy from an architectural point of view, and no less rich in associations, is the house immediately to the west of this, whose front, if somewhat gaudy, retains a power to fascinate. Although popularly known as "The Palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey," No. 17, Fleet Street, as a matter of fact, was built, almost without doubt, for the office of the Duchy of Cornwall, in the reign of James I. The ceiling of what used to be the Council Chamber, on the first floor, is perhaps the finest *in situ* to be found in any private building in London. More than probably this relic, decorated with Prince of Wales' feathers, grotesque heads, and the like, will find its way to South Kensington. In passing, it may be recalled that in later times the house was widely known as Nando's Coffee Tavern, and here Madame Tussaud's predecessor, Mrs. Salmon, exhibited her gallery of Kings and Queens.



St. Michael's, Bassishaw.



Trinity Church, Minories.

Not a few old-time taverns in the suburbs have been either swept away altogether, or been redecorated beyond possibility of recognition. Again, the Adam's house, which for many years held the increasing collection of books belonging to the London Library in St. James's Square, has given place to a new and more convenient structure. The peaceful air of Church Row, Hampstead, one of the favourite meeting-places of noteworthy folk who of old fared to the northern suburb to take the waters, has been invaded by the erection here of two blocks of flats. Despite the fact that Mr. Norman Shaw volunteered to bring the front elevation of one of the blocks, that which is the further from the quiet churchyard where the remains of John Constable lie, as far as may

be into line with its surroundings, the flats cannot but be strangely out of accord with the prevailing spirit of the hooded doorways, the quaint ironwork extinguishers, and general somnolence of the Queen Anne houses. As compensation for this invasion, in another part of London, the fine thirteenth-century carved gateway leading from Smithfield to Rahere's Church, St. Bartholomew the Great, threatened by a plan made in connection with the Jewin Street improvements, has been given a further lease of life, and as all will hope, a long one.

If for any of us London is, indeed, "The Flower of Cities all," this is in no small part because we discern behind the town of to-day, the town of the many yesterdays. Here a street-name, there a building, again a private house, elsewhere a church or an open space, serve to call up pictures, more or less vivid in proportion to our knowledge and our imagination, which recreate for us the infinitely varied, infinitely fascinating past of London. As Leigh Hunt has it, a man is more of a man, and does more justice to the faculties of which he is composed, who realises something of what the old stones of London have to tell.

FRANK RINDER.



The Old Bell Inn, Holborn.

THE LIVERPOOL ACADEMY OF ART,

FOUNDED first in 1810, has an interesting history, taking rank as the oldest of all provincial establishments, and provided, moreover, with funds which rendered it possible to award a considerable prize every year. But this £50 prize, the catalogue says, while it did a good deal to improve the Academy's exhibitions, did harm on the other side, since it introduced jealousy with the result that the disappointed refused to contribute, and their friends to continue their visits. Although this was a long while ago, the story concerned as it is with the extra-metropolitan influence of the famous Pre-Raphaelite movement is interesting enough to justify its being briefly retold.

If one may be allowed to judge of the merits of a painting by what he discovers in a reproduction, the picture of 'Burd Helen' by W. L. Windus was of the noblest produced under this influence, and Windus returning in 1850 from a visit to London, brought the Pre-Raphaelite message of revolt to his comrades in Liverpool, with the result that for six years out of seven the much-coveted prize was allotted to devotees of the new school. In 1851 to Holman Hunt for 'Valentine rescuing Silvia.' In the three following years to Millais, Holman Hunt, and Mark Anthony. Then followed Madox Brown with 'Christ washing Peter's Feet,' and Millais with the 'Blind Girl.' The bad feeling culminated in 1857 over the last-named. In the midst of this stir the Academy's lease fell in and the Corporation refused to renew it. The light has waned, but not failed altogether, and the attempt which is now being made to restore life to the Institution is one which should be supported. That there is even the germ of a distinctly local "school" can hardly be maintained in face of what we see here, and, to put the matter briefly, one might as reasonably expect to find wild flowers where the Walker Art Gallery is, with Nature's children amongst them. What there is here, however, is an apparently admirable School; including not only architecture, sculpture, and painting, but all branches of craft and design, and the effect of such an institution

upon those who are naturally inclined towards Art, should be to give them all they require while yet young. I understand that, under the present rules, the instructors in the said school are members *ex officio* of the Academy, and there is sufficing proof of their quality in theworks they exhibit.

Now, to speak in a general way, there is nothing excepting its moderate size to distinguish this little show from just such a one as we see time after time in London. If we cannot detect as many influences as there are painters, there are nevertheless a great many, the preponderant being, of course, the conservative no-place-like-home sort of style which, whether applied to landscape or portraiture, distinguishes English art. I should be inclined to place very high a sea-piece 'Making for Port,' by W. J. J. C. Bond, a true Englishman's work, which is full, if a mere brush may be full, of "the music and might of the sea."

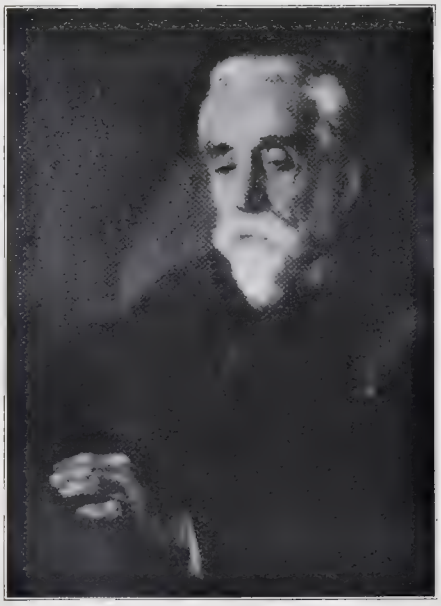
Probably every critic has felt with the writer the impossibility of speaking at length about paintings which are exactly what he would have them to be. "The serene completion of master's work, disdaining the applause to be gained by its manifestation," distinguishes all, or so many that speech fails, and this unobtrusive mastery is what makes so much of our painting delightful. If not noticed more fully it is because there is really so much of it, and because there is more to be said about things either bad or eccentric.

The space that remains must be devoted to particular paintings whose authors have already waited too long; but yet must I crave a moment in which to explain that the light in the Castle Street Galleries varied so much during two days that the opinions I formed on the occasion of my first visit were to a great extent modified, if not entirely reversed, when I went there again. An impression which remains unaltered is that Miss McCrossan's



Plaque—Repoussé Copper Work.
Designed by H. McNair. Executed by H. Rathbone.

'Sketch,' representing boats afloat on deep and still waters, is most excellent; that Francis Dodd's 'Portrait of Mrs. Race,' proclaims him a master, though yet young I am told. The elderly lady seated may remind one of Whistler's mother, but that could hardly be otherwise, seeing that the reverence, due to old age, is paid here as there and that the key is subdued, befitting the mood of the moment. My note on this picture says: "Seated, hands folded in lap; these to be noticed especially, being long, thin, wasted, and nervous." The secretary, Mr. J. Hall Neale, has embodied in 'The Blue Hat' his reminiscences of Zorn and Degas, but he appears to be quite at his best in 'The Inn-keeper's Daughter'—a riot of flesh and colour that would offend one in Rubens, but done into English as here is simply amusing and jolly. Mr. Herbert Jackson has two portrait studies, which are reproduced with his permission. The illustrations preserve the form, and of colour nothing is lost, for here again, as in Mr. Dodd's portrait, the subjects require only half-tones, the extremes being black and white. Mr. Fred Hall's 'Plough' may be instanced as one of the paintings that absolutely demands a very strong light. It would be praised unreservedly if it differed only



A Portrait Study.
By Herbert Jackson.



The Hon. Mrs. Dowdall.
By Herbert Jackson.

a little from works we have seen by George Clausen. There are paintings amongst the water-colours that will be praised wherever they may be seen—by Mr. Creswick Boydell for instance, of the Royal Cambrian Academy, and others by Mr. George Cockram; but I have confessed to being unable to describe a beautiful landscape in detail. The poverty of prose descriptions is never so apparent as when the highest effort is called for. Mr. H. M. Rheam, of the Royal Institute, exhibits a notably beautiful work, 'The Magic Crystal,' which is exquisitely coloured, most delicately drawn, and spiritual to a degree. Mr. Brockbank works in the East, and comparing his paintings with others in the same gallery, we feel that a very true artist has been there. The usual detestable Holy Land scene-painter need not be more than mentioned.

Mr. Hubert McNair, instructor in the Liverpool School of Architecture, exhibits only two 'Pastel Panels,' but enough to convince one that genius of no common order is here, and that the young of this generation are fortunate. What might have been said in praise of the largest landscapes, the works of Messrs. Thomas Huson, John Finnie, and T. Clinton Jones, must be understood to be included in the generalities about the average English painting in which I indulged just now, and what is due to some really excellent portraits in the traditional Mayor and Corporation style is excluded, wanting space. The President, Mr. R. E. Morrison, exhibits a most beautiful little landscape, 'A Welsh Stream,' flowing under a bridge, and containing as much love-labour in a small compass as anything in the room. Of the sins of omission in this short article not even those who may feel neglected, can be better aware than the writer, but time only allows me to beg the reader to note that Mr. D. C. Jenkins' 'Welsh Hillside,' and Mr. Frank Copnall's 'Kate,' and his portrait, are safe in my memory.

ERNEST RADFORD



A Summer Sea.
By George Cockram.

THE PARIS SALONS.

UNITED under one roof, admission to both being effected by a single ticket, the fusion of the two rival Salons may practically be said to be an accomplished fact. It is an excellent consummation. There was something undignified and unworthy of the serenity of art in the apparent conflict between the two groups of artists. It encourages one, therefore, in writing of this year's pictures, to write of the two exhibitions as of one Salon, and, in observing this rule, to deal with them as single. Also, in view of the great number of pictures exhibited—there are more than eight thousand—it will render the task easier.

This year's Salon contains a number of remarkable landscapes. Perhaps never has J. C. Cazin manifested with better effect the poetry and grace of his art than in the ten drawings which he exhibits this year. The 'Lever du Lune,' and the 'Matinée brumeuse en Angleterre' can rank with his best work. Thaulow, whose name is rather associated with sea pieces, sends an exquisite picture, 'Ombres Portées: Nuit en Normandie,' in three tones, the green of a meadow, the vague blue of the sky, and the deep red of a farmhouse roof. Bonnat renders in his large 'Pays Basque,' the parched and sultry colours of this sun-bathed land, from which it is almost a relief to turn to the moist green of Harpignies' riverside 'Loire à Sancerre,' and the cool shades of his 'Fin d'une Belle Journée.' Melancholy breathes from Franc Lamy's 'Feuilles Mortes,' leaves falling from autumn trees. Very refined is Mdlle. Delasalle's 'Soir à St. Cloud,' which we illustrate. In sharp contrast to these country scenes of rural France are Edwin Lord Weeks' 'Novembre in Perse' and Raffaëlli's glorifications of the beauties of Paris, his 'Les Champs-Elysées,' 'La Trinité' and 'Notre-Dame de Paris.'



Un Soir à Saint Cloud.
By Mdlle. Angèle Delasalle.

Amongst many portraits, perhaps the resembling picture of the late Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, the work of that conscientious American artist, Miss Anna Klumpké, will attract most curiosity, enhanced by the fact that for the first time for many years Mdlle. Bonheur exhibited in the same Salon a picture, 'Vaches et Taureaux d'Auvergne,' which has all the old power of expression and mastery of technique. In his portrait of 'Madame J. Von Dervies,' low-necked, in a dress of dark orange against an autumn background in which the yellow tone is echoed, Benjamin Constant shows the perfection of his conventional art. Jacques Blanche puts himself in the front rank with his picture of 'Jules Chéret,' which is reproduced here. The charm, the masculine vigour, the exquisite temperament of M. Chéret are well rendered in this admirable picture. An excellently resembling portrait is that of 'M. Paul Deschanel,' by M. Edouard Fournier, and there is a curiously sentimental picture of 'Carmen Sylva,' in the very passiveness of inspiration, by M. de Noüy. A portrait of the late President Faure by M. Tanoux will arouse many feelings of regret. There is another portrait of M. Faure, by M. Frappa, visiting the workroom of a ribbon-maker at St Etienne, of which also we give an illustration. M. Jules Lefebvre has two superb portraits, a 'Portrait of Mme. R——,' and a 'Portrait of M. Edouard Corroyer.' A portrait of M. Guillemet will need no qualification when one says that it is painted by Roybet. The Napoleonic epoch still tempts the painters of historical subjects. The various pictures in the Salon in which the little Corporal appears, will add to the confusion which exists in our minds as to his exact presentment. Not one portrait of the million and one which have been painted of him since he flashed upon the world coincides with another. The pictures of this year's Salon will not help one to discriminate. M. André Marchand, in his 'Lasalle à Rivoli,' gives the best echo of those heroic days.

Bouguereau continues to excite the indignation of *les jeunes* and the joy of the *bourgeois* buyers of pictures with the perfect correctness of his draughtsmanship, the honeyed sweetness of his composition, and his peculiar notion of flesh colours. He has two pictures, whose names tell most—an 'Amour et Psyché,' and an 'Adoration.' Henner, reversely, startles the *bourgeois* in spite of long usage, and to rejoice *les jeunes*. He has a dead Christ after his old fashion, in the three colours of which his palette alone has the secret. Besnard seems likely to be the hero of the Salon—if not with the Committee and the public, still in the world of art. He manifests himself this year in that mode of decoration of which one usually says that it died with the gallant century. He exhibits, under the name of 'Idées,' two over-doors *(dessus de portes)* and a *plafond*, which show this art triumphantly vivacious; a 'Rêverie,' a 'Pensée,' a 'Jour,' a 'Fruits,' and a 'Fleurs,' which shall make the



M. Jules Chéret.
By J. E. Blanche.



Une Partie de Football—"Tenu."
By O. D. V. Guillonnet.

House Beautiful of an amiable millionaire and beautiful indeed.

A *plafond* which will set the Northerner longing more intensely for the South is the one exhibited by Jean Paul Laurens, the glorification of the victory of the braves of Toulouse over the Earl of Leicester, commonly known as Simon de Montfort. It is a work of consummate art, which will whip the blood of Englanders in its allusion, just as it whips the blood of artists in its execution—in spite of the insolent legend on a banner lion-held, that "(Mont)-fort is dead—(G)-lory to Toulouse." One goes back six hundred years, and one thanks the artist for his record of our English heroism. The peculiar customs and the picturesque attire of the Breton peasants have always attracted artists when in a mood of human documentation. Charles Cottet, in his 'Gens d'Ouessant veillant un enfant mort' shows us a pathetic scene, a baby's wake—the child's dead body exposed in the midst of praying women, accurate in each tiny detail, and poignant in conception. Such were the peasants who tended our dead when the *Drummond Castle* went down.

A picture which will much attract Sunday crowds is a large canvas reproduced here entitled 'Une Partie de Football,' by M. Guillonnet. It is interesting in so far as it shows an awakening in France to the usefulness of athletic sports. Tattegrain's 'St. Quentin pris d'Assaut,' or rather *Exode*, will be very popular in engraving. It depicts a scene of 1557, the Spanish soldiers chasing out of the surrendered town the women-folk. The first impression, after one of confusion, is that here is immense industry and no little strength. On scrutiny, however, one selects here and there amongst the crowd of affrighted and harassed women postures (as that of a woman crouching with her baby in her arms) and movements (as of all the galloping crowd of women, young and old, some dashing clear ahead, some stumbling over the bodies of the slain, some in revolt against the Spanish halberds), and in the background the fine architecture of the St. Quentin Hôtel de Ville.

As interesting in subject, and perhaps superior in vigour and movement, is M. Rochegrosse's 'Assassinat de l'Empereur Géta,' with the crowd of pretorians, urged on by Caracalla in his favourite Gallic vestments, shown in a murderous rush. This is but one of many scenes of blood, for the most part very pale, besides the splendid 'La Bataille' of Louis Anquetin. This is a work which this great artist has long had in conception. Here, indeed, is battle and blood and the letting loose of the hell-dogs of war. These are stabbing those; horses maddened with the lust of combat throw the horror of brute passions at their highest pitch into the scene; a negro swings a club; arms and legs entwine in labouring turmoil. It is of stunning force, and leaves an impression almost bewildering, so true it seems. Another war picture (here illustrated) is by George Weiss, of some French soldiers entering a house which has been wrecked by a German bombshell and finding their chiefs thus massacred when at breakfast.



Episode du plateau d'Avron.
By Geo. Weiss.

There is so little to say about the English and

American artists who exhibit this year that it had best be left unsaid.

It is with intention that the portrait of 'Madame Puvis de Chavannes,' by Puvis de Chavannes himself, is left to the end of this brief notice. It is the impression that one—for many reasons—most gladly carries away from the Salon. It is the picture to which, before leaving, one is most fain to return for the last look and the last suggestion and thought.

The awards of the Salon were distributed in the Galerie des Machines by M. Georges Leygues, Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, who was supported on the platform by M. Jean-Paul Laurens, President of the Société des Artistes Français; M. Henry Roujon, Director of Fine Arts; M. Carolus Duran, President of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts; and many other celebrities of the artistic world. The principal speeches were delivered by M. Georges Leygues and M. Jean-Paul Laurens. The ceremony did not differ essentially from other official functions, save that the speech of M. Laurens was unusually interesting in that the President of the Société des Artistes Français hinted that space would be very limited in 1900—the Exhibition year—and that the jury of admission would consequently be unusually severe. The Salon this year would have lost none of its interest had half the works exhibited been rejected; and, moreover, the public would have been saved much time and unnecessary fatigue. Besides, even though the space devoted to the annual exhibition be limited, Art will occupy a very prominent place in 1900. There will be a retrospective view of French painting and sculpture that will be practically a summary of the salons from 1800 to 1890. The Palaces of Fine Arts, now building in the Champs-Elysées, where the works will be exhibited, are in themselves most remarkable from an artistic point of view. The main palace will be one of the most beautiful buildings in Paris, and, like the columns of the adjacent Alexander III. bridge, will be decorated by groups and single statues by eminent sculptors. These palaces may almost be considered exhibitions, and although far from finished, they are already attracting the greatest admiration. The honour of the idea of erecting permanent magnificent buildings is due to M. Picard, the Commissioner-General, who from the outset determined that the 1900 Exhibition should give an immense impulsion to decorative art, and, to use his own words, "should demonstrate once more the genius and the artistic supremacy of France."

A private exhibition, which should also offer considerable interest next year, is that of the sculptor Rodin, who is obtaining from the Municipal Council the loan of a small square in the Avenue Montaigne. Rodin intends to put up an artistic pavilion, in which he will show his life's work. As he has never sought Government orders, the public, and even many artists, only know Rodin's work from the few specimens that have been exhibited from time to time. It is to be hoped, therefore, he will succeed in carrying out his scheme. Among the works shown would be the famous 'Portes d'Enfer,' now nearly finished, on which the artist has been engaged for twenty-five years.



Le Président de la République visitant l'atelier d'un ouvrier rubanier—Saint-Etienne.
By José Frappa.



A Drawing by Christopher Dean.



Andrew Marvell's Cottage, Highgate.
From an Old Photograph.

ANDREW MARVELL IN HIGHGATE.

ANDREW MARVELL'S cottage was situated on Highgate Hill, within the beautiful park presented to London by Sir Sydney Waterlow. It was demolished in 1868, and nothing remains of it save a single stone step of the stairway, shewn in our picture as admitting to the garden, which may be seen by the curious in the wall of the park, behind Lauderdale House.

It can only have been in his later years, and while he was member of Parliament for Hull (1659-1678) that this modest and picturesque cottage was Marvell's home. His claims to remembrance are well summed up when he is described as "poet, patriot, friend of Milton," but it is by the second title he is best known. It was to his lodging in the Strand that Lord Danby came with bribes from the King. The King had ordered him a thousand guineas which he hoped he would receive till he could bring his mind to accept something better and more durable. "Surely," Marvell made answer, "you do not, my lord, mean to treat me ludicrously by these munificent offers, which seem to imply a poverty on my part? Pray, my Lord Treasurer, do these apartments wear in the least an air of need? And as for my living, you shall hear of that from my servant. "Pray, Jack, what had I to dinner yesterday?" "A shoulder of mutton, sir." "And what do you allow me to-day?" "The remainder hashed." "And to-morrow, my Lord Danby, I shall have the sweet bladebone broiled; and when your lordship makes honourable mention of my cook and my diet, I am sure His Majesty will be too tender in future to attempt to bribe a man with golden apples, who lives so well on the viands of his native country." And after his visitor had gone Marvell had to send to his bookseller for the loan of a guinea.

The humble cottage, largely built of wood, where he spent the latter years of his life, is good evidence of this incorruptibility of his patriotism. "Small and poor, just as an honest patriot's is sure to be," William Howitt calls it. Exactly across the road was the residence of General Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, which is now called Cromwell House, and used as a children's hospital; and an imposing mansion it is. Its oaken staircase is as fine as can anywhere be found, and the decorated ceilings are even now quite flawless. Republican though he was, his services to the State do not seem to have impoverished him, if we may judge from this handsome residence and its admirable appointments. Its proximity threw Marvell's humble home into the shade. Another neighbour was the Earl of Lauderdale, whose house still stands on a terrace, commanding a splendid view of London, and is now appropriated by the London County Council for the sale of refreshments to visitors in Waterlow Park. It adjoined Marvell's cottage, but we can hardly imagine that between him and his famous neighbour there was either friendship or sympathy. For Lauderdale was a veritable Vicar of Bray in politics, "the most dishonest man in the whole cabal," and his memory goes down in history as the hated persecutor of his Covenanting countrymen; while Marvell was a strong advocate of religious freedom. Tradition has it that Marvell had a no less illustrious neighbour than Charles II., for Lauderdale House was occupied for a time by Nell Gwynne, of doubtful memory. It was when the King was walking in the garden here that his mistress appeared at an upper window with her infant in her arms, and cried out, "Unless you do something for him, here he goes." "Save the Earl of Burford," was the King's reply, so easily were noble titles won in the brave days of old. Marvell

describes the King as he may have seen him across his own garden wall: "Of a tall stature and of sable hue. Much like the son of Kish, that lofty grew"; and he contemptuously calls the King's mistress "that wench of orange and of oyster," an unkind allusion to the days when she made her living by selling oysters and oranges at the theatre. These were not the sights and associations fitted to deepen the spirit of loyalty, but Marvell is best remembered in literature by his description of Charles I. on the scaffold:

> "He nothing common did or mean
> Upon that memorable scene,
> But with his keener eye
> The axe's edge did try;
> Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
> To vindicate his helpless right,
> But bowed his comely head
> Down, as upon a bed."

And although his associations with Cromwell and the leaders of the Commonwealth had been so close, he retained Royalist leanings to the end, and if only the King had been worthier he would have had no sturdier supporter than in Marvell. But the man who admired Cromwell because "he made England great" could not but feel a bitter sense of degradation when the thunder of Dutch guns was heard in the Medway and the Thames. Marvell stood so free from the corruption of the time, and was so strong a controversialist on the side of unpopular causes, that he made many enemies and his life was often threatened. In one of his letters he states that "he was frequently threatened with murder and waylaid in his passing to and from Highgate," and he adds, with characteristic courage, "he was more afraid of killing than of being killed."

"I am fond of lodging in Highgate," and we may presume that the beauty of the situation appealed to him; for his distinguishing characteristic as a poet was his hearty and genuine enjoyment of nature, and this he could gratify in this quiet retreat on the Northern Heights overlooking the Metropolis. It may be the little plot of garden ground in front of the cottage of which Marvell sings:—

> "I have a garden of my own,
> But so with roses overgrown,
> And lilies, that you would it guess
> To be a little wilderness."

Milton must have been a frequent visitor. Often must the "poet blind, yet bold," have groped his way up these steps, for Marvell and he had been closest friends for half a lifetime. It was Milton who first gained him a position, and along with Milton he had been secretary to Cromwell in the last year of the Protector's life. And Marvell was among the first to recognise the greatness of "Paradise Lost," and his verses in its praise were printed by Milton in the second edition of his book.

It is a pity that the house, identified with the memory of so patriotic and remarkable a man has entirely disappeared, but we are glad to know that the London County Council is marking the site by a tablet, let into the wall of Waterlow Park, where the house formerly stood, and one of the most interesting associations of which Highgate can boast will be preserved from oblivion.

ALEXANDER RAMSAY.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF MILLAIS.

IT may be too late or too early to write about Millais after all that has been said about him at the time of his lamented death. But as it soon may be too late for me to do so, I employ this leisure hour, while still in time, to jot down a few reminiscences concerning the man who held, and will for ever hold, so prominent a place in the history of English art.

"Sunny" is to my mind the word which best describes the personal impression he would produce whenever he appeared. The dullest gathering would be electrified by his presence, and wake up as from a lethargy. His animal spirits were contagious, his mirth winning over those least disposed to it. It was childlike, not childish, in its natural guileless flow. He reminded one of the divine saying: "Except you become as little children, you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." There, by the way, lies the secret of his immense success with his children's portraits.

The nimbleness, the dexterity of his fingers, was astounding, showing itself not only in the touch of his brush, but in all sports as well, especially fishing, in which he delighted, and in such games as billiards.

At one of the Sunday dinners at my sister's, Mrs. Benzon's, in Palace Gardens, where he was a frequent guest, I saw him sharpen a blunt carving-knife in a moment. "I have the knack," he said; "a butcher taught it me."

As an instance of his good-natured humour, the following, which I may have mentioned elsewhere, might bear repeating. It happened at one of the above-mentioned Sunday dinner-parties. The young lady, Millais' neighbour, had evidently not caught his name, for, after the inevitable stereotyped question, "Have you been to the Academy?" she added. "What do you think of Millais' pictures? Did you ever see such daubs?"

The silence and the astonished looks of the neighbours which followed this loud remark, having evidently frightened this young lady, she imploringly turned to Millais: "For Heaven's sake, what have I said?" To which he very quietly replied, "Never you mind, you eat your dinner in peace." But she said: "When will you tell me?" "By-and-by," he answered, and the anxious, often-repeated question met with the same response, till, at the champagne, he said: "Now, have your glass filled, and gulp it down, all at once, when I count three." "Well, are you ready? one—two—three!" His orders had been followed, the glass was empty.

"I am Millais," he said, smilingly pointing to himself, to the utter bewilderment of his fair neighbour, whose friend he became from that time, and to the great amusement of his fellow guests, of whom I was one.

He was of a most generous, large-hearted disposition, always ready to give a struggling brother-artist the benefit of his most encouraging advice, ever expressing the most lenient and appreciative opinion. When I complimented him on this head, he replied smilingly: "I hope I can afford it."

To the very last, even when overwhelmed with work,

and struggling with his growing disease, he stuck to his onerous duties as Secretary to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

When, on his only journey to Italy, he called on me in Rome in the early sixties, he strongly urged me, together with Pettie, and some others, to settle in London, a very momentous step. Possibly a feeling of responsibility may have mingled with his increasing kindness to me, of which the following may stand as a proof among many.

"*May 4th*, 1869.

"DEAR LEHMANN,

"I am delighted to hear you have sold the picture. I took two patrons to it, and told them to buy it, besides writing to Agnew. I wonder if it has been bought by him for either, or for himself? With best wishes,

"Yours sincerely,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

When, in 1873, he was one of the hangers at the Royal Academy Exhibition, he placed my portrait of Lady (then Mrs. Theodore) Martin, on the line, and his own portrait of Sir Sterndale Bennet, in his Robes (a presentation picture), above it. A touching instance of his kindness and self-sacrificing generosity.

As time went on many circumstances prevented our meeting as frequently as before. The following letter, which I received in Mentone, where we spent the winter, may be of interest:—

"*February 8th*, 1896.

"DEAR RUDOLF,

"I was wondering I had not seen or heard of you, and missed your name amongst the mourners at St. Paul's. I believe the death of our old friend (Lord Leighton) comes more heavily on me than on any other, for it seems I cannot escape being his successor. I had made many vows I would never be President, for many, many reasons, and now duty insists on my breaking them.

"You will gather from the papers all that has happened, even to Leighton's terrible suffering at last, and you will see from the illustrated weeklies how Royal was his funeral.

"On the 20th the P.R.A. is to be elected, and I tell you sincerely he is more to be pitied than congratulated. If it falls to me, I shall do my best to maintain the dignity of the position, which has greatly increased under Leighton.

"Give my love to your wife, who, I know, will pray for me.

"Sincerely yours,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

The last time I saw Millais, before he took to his bed, was when I called on a Sunday morning. He had seen me coming, while shaving at his bedroom window on the ground floor, and met me in the hall, razor in hand, in his dressing-gown, to direct the servant not to send me away (as was the rule), but to show me to the drawing-room upstairs. There I found his faithful brother-in-law and executor, Mr. Stibbard (recently deceased), and was soon joined by Millais, now dressed, but almost speechless. "You know what it is?" he whispered, "cancer!"

When his old friend, Herbert Wilson, had joined us, we adjourned to the Park, where we sat silently under the trees, a most melancholy company. When at parting I thanked him for having allowed me to see him, he whispered, "We are old friends, are we not?" and these were his last spoken words to me.

I would fain draw a veil over the concluding act of this saddest of tragedies, but for a ray of sunshine that lighted up Millais' last moments. A few days before his tragic end, I was admitted into the sick-room. I found him much altered, the face very flushed and with a long beard.

He called for his tablets and wrote—for, alas! he could not speak: "The Queen has received my wife in private audience."

With true womanly tenderness and consideration, Her Majesty had, through Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, intimated that she would gladly accede—if in her power—to any wish expressed by the dying great artist—and that had been his wish.

RUDOLF LEHMANN.

PASSING EVENTS.

ARTISTIC copyright is quite apparently the Gordian knot for professional and amateur legislators to unravel. The Bill now being discussed in Committee should be by this time in shreds and patches, as every section of the art community seems disposed to fight to the death to obtain a bit of the best of any rival faction. As matters stand, the Bill will become an Act somewhere about that legendary date known as the Greek Kalends. In the meantime we cannot help feeling a sympathy with the mezzotint engravers, who, by the way, have formed themselves into a very formidable Society. At a House of Commons meeting recently the President, Mr. Gerald Robinson, strongly urged the claims for consideration of the engraver's rights. Mr. Robinson fights so-called process work tooth and nail in regard to its encroachment on the sacred domain of engraving, and promised the Committee that engravers would not rest until the clauses of the Bill drew a sharp line between the two classes of illustrative work.

VAN DYCK'S tercentenary is to be celebrated by an exhibition at Antwerp, which will be opened about the middle of this month. At present the Academy has made no sign as to holding a subsequent display at Burlington House, but, with the glorious Rembrandt show in mind, there is much reason to believe that the authorities may be disposed to score another triumph. 1899 is the tercentenary also of the great Spanish Velazquez. An exhibition devoted to the works of this incomparable trio is, alas! too rich a suggestion for the imagination to dwell upon.

RUMOURS of an uneasy nature are afloat that British Art will not be adequately represented at the Paris Exhibition. The smallness of the space allotted has given rise to this fear. It is to be sincerely hoped that an effort will be made to alter this state of affairs. International exhibitions can be overdone, but there is also the danger of the occurrence of the other extreme.

THE setting back of the frontage in the Strand of the Hotel Cecil gives an idea of the improvements that may be effected in their entirety at the end of the next century. Only a man with a quick eye for gargoyles and the like will remember the sign of an hostel which has disappeared in the clearance. High up on the building was the figure of a chanticleer balanced on a bottle of port. This gave the name to the house of "The Cock and Bottle," but there was no other clue. With regard generally to "disappearing London," it seems a great pity that, in many cases, it will be inevitable for picturesqueness to make way for utility.

WHEN the London University is finally housed at the Imperial Institute, a fine opportunity will be offered to the Burlington House authorities to seek for that additional wall space, for which unsuccessful painters have been clamouring for the last twenty years. If the Academy could once hang an exhibition in two tiers, the result would surprise many of those who fret and fume over the present *olla podrida*. British Art is not in such a bad way as some fierce critics think, and that an exhibition relies mainly on good hanging has been proved over and over again at the New Gallery and at the two International displays at Knightsbridge. Meanwhile the strength of the Royal Academy fortress was once more displayed when Lord Stanley of Alderley recently endeavoured to raise a debate in the House of Lords on the Academic situation. To be told that his speech is surrounded by a "graceful haze of irrelevant matter" does not placate the would-be reformer.

WILL those of our subscribers who have not yet obtained THE ART JOURNAL Premium Plate for last year—'The Toils of Day are Over'—kindly note that the last day for sending in 1898 coupons has been extended to August 31st.

JAPANESE ARRANGEMENTS AND ITALIAN MASTERPIECES.

JAPANESE Flower Arrangements, for some years studied in Europe through the means of books, have been shown of late to the public by actual exhibition. Two years ago Mr. Tanosuke opened a charming exhibition of the kind, and now we have another show, held at 5, Conduit Street, by Mr. S. Eida. Men often say "Yes, I like flowers growing; but I am careless about them cut." This is the natural sentiment which underlies the Japanese art of arranging flowers. The Japanese base their principles of Art upon the familiarity of our eyes with nature's methods of exhibition. So the European landscape painter has turned away from the old so-called classic principles of collecting in a picture specimens of all the show features of nature, temples, torrents, rock-perched cities, pointed crags, balanced trees, and legendary inhabitants, and of distributing them in an arbitrary decorative scheme, under a false and arbitrary light. He has wished to give you the impression of reality, the truths of air, space, weather, climate, place and population. The Japanese artist arranges flowers so that they shall awake in you by Art sentiments somewhat similar to those aroused in you by plants in nature. He will not have flowers without their due proportion of stem and leaves; he will not use them as mere notes of colour, as pigments or mosaics to be placed in obedience to the scheme of the picture or the decoration. To his mind, in the case of plant arrangement the scheme of the Art itself has a realistic basis formed upon the natural growth and beauty of the living flower. One must be content to cultivate, improve, show to advantage that natural elegance and grace. One may not use the attraction of complementary colour except in so far as the plant itself uses it. To mass together blossoms of all sorts merely for the vivacity of some coloured pattern seems to them not too ugly, but too childish, too abstract, too ill-founded an idea of decoration. Without having studied carefully their work, I sympathise with their idea of making flower arrangement naturally, as well as sensuously, beautiful. So, too, I feel the necessity for basing our own principles of landscape and figure painting upon an intelligent love of nature, rather than upon a barbarous joy in wild, strong colour, and riotously undisciplined pattern.

In the exhibition that I am about to speak of there is a portrait by Raphael which shows us art derived entirely from nature, and yet quite sublime and deeply imaginative. There is a tendency now to suppose that everything must be fantastic, startling, and unusual—that is, unlike nature—if it is to avoid being altogether commonplace and unimaginative.

In their gallery in Old Bond Street, Messrs. Agnew brought together a restricted and choice collection of Old Masters. These twenty pictures of small and medium sizes were of different kinds and of various merits; amongst them were portraits by Gaetano, Francia Bigio, Luigi Vivarini and Raphael. The first three are interesting, especially the Vivarini, and the Raphael is a really fine portrait, looked at from every point of view: indeed, it soon became the centre of the exhibition in my eyes, notwithstanding the decorative beauty of several other pictures, such as 'Madonna and Child with St. John and two Angels,' by Raffaelino del Garbo, 'The Angel Choir,' by Ghirlandaio, and 'Salome,' by Sebastian del Piombo. In fact, no artist, however great in technique, however sublime in imagination, however decorative in taste, fails to gain the interest of conviction, the mesmeric quality of truth when he himself becomes fascinated and absorbed by painting a piece of nature that is before his eyes. No careful student of the real, no surveyor of a human face, no man with a power of concentration equal to Holbein's, to Dürer's, to Mabuse's, or to any other Fleming's, has shown us a man with a more intimate modelling of structure than Raphael has in this portrait of 'The Elder Doni,' probably painted about 1505, at the same time as the two Donis, husband and wife, now in the Pitti, Florence. But this careful, closely studied face also looks alive, fleshy and animated by the subtle varieties of hard and soft in the definitions. The quality of paint, moreover, is delicate and lovely, especially in the shadows and edges of the shadows. The cap and dress are quite simple, and one's eye rests upon the features until one seems hypnotized by the keen, enigmatic expression of a portrait worthy of Leonardo da Vinci himself.

R. A. M. S.



Coloured Earthenware Figures and Jugs.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN AT BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.

AN interesting exhibition has been opened this summer at Bethnal Green Museum. It consists of a collection of pottery and porcelain, lent by Mr. Henry Willett, of Brighton, and must not be regarded as an exhibition of ceramic art, but as one illustrating, in a novel and instructive manner, a side of popular British history as exemplified by the homely pottery of the country.

With the view of carrying out this idea the objects exhibited have been carefully divided and arranged in classes, and the whole forms a most interesting collection, and one which it is well worth the trouble of making the pilgrimage to Bethnal Green to inspect.

In the first cases, which are marked Royalty and Loyalty, we find amongst some of the earliest statuettes an oak-tree; the trunk, branches and leaves are painted a vivid green, and from out of the top emerges a little brown figure representing Charles II., in the well-known incident during his flight to France after the battle of Worcester; which history or fiction (they are sometimes interchangeable terms) has preserved for our instruction. A blue-and-white plate bears a design taken from the same story, but treats it rather differently, as the head alone of the merry monarch is shown, peeping from the centre of the tree; both these pieces are of Staffordshire ware. After these we come upon many pictures of the reigning sovereigns of the time, depicted on jugs, mugs, and bowls, besides being represented in busts and statuettes.

The likenesses cannot be said to be always flattering, some are amusing and some grotesque, and the comical effect is considerably heightened when flaring colours are employed. This is the case in a brilliantly tinted group, dated 1845, which represents two of the royal children asleep on a couch, their slumbers protected by a black-haired guardian angel of not very heavenly appearance, who stands at the back with outstretched wings.

We have a couple of statuettes of George III., made for the Jubilee, 1809, also a bowl, on which is inscribed:

> "Happy would England be, could George
> But live to see another Jubilee."

One of the prettiest statuettes made in white biscuit ware is of H.M. the Queen, when still Princess Victoria, 1837. It is reproduced here. She wears a large bonnet, which sits quaintly on the small girlish head, and seems almost out of keeping with the little slim figure. Mr. Willett is lucky enough to possess one of the Battersea enamel snuff-boxes made expressly for presentation on the occasion of the marriage between George III. and Queen Charlotte. The portraits of the royal pair are on the lid, and the inscription runs:—

> "Let him Love now
> Who never Lov'd before;
> Let him who ever Lov'd
> Now Love the more."

The first favourites amongst our naval and military heroes are Nelson and Wellington, as might perhaps be expected, and these have the honour of special designs and statuettes to themselves, a trouble which was not always taken when making representations, as often it was considered that a change of name, or perhaps tint, was sufficient. Thus we have a small coloured statuette stamped with the name of Admiral De Winter (Staffordshire), 1797, and find again the same identical figure in 1800—



H.M. The Queen, 1837.
Statuette in White Biscuit Ware.



Bull attacked by two dogs—Coloured group.

but now in white ware, slightly gilt, but marked Tadlusz Koscinzko, Polish General, Adjutant to Washington.

There are many good examples of the so-called "Toby" jugs, some with covers, as in the case of "Mr. Punch." There is an amusing jug marked Nottingham, made in the shape of a Russian bear hugging a small figure of Napoleon—"Boney" being stamped on his plumed hat that there may be no mistake as to the identity of the victim. These two jugs are reproduced opposite.

Caricatures of Napoleon at this time figure largely on the home pottery. A noticeable mug represents Napoleon as a cock, standing on one side of the Channel, with John Bull as a bull facing him on the other; it is inscribed "A Cock-and-Bull Story."

Then we have a porcelain jug, printed with a picture of Napoleon as a monkey, and John Bull as a dog with a bone, bearing the inscription "The Bone of Contention," referring to England taking Malta.

Another lustred jug is "Jack Frost attacking Boney" in Russia, and "Little Boney sneaking into Paris, with a white feather in his tail." Several others are exhibited which are executed in the same style, but the series ends with some specimens inscribed "Peace of Europe, signed at Paris, May 30th, 1814."

"Wombwell's Menagerie" (reproduced here), with its grotesque and gaily-coloured figures at the entrance, forms an extraordinary group, and makes a good pair with the "Politos Royal Menagerie," which is near it; both are lustred and highly coloured.

We reproduce two of the many small statuettes of



Wombwell's Royal Menagerie—Coloured Model.

lovers, and these, being chiefly made in coloured pottery, are interesting as showing the different costumes of the time. A group in tortoiseshell ware of a man and woman on horseback, the latter seated on a pillion, is very quaint; also a group in coloured porcelain (Chelsea Derby) and named "Town and Country Beauties," which again well illustrates the style of dress. There are a few old-fashioned velocipedes represented, and one thinks with amusement of the potter's probable feelings, could he have foreseen the modern development of this safe and innocent method of progression. A plate printed in blue shows a man riding one and inscribed:—

> "I scud along on this machine,
> While many a crowd is gaping seen;
> Accelerating power,
> Gaining ten miles an hour;"

and on the front of a jug, "A Visit to Carlton House," a hobby-horse is found; the sides of the jug are ornamented with masonic emblems and a cockney sportsman shooting at a bee-hive. One finds a good deal of humour in many of these specimens. A flower-holder, which we reproduce below, shows a man and a woman seated at tea with their baby, and is inscribed "Tee Total," and again a pair of figures bear the title "Gin" and "Water."

A brown earthenware set of flasks represents Lord



Coloured Earthenware Figures.

Brougham and Earl Grey; under each are the words "The True Spirit of Reform: Grey's or Brougham's Reform Cordial." Another representing Lord John Russell is also inscribed "The True Spirit of Reform." Politics are very much to the fore on the jugs, etc., of the time of the Reform Bill.

In the later times we come upon an interesting terra-cotta group of the Tichborne Trial, modelled by the late Randolph Caldecott. The three judges, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Justice Mellor, and Justice Lush are represented as owls, the Claimant as a turtle, and the counsel, Mr. Hawkins and Dr. Kenealy, as a hawk and a cock respectively. In fact we find the popular views of whatever was the reigning topic of the day reproduced with wit and satire in this homely pottery, and many are the quaint, old-fashioned inscriptions printed on various pieces, that often bear no decoration of any other kind. We are indebted to the authorities of Bethnal Green Museum for having kindly lent illustrations of this interesting exhibition.

E. F. V.

SOME RECENT ART BOOKS.

AT Compton, near Guildford, in Surrey, there has recently been built a remarkable Burial Chapel for the use of the villagers, on which the wife of a famous artist has lavished the ideas of a lifetime. Mrs. G. F. Watts has devoted many months, running into years, to this beautiful little building, and the result sufficiently justifies the labour and thought bestowed upon it.

Mrs. Watts has prepared a small book, "THE WORD IN THE PATTERN" (W. H. Ward, 119, Shaftesbury Avenue), which explains her theories, and, accompanied by good illustrations, the interest of this short work is very great. We reproduce two of the plates in small size, and these show the general view of the Chapel and of the entrance doorway. The building is not large in size, but standing on an eminence overlooking where rest "the rude forefathers of the hamlet," it possesses a grace and dignity unusual in our country. The style is an adaptation of the Italian Romanesque, the doorway almost Norman, and the deep red tone of the brick is a delightful contrast to the green trees around. The bricks on the exterior are covered with symbolic patterns, often Celtic in idea, carrying out the designs of Mrs. Watts. Most of these have been wrought by the villagers under the artist's supervision, and every design is framed to forward a sacred thought, so that the whole building is one united chorus of reverence and praise.



The Burial Chapel at Compton.



The Entrance Doorway to the Burial Chapel at Compton.

We regret that space prevents our making lengthy comment on "OLD CLOCKS AND WATCHES AND THEIR MAKERS" (Batsford), by F. J. Britten. This very complete and careful volume, issued at 10s., with 400 illustrations, well chosen and well printed, is a book we very cordially recommend, not only to "the trade," but to everyone interested in art.

MARY F. RAPHAEL.



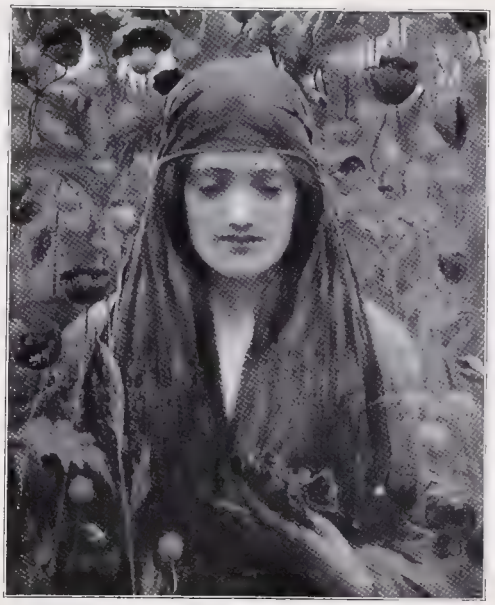
From a Drawing by T. Runciman.

IF to have a large picture well hung on the line at the Royal Academy be the goal of an artist's ambition, Mrs. Raphael gained it at once, with good fortune quite exceptional. It is only eight years since she gave herself wholly to the art of painting, yet her 'Wood Nymph,' excellently placed in Gallery VI., in the Exhibition of 1896, was one of the most widely-remarked pictures of the year.

As a girl, Mrs. Raphael was apt with her pencil, but the dream of making art her profession came later, and it was not till 1891 that she began regularly to attend Mr. Cooke's studio in Fitzroy Street. Mrs. Raphael was not one of those unwise aspirants who ignore the need of training and practice before attempting artistic expression. She realized that if the reserve and the control that make for strength are to be achieved, one must loyally follow the precepts of a competent instructor, and the more, not the less so, perhaps, when the probationary period of life has been left behind. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon was one of the visiting artists at this studio, and to his encouragement and ever-ready aid Mrs. Raphael in large part attributes the measure of success that she has already won. During three half-years of study she found in Mr. Solomon a teacher who aroused in her a hitherto undreamed-of interest in the initial stages of her art: one who inspired her with a sense of the worth of her own efforts: a scrupulous master, who emphasized the necessity of a shaping ideal, not borrowed, but self-created.

We hear occasionally of craftsmen who have never made an exhaustive study of drawing; but though these may at times achieve genuine chromatic beauty, this is despite, not in consequence of, their regrettable defect in form. Mrs. Raphael was restricted to the use of charcoal until her period of preliminary study in technique was at an end at the "school" in Fitzroy Street. The fundamental importance of form was further borne in upon her when, as a student in Julien's *atelier* in Paris, she came under the influence of M. Bouguereau, one of the finest academical draughtsmen of our time. In learning from M. Bouguereau so much to correct and to serve, it was natural that his influence should inform some of her early work. Perhaps half unconsciously she accepted his limited vision and academical design, his smooth and superficial colouration, as not the defects of an urbane and refined, if conventional temperament, but as qualities to be admired and for herself desiderated. Even now she has to beware of the merely deft and merely pretty, these two enemies of strength and originality; but it is for congratulation that her recent work shows she is advancing steadily by her own by-paths towards the sure road.

It has been humorously suggested that the French should transfer the government of their country to a band of common-sense Englishmen, and thus gain more ample leisure for the cultivation of the arts. This at least stands behind the persiflage: that in technical education in the arts the French are still foremost. Above all, it is in Paris –*la ville lumière*, as her artistic children love to call the great city—that the atmosphere of art supremely prevails. This can be either a help or a hindrance, according to the temperament and the shaping influences of individual ideal. Mrs. Raphael is of those who have found the art-world of Paris full of that atmosphere which nurtures impulse and stimulates production. When at Julien's studio, I should add, she had the further aid of M. Benjamin Constant, of M. Jean Paul Laurens, and of M. Ferrier, whose methods of instruction have something in common with those of Mr. Solomon.



Somnia.
By Mrs. M. F. Raphael.

It was in the autumn of 1894 that Mrs. Raphael began to exhibit. 'Rush Gatherers, Sandwich'—showing a grey-bearded peasant, jar and satchel in hand, carrying on his back the fruits of his day's labour, faring homeward along the banks of a dyke—belongs to this period, as, too, does 'Mrs. Thomas Sweetman,' a portrait of an old lady in shawl and cap, shown at the Institute. These were followed in 1895 by 'A Dyke, Winchelsea'—a quiet landscape effect in that fascinating district, with its welcome sense of remoteness, and of a past rich in associations. Sheep are grazing on the bank, and the reeds have taken on the golden-browns of the ebbing year. Although the artist has exhibited no actual landscape since then, she has not by any means abandoned the study of nature for its own sake; not improbably, indeed, some landscapes for which she has made pastel studies will be among the work she will exhibit next year. The large portrait of 'Miss Eva Leslie Crawford,' here reproduced, was her first ambitious picture. It is of a kind that would in no way help us to guess the nature of her more generally-noticed Academy canvas of the subsequent spring. The sitter lends herself to pictorial treatment. Seated in a chair, she has thrown aside her dark brown fur cloak, and against the lapislazuli background her white satin dress, her golden hair, and her fair skin stand out effectively. If some of the lines in the lower part of the picture disappoint, the poise of the head, the arrangement of the hair, and the dainty treatment of the lace over the shoulders atone for many shortcomings.



Miss Eva Leslie Crawford.
By Mrs. M. F. Raphael.

Mrs. Raphael's name was first brought prominently before the public by 'A Wood Nymph,' exhibited at the Academy of 1896. The nymph's auburn hair, classically arranged, is bound up with a blue fillet, and she stands in the act of tying round one of several slender birch trunks in the foreground a diaphanous drapery. The light falls on a pool of water in the middle plane, and filters through the interstices of the thicket behind. It was the artist's original intention, I believe, to drape the figure, but as she desired to render something more than a mere studio dummy, guileless of the appearance of flesh and blood, she first painted the nude. At this juncture a distinguished Academician saw the picture, and strongly urged that it should in no way be altered, but only finished. The grass and leafage are treated in subdued greys and greens; the figure possesses a certain fresh, virginal charm. The drawing is very careful, but the elusive problem of the composition of line, so as to convey a sense of rhythmic beauty, remained to be more satisfactorily solved. In a word, the appeal depends in the main on the simplicity and freedom from obtrusive self-consciousness in the figure of the nymph, rather than in homogeneity. In the 'Eve' of 1897 Mrs. Raphael endeavoured to follow up her success of the previous year. The aim here is to suggest Eve's hesitancy to eat the apple after she had actually plucked it. She moves slowly away from the tree, with the fruit in the palm of her right hand, held behind her. The half-consciousness that curiosity is about to lead her astray, and the consequent moment of pause, is well suggested. For her principal picture of last year, Mrs. Raphael sought inspiration in the pages of the "Faery Queene," and it is this subject, 'Britomart and Amoret,' we reproduce as a large plate.

Of all the triumphs won by Britomart for Chastity, hardly any possesses greater glamour than that which resulted in the freeing of Amoret from the enchanter, Busyran. Britomart, as here seen, has vanquished the monster, and is being thanked by Amoret. The two figures stand in the immediate foreground, in the opening of a pine-wood. Amoret, in a white flowing robe, embroidered round the hem and lined with pale blue, her hair falling down below the waist, is kissing the hand of her deliverer, who stands, a thought impassively, protected by a full coat of armour and an undervest of mail, at her side. The spray of bramble leaves, turning to autumn's purple and red, the tree forms, and the background, through which flows a stream, show an advance towards that unity of sentiment, which it is the aim of every true artist to

achieve. 'Britomart and Amoret' is undoubtedly the most ambitious picture yet exhibited by Mrs. Raphael, and it renders pleasantly and acceptably a chivalrous and romantic incident. In her this year's Academy picture the artist returned to her study of the nude. 'A Naiad,' surrounded by her discarded drapery, a fold of which lies across her left knee, is seated on the grassy bank of a river, whose surface reflects the trees of the opposite side. The face is pretty—it might, indeed, with advantage have been treated somewhat more frankly; but here again the form is charmingly drawn on academical lines, and the background water, with its shadows and gleams of light, reposeful. As a picture, however, although the artist herself may not regard it as of equal importance, the smaller 'Somnia' (reproduced on page 257), exhibited at the New Gallery, is more thoughtful, and possesses a character more essentially its own. We have here the half-length figure of a woman, whose head is covered by an indigo drapery, blending well with the purple of the poppies, crushed petals of which she holds in her left hand. If her half-closed eyes and somewhat heavy features suggest inertia rather than the sleep-spell of the flowers, the maze of poppy growth that surrounds her—purple blossoms, slender stalks, grey-green leafage, and crowned heads—shows an ingenious and ready decorative sense. The picture is harmonious, simple.

Mrs. Raphael has also painted within the past year or two a life-size group of the children of Mr. Walter Raphael, with a bob-tailed sheep dog, open-mouthed, lying on the floor; 'Mr. A. E. Woodley Mason,' the author of 'Morrice Buckler,' in a blue serge suit, seated at his writing-table—this to serve as a frontispiece to his next book; and, among others, 'Mr. David Bispham,' the operatic singer, an arrangement in grey, black and white. At Burlington House next year we shall probably have an opportunity to see a picture on a larger scale than the artist has yet exhibited. It shows Perdita, in pale lavender draperies, joyous as she sits hand-in-hand on a bank with Florizel, who is whispering love-words into her ear. Behind and around is a luxuriant tangle of poppies, harebells and aconites. These give scope for just that decorative treatment in which the artist delights. Since Mrs. Raphael is not only a sincere and painstaking worker, but is sustained by a loving enthusiasm for pictorial expression, we may hope for much good work from her brush, each effort growing in surety of touch and felicity of composition.

FRANK RINDER.



Tailpiece
From a Drawing by Miss Constance Foxley.

its foot. The primitive worshipper, clad in skins, must have looked alternately from this commanding viewpoint to the sun rising in the east and the mountain-summit emerging from the morning mists, the two grandest objects in nature known to him. That mountain-top lifted his thoughts nearer to the gods whose footstool it was; nearer to the home in the sky of that glorious sun, whose rising made for him the business and pleasure of a new day. It was with a simple, child-like faith therefore that he brought water in his earthen pitcher from the stream that still flows near by, and poured it into the holes cut out on the rock, and waited till the sun had full power in the heavens to drink up the oblation, and leave the holes dry.



A glimpse of Ben Lawers and Loch Tay, from above Kenmore.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Perhaps the finest view on Lochtayside is that which may be obtained from Edramuckie farm house, four miles east from Killin, where Dr. Martineau lived one summer. Dr. Martineau's daughter made a beautiful water-colour sketch of this wide landscape, including the whole of the west-end of Loch Tay and its glorious setting of mountains. And certainly no scene could be more inspiring to artistic genius. On an elevated bank close to the rocky burn, stood the ancient castle of the barony, whose foundations can be distinctly traced. Some of the old elms and sycamores that formed its avenue are still standing, and their huge size adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the place, and proves that it must have been at one time an important domain.

On the opposite side of the loch are the village and inn of Ardeonaig, which means the height of Eonan, or Adamnan, to whom the first church on the site was dedicated. Between it and the beach in the middle of a cultivated field may be seen the ruins of an old mansion-house called Mains Castle, which was once the residence of the Barons of Dall, scions of the House of Glenorchy. In ancient times, as Mr. Christie tells us in his most interesting "Lairds and Lands of Lochtayside," the whole of the lands of Ardeonaig belonged to the old Earls of Lennox, and were for a while in possession of the hapless Isabella, Duchess of Albany, whose husband and two sons were executed at Stirling in 1425. Through marriage the lands passed in 1587 to the Napiers of Merchiston, from whom the celebrated inventor of logarithms was descended; then to the Macgregors, afterwards to a branch of the Campbells of Glenorchy, and finally to the House of Breadalbane. The charm-stone of the Campbells of Ardeonaig is still treasured by one of their descendants; and is supposed to be very efficacious in preventing or curing disease. It is quite different from the crystal talisman of the Breadalbane family, being of pale red granite. A hoary fragment of the old church, with its surrounding burying-ground, may still be seen above the village. It used to be called Cill ma Charmaig, and was dedicated to a saint of that name who lived about 640 A.D., and is mentioned in St. Aéngus' Litany.

Beyond Kiltyrie, on the north side of Loch Tay, the road reaches its highest point, and a large mass of upright pointed rock, split from top to bottom, with a cavity between, forms a singular landmark. Here the eastern horizon at the top of the long slope comes for the first time into view, and the prospect extends to the end of the loch, and to the Athol hills far beyond. This spot is about the centre of Scotland, being equally distant from John O'Groats to the Mull of Galloway, and from the Atlantic to the German Ocean. It must have been as noteworthy to the prehistoric inhabitants of the district as it is to our eyes; for they selected the rocky landmark alluded to as a grave-stone for their primitive cemetery, and close beside it, on the dry heathy turf, they arranged their rude cists, separated from each other by half-sunken slabs; and there they laid their dead, with that glorious expansive horizon to east and west of them, and dreamt of the happy hunting-grounds of the immortals.



Village of Kenmore, from Drummond Hill.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



Taymouth Castle.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

But the most interesting of all the spots on Lochtay-side is Lawers. It is a bare, open, treeless region, high above the loch, with keen bracing air, deriving a sense of dignity and grandeur from the lofty cone of the mountain to which it ever looks up with reverent eyes. The ascent of Ben Lawers is usually made by the cart-road along the side of the Lawers burn by which the people carry down their peats from the bogs high up. As far as this road goes, the ascent is easy and gradual, but the next stage, across the burn, and over very rough, steep ground, is longer and more laborious. From the highest plateau, covered with a soft carpet of woolly-fringe moss, the track mounts abruptly upward along the edge of a steep acclivity, terminating in a narrow ridge overhanging a gigantic corry, in which reposes a dark, lonely tarn called Loch-na-cat. From the edge of this Alpine lochan, tower up almost perpendicularly, for nearly 3,000 feet, the magnificent cone-shaped peaks of Glenlyon. A hard pull along the sharp ridge, resembling the roof of a house, brings the climber to the top of the mountain. Beside the cairn on the crest, at a height of 4,000 feet, the eye commands, on a clear day, a view which for extent, variety and grandeur, cannot be surpassed in Britain. The panorama of hoary summits that crowd the horizon, including all the principal mountains of Scotland—Ben Nevis, Cairngorm, Ben Lomond, Ben-y-ghloe, the Paps of Jura, Ben Wyvis—is perfectly bewildering. The nearer precipitous peaks of grey and green are especially grand and impressive; while the sun catches the mirrors of numerous lochs among the Alpine solitudes, and causes them to shine out with wonderful radiance in the gloom.

But it is not for the magnificence of its prospects only, or chiefly, that Ben Lawers is celebrated. It is by far the best botanical habitat in the kingdom. Numerous rare plants, such as the snowy gentian, and sweet-scented forget-me-not of the Swiss Alps, and different species of Greenland saxifrages, are found in the crevices of the rocks near the summit, growing among the crumbling mica-schist which forms the best soil for them. Rare ferns, such as the Woodsia and the mountain Cystopteris, hang out their tender tufts from its almost inaccessible ledges; while lichens and mosses, which occur almost nowhere else, may be picked up in profusion on many parts of the hill. Alpine hares sit up behind the grey boulders, from which they are hardly distinguishable, watching leisurely the movements of the approaching visitor; while ptarmigans, their plumage changing from pure white to mottled brown, the colour of the lichened rocks, wheel round the highest crags, and utter their wild eerie cry. The mountain, too, has human traditions which add to its interest. The waterfall in the burn that issues out of the dark tarn of Lochan-na-cat gave shelter, on one occasion, in a cave behind its veil of waters descending from an overhanging rocky ledge, to an outlawed Macgregor, pursued by his enemies with the aid of an Italian bloodhound. Tradition says that this peculiar breed of bloodhounds were suckled by a Macgregor woman in order the more effectually to track the hapless

clan. The pursuers failed to find the fugitive, and abandoned the search; but the dog remained sniffing up and down the heather where the Macgregor had entered the water and so destroyed the scent. From his secure retreat Macgregor shot him dead, with a well-directed arrow from his bow—the last dog of that fierce race which the outlaws had so much reason to dread.

The structure of Ben Lawers is very remarkable. It owes its form "not to the upward curving of the schistose layers of which it is composed, but to their downward sinking," so that it actually lies in a basin or trough, and what in geological formation is a depression, has, as I have already said, by denudation become a wide-based, broad-shouldered mountain; while the basin of Loch Tay, which was originally an elevation, has been turned into a deep valley. The mountain and the loch have thus changed places in geologic time. A vein of limestone separates between the quartzose rocks of the basin of the loch and the schistose rocks of the mountain, which must have been a coral-reef in the primeval seas, fringing the micaceous mud, deposited at their bottom, which at length formed the material for the huge mountain.



Falls of Acharn, Loch Tay.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Near the pier of Lawers stands the lonely old church of the district, which has long been suffered to fall into decay. It was built in 1669, evidently from the materials of an older church in the vicinity. There was a local prophecy to the effect that when an ash tree should grow out of its wall, and attain a sufficient size to overshadow its roof, the sacred building would be converted into a barn. This prophecy has been fulfilled, for an ash whose seed had been originally dropped into a crack in the north wall, has now become a considerable tree, and instead of guarding the building, as the old superstition connected with that tree alleged it ought to have done, it hastened its decay, and the church is now used for storing agricultural produce. The burying-ground of the locality, called Cladh Machuim, lies some distance to the eastward across the burn of Lawers; and the original church must have stood on that site in pre-Reformation times. In the same neighbourhood there is a two-storied house, now in ruins, which had originally a thatched roof, regarded as an unusual feature in such a building. This was the family residence of the Campbells of Lawers, the ancestors of the Earls of Loudoun. One of the former possessors was the famous "Lady of Lawers," whom tradition gifted with the power of foretelling future events; and many of her predictions are firmly believed in the district to have been fulfilled to the very letter.

At Fearnan Pier there is a beautiful bay, with the dark purple mountains of Glenlyon rising abruptly beyond in the low break in the Breadalbane range, forming a magnificent background. A number of white houses fringe the pebbly beach, and gleam through the trees among the fields, on the sunny brae-face overlooking the loch. In the last century the spot was far more populous than it is now, and an old village occupied the site of the present burying ground. A road leads through a narrow glen to the magnificent pass of Glenlyon, where the river Lyon breaks through the precipitous hills which approach very closely on either side, and roars and foams among dark rugged rocks in its channel, on its way to mingle its waters with the Tay.

Near the village of Fortingal, on the haugh beside the river, are indistinct undulating mounds and trenches overgrown with grass and heather, supposed to be the site of a Roman camp which the outposts of the Roman army of Septimius Severus constructed in this remote region in the second century. And in the churchyard of the district there are the relics of one of the oldest yew-trees in the kingdom. In the time of Pennant, about 1772, when its trunk was entire, it measured fifty-six feet in circumference. But since then it decayed completely in the centre, leaving only some bleached fragments at the corners of the enclosure. But from one of these separate ribs vigorous shoots have sprung up, which are covered with dark green foliage, as fresh and luxuriant as in its early prime, filling the whole place with its dense growth. The tree is said to be 2,600 years old; and Sir Robert Christison counting its rings and considering the slow growth of this species of tree, came to the conclusion that it could not be much short of that age. But my friend, Dr. John Lowe, in his recent work on yew-trees, thinks this age greatly exaggerated; and believes that its trunk attained its vast dimensions by a composite mode of growth, through a coalescence of distinct shoots springing from its own base. But in any case it may justly be considered what Decandolle called it, "one of the veterans of European vegetation." In all likelihood the Fortingal yew is a relic of the Nature worship of the pre-Christian inhabitants of the locality. The tree being an evergreen was considered typical of human immortality, and the rejuvenescence so peculiar to it would be a symbol of the resurrection. Under its shade the people would meet to perform their sacred rites; and afterwards,

when Christianity was introduced, the very presence of the venerable yew would prove an attraction to its site, and the pagan grove would become the Christian church, and the customs connected with its worship would be engrafted on the Christian religion.

On the opposite shore of the loch is the hamlet of Acharn, where a local guide conducts the visitor to a very charming waterfall formed by the Acharn burn, which flows through a deep ravine. The pathway ends at the door of a grotto; and creeping through a narrow subterranean passage in total darkness, you emerge into daylight in a moss-lined hermitage, built on a rocky edge fronting the waterfall, and adorned with stuffed specimens of the wild animals of the woods around, and with deers' antlers. Over a dark rock the burn falls in a widening stream for upwards of eighty feet into a deep black pool at the bottom of the ravine, and the flash of milk-white waters, the all-pervading murmurous sound in the air, and the clouds of green foliage overhanging and dappling with lights and shades the foaming cascade, produce a very striking effect. This impression used to be much enhanced by the sudden appearance of the guide in the room, dressed like a hermit in skin garments, with a long venerable beard of lichens. The late Marquis of Breadalbane wished to get a man who would immure himself there habitually and live the real life of a hermit; but no one could be found bold enough to act the part. Burns visited this romantic spot in 1787, during his tour in Breadalbane, and wrote the following stanzas over the mantelpiece in the parlour of Kenmore Inn, in commemoration of his visit:—

"Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell;
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods.
Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here to the wrongs of Fate half reconciled,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment in these lonely bounds
Find balm to soothe her rankling, bitter wounds;
Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan
And injured Worth forget and pardon man."

(*To be continued*).



Kenmore Pier and Ben Lawers.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

WILLIAM ROSCOE AND THE ROSCOE COLLECTION OF PICTURES AT THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.

BESIDES its splendid collection of modern pictures the Walker Art Gallery contains many other artistic examples, highly interesting as aids to students and lovers of Art, amongst which may be mentioned a fine set of the mezzotints forming Turner's "Liber Studiorum," an almost complete series of the productions of the Arundel Society, 1,100 photographs of the historical monuments of France, published under the direction of the Minister of Public Instruction, and a great model of the central portion of Ancient Rome, constructed originally by Brunetti, and completed, according to the latest discoveries of Professor Lanciani, by Dr. Caton, of Liverpool. In addition, there is a numerous collection of statuary, comprising busts and groups by modern sculptors of high repute, and plaster casts of many examples of antique sculptures; these show to great advantage in the fine gallery, an illustration of which is given on page 268, where also is placed the model of Rome. The most important acquisition of recent years, however, is the Roscoe collection, removed, by arrangement with the trustees, from the Royal Institution to the Walker Gallery.

The acquisition of this collection by the Liverpool Corporation is highly appreciated by students and connoisseurs of art in Liverpool and its neighbourhood, affording, as it does, the opportunity of studying the rise and development of art from its revival to the present time.

The Roscoe collection has been located in Liverpool for more than fifty years, and, although known to a few connoisseurs and art-devotees, the general public were hardly aware of its existence. The institution in which



Photo. R. Brown, Liverpool.

The Roscoe Room at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

the collection was formed being a proprietary one, the trustees considered their obligations to the public sufficiently discharged by allowing the pictures to be seen only on certain days, these opportunities occurring but once a month, afterwards extended to once a week. The public seem promptly to have forgotten to avail themselves of the privilege, so that gradually the collection appears to have been overlooked almost entirely by the natives, such visitors as sought to inspect these art treasures being people from a distance, or the few in Liverpool who felt some degree of interest in art matters.

The proprietary constitution of the institution before mentioned caused it to fall into an apathetic condition, so that "the object of forming a permanent Gallery of Art, which might be a source of gratification to the public in general, and information to the professional student," which was carried out by a few lovers of art in the first half of the century, seems to have failed, and the present trustees would seem to have acted wisely in transferring the collection to the more popular and numerously-attended home of art, the Walker Gallery.

Considering the condition of the public taste in art in the early part of the present century, the formation of so interesting a collection in a community almost wholly engrossed in trade is only to be accounted for by the fact of an enthusiastic art-student such as William Roscoe living in their midst.

"Ships, Colonies, and Commerce," the old-time watchwords of Liverpool, almost wholly occupied the thoughts and lives of the merchants. The tradesmen lived over their shops, their only intellectual pabulum being the Sunday sermon, or the *Times* newspaper, for the perusal of which they waited their turn while sitting on the sanded floor of the Lyceum News Room, in Bold Street. They were a plodding, hearty, thriving people, fond of solid creature-comforts, not troubling much about art or literature. We gain a glimpse of their ways from a minute-book of the old library, which provided that the committee-meetings should be held at a tavern in Hanover Street, when the members should dine together; that only red wine should be drunk at dinner, and that after the removal of the cloth "each man should pay his own shot."

One can almost picture the stately form of Roscoe threading his way from the Royal Institution down Bold Street, amidst the throng of the wealth and *ton* of Liverpool, to his favourite haunt, the Athenæum Library, in Church Street. It was here that Washington Irving, when on a visit to Liverpool, first saw the "elegant historian of the Medici." He describes him as "advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding; but it was a little bowed by time, perhaps by care; he had a noble Roman style of countenance, a head that would have pleased a painter, and although some slight furrows on his brow showed that wasting thought had been busy there, yet his eye still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was a something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling race around him."

William Roscoe, in the first half of the century, earned the title, as William Ewart Gladstone has done in the second half, of "Liverpool's most distinguished citizen."

In the institutions devoted to literature and art—the Royal Institution, the Athenæum, and the Lyceum—he was the leading spirit: a triton amongst the minnows. It was said of him that "he was one of the first to teach his townsmen that the possession of mere wealth was a doubtful means of happiness, and that there was something beyond it which must be attained before arriving at greatness or true enjoyment of life, viz., the cultivation of the intellect, as well as of pure taste."

Those best acquainted with what is known as the Roscoe collection are puzzled to think how the works could have been got together, as Roscoe had never been in Italy. Circumstances, however, having led to his writing the life of Lorenzo de Medici, and professional pursuits taking him frequently to the metropolis, he no doubt picked up, at various times, those examples of early Italian Art with which his studies and researches had made him familiar.

Roscoe's love of literature and art prompted him to form a splendid library, and to become an ardent collector of prints, etchings, engravings and pictures of the old masters. Surrounded with such aids to study and the cultivation of his powers of discrimination and judgment in art, he occupied his elegant leisure, and produced his famous biographies of Lorenzo and Leo X. Disastrous circumstances, however, overtaking the banking firm in which he was a partner, his treasures of art were doomed to pass through the hands of the auctioneer, and it was thus that the collection now under consideration was formed, "gentlemen of taste and opulence" joining together, purchased the pictures, and presented them to the institution in which their illustrious collector took so leading a part.

The Royal Institution committee added to the Roscoe collection the casts of the Elgin Marbles presented to them by His Majesty George IV., and the casts from the Ægina and Phigalian marbles presented by Mr. J. Foster. The Liverpool Academy of Fine Arts, founded in 1810, presented from time to time the diploma works of their members, and the following artists of eminence connected with Liverpool are represented in the collection:—Richard Ansdell, John Phillip, W. E. Deighton, E. W. Cooke, Alexander Johnston, Henry Dawson, H. Le Jeune, James Buchanan, E. J. Cobbitt, Charles Barker and Philip Westcott.

The committee of the Royal Institution were much indebted in the formation of the collection to the zeal, ability, and taste of Thomas Winstanley, a Liverpool auctioneer of repute, an excellent judge of pictures, and author of a valuable little work on the Italian Masters, who compiled the first Catalogue Raisonné.

The collection comprises about two hundred and fifty pictures and sculptures, the first group being of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The works of the sixteenth century are ranged in five groups, under the various schools of Germany, Flanders, and Italy; and other groups are formed of works of the seventeenth century in Italy, Spain, France, Flanders, and Holland, and of those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

These, as well as the sculptures, are so arranged that the catalogue-number shows, in nearly all cases, the chronological sequence.



The Sculpture Room in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

In this connection the compiler of the catalogue of 1859 remarks:—

"It is gratifying and deserving of attention that Mr. Scharf, in his lecture on art, delivered in this gallery, when calling attention to the admirable arrangement, all the pictures being in historical order so as to exhibit the changes that had taken place from period to period in the history of the manners and customs of the people, and in the progress in manipulation and artistic refinement, stated that 'the remarkable peculiarity of the collection was the perfect genuineness of every specimen, so that scarcely any collection so uninjured and so perfect was to be found in the world.'"

Subsequent examinations of the collection by other critics have caused this opinion to be greatly modified; but making allowances for ascribing works to great masters when they should be ascribed to schools, the fact remains that this is a most instructive collection, and one that confers great honour on its illustrious founder.



The Virgin and Child attended by St. John the Baptist and St. Jerome.
By Giovanni Bellini.

Among the illustrations to this article will be found the following from the Roscoe Collection:—

'The Virgin, seated with the Child on her lap, attended by St. John the Baptist and St. Jerome,' by Giovanni or Gian Bellini, was described by Scharf as a "charming picture." Dr. Waagen regarded it as "of the school of Giovanni, and in the tendency of Girolamo da Santa Croce"; while Dr. Barlow thought it might possibly be by Santa Croce himself, or rather by Vittore Carpaccio.

'Portrait of a young Nobleman, with the Conversion of St. Hubert in the background,' by Lucas Van Leyden (1494-1533) described by Dr. Waagen as "the portrait of a young knight wearing a black cap, in an ample chestnut-coloured robe, bordered with black. In the landscape which forms the background is St. Hubert, to whom the stag is appearing with a crucifix between his horns, beautifully executed like the finest miniature—in my opinion part of a large altar-piece, and one of the most finished of the very rare genuine pictures by this master." Dr. Waagen adds, considering the fact that ten genuine pictures by this celebrated master can scarcely be pointed out in all Europe, this one is of great value.



Portrait of a Young Nobleman, with the Conversion of St. Hubert in the background.
By Lucas Van Leyden, 1494-1533.

'The Deposition,' by Michael Wohlgemuth (1434-1519), Christ taken from the Cross, and attended by his mother and other females, and also by St. John the Disciple, St. Joseph of Arimathea, &c. The Resurrection and Ascension are represented in the background. This work, although generally recognised as undoubtedly by Wohlgemuth, has been attributed to Lucas Cranach. Waagen and Dr. Barlow speak of it, probably one of the wings of an altar-piece, as



The Deposition.
By Wohlgemuth, 1434-1519.



Small Triptych Altar-Piece with Wings.
By Roger Van de Weyden or Roger of Bruges, 1401-1464.

an admirable and characteristic example of the master of Albert Dürer.

'A small Triptych Altar-Piece with Wings,' by Roger Van der Weyden, or Roger of Bruges (1401-1464). *Centre*—'The Descent from the Cross, with the Virgin, St. John, and numerous figures.' *The right wing*—'The Impenitent Thief, and the Donor kneeling.' *The left wing*—'The Penitent Thief, the Centurion, and a Soldier.' On the other side of the wings are St. John the Baptist and St. Julian, by an inferior artist, and more in the manner of Lucas Van Leyden. Mr. Roscoe regarded this Triptych to be by Hans Hemling. Waagen was of opinion that it was an early work of the Master, Van der Weyden. Mr. Scharf described it as by Van der Weyden.

The permanent Honorary Director of the collection in 1859 was Mr. Theodore W. Rathbone, and to his enthusiasm and knowledge the admirable arrangement of the pictures in schools and groups, both on the walls and in the catalogue, is due. A feature in the catalogue is that it is not dogmatic, but under each title is given the opinions of the notable art critics who have inspected the works from time to time, and these include comments of connoisseurs and critics of the highest eminence and authority: Vasari, Lanzi, Fiorillo, Reynolds, Fuseli, Pilkington, Bryan, Passavant, Dr. Kingler, Dr. Waagen, Signor Cavalcaselle, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Edmund Head, Mrs. Jameson.

About 1884, Sir W. M. Conway, then Art Professor at University College, Liverpool, published a series of notes on the collection, illustrated by photographs of some of the pictures. These notes, although at variance with many previously-expressed opinions, are so interesting in studying the collection, that it is to be hoped they may be reprinted as an appendix to any future catalogue.

There is a fine portrait of Roscoe in the permanent collection by Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A., and a noble seated statue of him by Chantrey, in St. George's Hall.

CHARLES DYALL.

BARON VON MEYER.

IN the long list of improvements for which we owe gratitude to the last ten years, those appertaining to photography hold a very prominent place.

The productions of the camera have attained to something so near perfection, that one is tempted, in spite of the recent heated arguments against the innovation, to class "sun-pictures" amongst "works of art," or, at all events, to admit to the rank of "artist" the operator who is capable of producing—although by mechanical means—results which are possessed of so much beauty.

As examples of photography worthy of unalloyed admiration, we give four specimens of the work of Baron von Meyer, an *amateur* of the camera, who has by such immense strides out-distanced all his rivals that he now indisputably holds the first place.

This young man, the son of a German father and an English mother (whose name, Watson, he for a time adopted, with a hyphen after Meyer), early evinced a love of the beautiful, and in order to satisfy his longing to create beauty, betook himself to Paris to study painting under the super-



'A Difficult Passage.' From a photograph by Baron von Meyer.

vision of one of the acknowledged high priests of the craft. But although he devoted himself sternly to the acquisition of facile execution, Adolphe von Meyer became—as might have been expected of so truly



'*Repose.*'
From a photograph by Baron von Meyer.

artistic a nature—more and more discontented with his own attainments, until at last, in despair of ever being able to realize in painting half he felt desirable, nay, obligatory, he regretfully renounced the palette and brush and turned his attention to the possibilities offered by the camera. Of what inestimable benefit to him, as a photographer, has been his study as an embryo painter, evidence is given in all that he produces.

Take, for example, the insight displayed in the selection of the model who posed for the semi-nude study here reproduced, and acknowledge that it needed the trained eye of a painter to discover the qualities in her type, which have proved so eminently valuable in giving to the mere photographer the effect desired—that of full-toned, vigorous vitality.

To have thus suggestively rendered this impression without the aid of colour is but one of the many triumphs of Baron von Meyer.

This aptitude for seizing and making the most of salient points, added to a strong conviction of the advisability of allowing his sitters to impress with all possible emphasis their own particular characteristics, is of the greatest value in all that he attempts; and his power of adding to the force of any given mood, by the arrangement of suitable accessories, is a distinctly noticeable feature in his productions. Witness the enhanced purity of the 'Beatrice' effected by the use of a plain background, kept so light as only just to detach itself from her figure. If further evidence of artistic training of natural sensitiveness were needed to give weight to our assertions, it were well to offer as an entirely convincing argument the picture given opposite—'A Difficult Passage'—with its admirably-placed drapery and bunch of flowers. Taken as a specimen of *lighting*, this is also a pre-eminently successful effort, the subdued feeling in the atmosphere conveying much of the sentiment expressed by Shakespeare's Jessica: "I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

Beautiful as are these photographs of subjects, it is in making portraits of individuals that the Baron von Meyer's talents are quite invaluable; for not only does he



'*Beatrice.*'
From a photograph by Baron von Meyer.

reproduce them "in their habit as they live," but he manages to endue each portrait with so much of personality that the result may well be termed "a *speaking*



Paderewski.
From a photograph by Baron von Meyer.

likeness." Paderewski undeniably affords to the camera distinct advantages, but even taking this fact into consideration, it will readily be admitted by anyone who has had an adequate opportunity of judging, that this photograph of the great pianist (reproduced here) is in every way the most remarkable in existence. Not only does it faithfully render form, and, by its cleverly-managed light and shade, convey colouring, but it is so entirely *representative* that Paderewski himself seems present—not merely vaguely suggested by a "counterfeit presentment."

How much more forcibly is evinced the Baron von Meyer's power of giving to the spectator the very personality itself in *full-length portraits* will be easily understood; it is in them that he is seen at his best, and proves how well he deserves to rank high amongst the photographers of the day, whether professional or amateur. That to see his most beautiful productions is a privilege reserved to the few is justly a cause of regret to the many. A most becoming background is provided for them by the home of their originator, for Baron von Meyer's house, in Cadogan Gardens, is arranged with the perfection of good taste. It is a spacious dwelling, which, since passing into the hands of its present owner, a few years ago, has acquired a most artistic character. It is, moreover, fast becoming full of treasures, brought home from all the happy hunting-grounds available to the persistent globe-trotter and never-tiring curio lover.

ISABEL BROOKE-ALDER.

A LANDSCAPE-PAINTER'S APOLOGY.

"The masterpiece should appear as the flower to the painter—perfect in its bud as in its bloom—with no reason to explain its presence, no mission to fulfil, a joy to the artist, a delusion to the philanthropist, a puzzle to the botanist, an accident of sentiment and alliteration to the literary man."—J. McNEILL WHISTLER.

I THINK a good many business men are inclined to envy an artist, when they see him sitting perhaps in some beautiful spot doing very little apparently, and that at his leisure. But their envy doesn't extend further than the holiday-making side of a painter's life; in their hearts they have a contempt for him and his desultory habits; his moods (whims, say rather) and his vagaries, his want of business-like qualities, and, above all, that "eternal want of pence" which vexes the painter so continually. Art is just one of those things which cannot be audited by an accountant or posted in ledgers; it doesn't show a profit too, which is the soul's desire of the business man; and then you cannot fit the artist into the pigeon-hole Society likes to prepare for every one.

Painters are judged unjustly by the passers-by, and the belief is ingrained in them that artists are an idle, rather dissolute set of people, and this because they are only seen perhaps when they appear to be doing nothing but study effects. I take credit to myself for working regularly and fairly hard, and yet because I was seen by a farmer's daughter taking a walk two or three days in succession after lunch, she assumed that strolling about in a listless fashion was my only occupation.

No artist will deny that his life is a pleasant one when all the items are added up, and even the poor struggling painter who never gets beyond pot-boiling, always looks forward to the time when he shall paint his masterpiece. I knew a man who gave up a share in a wine-merchant's business which brought him in some £500 a year, for art in which he had some difficulty in earning £200, and yet he said that the life he lived as an artist was quite worth the other three hundred!

But there is another side other than that dealing with the pleasures and ambitions of a painter's calling, especially the landscape-painter, a side the public doesn't perceive, for the simple landscape-painter is the very man who appears to have so delightful an existence. Reader, let me make a confidant of you and whisper in your ear some of the troubles which beset me. Take the weather, a subject we have all had something to say about once in our lives. Who is more dependent upon it than the landscape painter? Some men I know (there is one who works at Burnham Beeches) can sit down when the skies are ashen and sober, and under an umbrella work all day through the rain; or who can sally forth when the skies are like steel, and an east wind knifes one through the back, and make a sketch. Such



aggressive enthusiasm I have felt as a personal affront. ... like to be made to feel a coward: we all warm

in the rain, with the water forming a pool at one's feet, is

soon as you have settled down to work suddenly turn

and sketch; then in putting up ... the sketch

texture like coarse ... paper. All this ruffles the temper and even ... the use of expletives one's

painter has so constantly to ... against. In ... the detestable bag of ... etch; to meet fortunate folk ... such encounters I feel a

times a man paints in spite of intense disinclination should win him a crown of glory. The difficulty of beginning is one that even the most energetic have constantly to overcome. It springs from the hopeless feeling which settles upon a painter when he is attempting to catch some subtle effect that, like a chased butterfly,

... prevalent to light ... painting, how dirty the

... never ... of the ...

of enthusiasm, and pull through better than the who reach boiling-point at once. And yet I think if all landscape-painters were candid, they would have to

painting one long struggle of duty against inclination.

skill. I have heard of painters who have become vagrants through sheer laziness, due to allowing the *vis inertia* to get the upper hand. Painting is such an evasion, which forces its votary to go by a most circuitous road to reach the desired goal, that ordinary

Pity them, rather than blame such, gentle reader, for they have but gone down in a struggle that painters more than any other folk have to engage in. They

come more rarely the longer they are waited for, and by

is matter how hopeless it may seem unless, of course, an absolutely bad start has been made; and when one has

you ... look very much better when you get it in the studio ... did when outside. It is very cheering,

not Coleridge ... a book containing the names and ... he was going to write? The landscape-painter ... is looking for subjects he will never paint. ... delightful way of spending a warm ... noon.

Without a painter ... ever be in a hurry, for good work takes time for ... accomplishment. Quality only

inspired touch of a David ... patient loving caress of a Fred Walker. One ... now wrote on the margin of a drawing "H. ..." the meaning of these initials. "Don't flurry," ... and he put the initials on the edge ... paper ... keep that fact before him, his ... eye ... over the ground." A painter ... somewhat ... dual person 'twixt two chairs: he is apt to come ... ground

time.

I have recently been making a sketch of some willow trees by a pond, fed by a small stream, or rather, a magnified ditch, and the troubles that beset a landscape-painter have been sharply forced upon my attention. It is only when you come to sit day after day in one spot, your attention concentrated on particular objects, that you realise how rapidly nature changes in the space of a week in the spring. The trees when I began had only that delicate bloom of green, like a vaporous veil over the

... ...



aggressive enthusiasm I have felt as a personal affront, for no one likes to be made to feel a coward: we all want to be heroes and lead forlorn hopes, but sitting sketching in the rain, with the water forming a pool at one's feet, is forlorn without hope. Then there are days when, as soon as you have settled down to work, suddenly turn windy. A coquettish zephyr comes round the corner and blows your umbrella over, and insects on to the palette and sketch; then in putting up the umbrella the sketch falls over, colour side downwards of course, and gets a texture like coarse glass paper. All this ruffles the temper, and even with a liberal use of expletives one's feelings are on edge for hours afterwards.

Is not this enough to make one chuck up the whole thing, for a painter is lightly poised, let me tell you, and is easily put off his stroke. The fact is, one is only too glad very often to make use of any excuse to give up, and do nothing but smoke and study (?) through the mind's eye. Outsiders have no conception of the *vis inertia*, as one man I know classically terms his laziness, that the painter has so constantly to wage war against. In very fine weather who wants to go out with camp stool and the detestable bag of tricks, to sketch; to meet fortunate folk on pleasure bent. At such encounters I feel a veritable tramp, an itinerant vagabond, and have a positive detestation at meeting an acquaintance. What times a man paints in spite of intense disinclination should win him a crown of glory. The difficulty of beginning is one that even the most energetic have constantly to overcome. It springs from the hopeless feeling which settles upon a painter when he is attempting to catch some subtle effect that, like a chased butterfly, always eludes him, though you seem every moment about to grasp it.

What is there in a paint-box that is equivalent to light, and beside the subject one is painting, how dirty the work does seem? Those who start enthusiastically reach the hopeless state before very long, and unless they triumph over that, their labour is in vain and merely a vexation of the spirit. Those who have to drag themselves to work, are often those who work into a state of enthusiasm, and pull through better than their *fratres* who reach boiling-point at once. And yet I think if all landscape-painters were candid, they would have to admit that the tendency to loaf and contemplate, makes painting one long struggle of duty against inclination.

This must plead as an excuse against the charge business men bring against "brushmen" of being indolent, unsystematic, uncertain; for mere industry is not enough to reach success. The fingers have to be guided by nervous force and mental cunning as well as mechanical skill. I have heard of painters who have become vagrants through sheer laziness, due to allowing the *vis inertia* to get the upper hand. Painting is such an evasion, which forces its votary to go by a most circuitous road to reach the desired goal, that ordinary business methods are well-nigh useless, and it is rarely that at the end of a day an artist can say with certainty, "Something accomplished, something done."

Pity them, rather than blame such, gentle reader, for they have but gone down in a struggle that painters more than any other folk have to engage in. They waited for the inspired moment, forgetting that such come more rarely the longer they are waited for, and by the converse oftener to the industrious.

The feeling of disgust with one's work while it is in hand must be fought against. One must work on, no matter how hopeless it may seem—unless, of course, an absolutely bad start has been made; and when one has done one's best out-of-doors, you are rewarded by seeing your work look very much better when you get it in the studio than it did when outside. It is very cheering, this.

All men are fond of planning work they never do. Has not Coleridge left a book containing the names and schemes of works he was going to write? The landscape-painter's equivalent is looking for subjects he will never paint. 'Tis a most delightful way of spending a warm afternoon!

Withal, a painter must never be in a hurry, for good work takes time for its accomplishment. Quality only comes of care, though it may be got by dexterity: the inspired touch of a David Cox or the patient loving caress of a Fred Walker. One painter I know wrote on the margin of a drawing D.H.; I asked him the meaning of these initials. "Don't Hurry," he said, and he put the initials on the edge of his paper in order to keep that fact before him, his tendency being "to just get over the ground." A painter is somewhat like the proverbial person 'twixt two chairs; he is apt to come to the ground between the feeling of having accomplished nothing in particular, and having got over too much in the time.

I have recently been making a sketch of some willow trees by a pond, fed by a small stream, or rather, a magnified ditch, and the troubles that beset a landscape-painter have been sharply forced upon my attention. It is only when you come to sit day after day in one spot, your attention concentrated on particular objects, that you realise how rapidly nature changes in the space of a week in the spring. The trees when I began had only that delicate bloom of green, like a vaporous veil over the branches, but the constant sunshine caused the buds to literally rush into leaf, considerably altering my effect, and it is always a bad thing to depart from one's original idea. As for the bracken, it must have grown by inches, for the fronds were only through the ground when I started, and in sixteen days were from 18 to 24 inches high. A nest of young thrushes that I found in a beech bush only just out of their shells flew away when I went to take a final look at them *fifteen days later*. It is by such circumstances as these that a painter measures time. It seemed when I looked back upon that three weeks that I might have been there only as many days.

Then so often it happens that the best point of view is near a drain or dunghill, and you follow your calling with difficulty in your endeavour to breathe, avoiding the smell, and stifling the thoughts of typhoid. Or if these unpleasantnesses are wanting, you find that to see properly puts you in the most uncomfortable attitude, and then the physical fatigue has to be reckoned with.

In cold weather you gradually find yourself chilling to the bone, and I have had to give up at last through inability to squeeze a tube of colour.

Sitting in a blazing sun in a state of melting heat, and with all varieties of insects to insert their probosces into one's face, ears, neck, and hands (at a moment, perhaps, when one is putting on a most important touch), are the usual concomitants of a landscape-painter's life, but added to these merely physical drawbacks, are the equally important mental distractions caused by numberless movements and noises that do their utmost to take one's attention from one's work. Sitting quietly like one does, birds and animals appear to forget one's presence, and come out quite fearlessly. In a note I made one afternoon I find a pair of grey wagtails came close to me (they are fearless birds at any time), and washed themselves in the brook, of course, inducing me

to turn round to see what caused the splashing. After that I several times heard a peculiar flip in the water, and at length, to satisfy my curiosity, I left my stool to investigate. I found it was caused by the frantic efforts of a minnow to get up the stream, finding that daily the water was getting lower and lower, and that he was in imminent danger of being left high and dry. Then the dead leaves are for ever stirring as shrews, or rannies, as they are locally called, play in the grass, or the larger field mouse comes cautiously out from his hole and sits up to feed, until his bright black eye falls upon you, and then, look-for a moment as if to take a mental photo of a strange biped, and coming to the conclusion it is not worth it, slides underground. I watched a dormouse one afternoon for some time, as he nibbled away, so unconscious did he seem of my presence, though I was close to him.

Then a water vole swam across the nearer side of the pond and got on to a submerged bough, and biting a twig off swam away with it. I regularly looked for him after that, and invariably saw him, at least once in the afternoon. A perfect cloud of insects hovered over the water, flashing in the sunlight, and every now and then one would hear the gulp of a fish as he took a mouthful. Then a large yellow frog hopped almost over my foot, and remained some time near me. Frogs were very plentiful here, and myriads of tadpoles wriggled in the water.

As for sounds, I was accompanied by a perfect woodland orchestra the whole time I worked. With these untiring performers one could distinguish the peculiar gobbling noise of the large woodpecker (the wood parrot as it is termed), as well as the tapping of the smaller variety; the "pink, pink" of the hen chaffinch, whose nest was in my vicinity; the whistle of the blackbird, and that "mixed stop" of this many-reeded organ composed of twitter, whistle, guttral, rattle, chirp, sibilant, that makes up the music of the woods. Then the ever-varying light and shade as clouds drift by overhead, and pass in front of the sun, producing effects which seem so much more beautiful (and possibly they are) than the one you have selected to paint, and which entice you away from your first love, a temptation that has to be strenuously resisted. How can one fix one's attention and put all one's energy into one's painting? I ask it as a fair question. Could you do it with your business-like habits, any more than I can with, as you would say, the want of them?

FRED MILLER.



From a Drawing by Miss I. Wathin.



Mr. Walter J. Donne.

Cherchez le caractère dans la nature. This is the counsel of perfection to be found on the walls of some of the Paris Art Schools: and these words, used in their widest sense, represent the spirit and methods of the Grosvenor Life School, of which Mr. Walter J. Donne is the principal. More, however, must be understood by this French phrase than appears on the face of its literal translation. It implies: *search* for the salient points in the model or object to be painted, and *accentuate* them.

At the Exhibition of Students' Work, held a short time ago, I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the studio at Vauxhall Bridge, which is a lofty and spacious *atelier* with a gallery upstairs occupying three sides of the room. This gallery, besides giving the studio a certain air of distinction, is, of course, admirably suited for hanging purposes. Light enters by the top and side, and these two lights fuse in the best possible manner. The studio is discreetly furnished, being neither bare nor crowded. It contains two thrones for the models, various casts from the antique, and other objects of beauty or utility.

"The special point I emphasize?" said Mr. Donne as we walked round the studio. "Figure work. I consider that a knowledge of drawing based upon a thorough study of the living model is of the first importance. Therefore, as soon as ever a student can draw still-life objects with accuracy, she is set to work upon full-length charcoal studies of the human figure. As in the Parisian schools, the serious study of the antique is left until the



Faggot-Gatherers.
By Walter J. Donne

student is prepared by a knowledge of the life-model to appreciate and assimilate the beauties of a more idealised form. The beginner is kept vigorously to a simple statement of fact, with good accentuated action, proportion, a definite separation of light and shade, the character of the head broadly defined, and *no half-tones*. In fact the figure must be alert—not wooden or feeble—and in whatever pose indicate life and action. The advanced student is allowed more time on a drawing; and, in the case of a painting, the problems of separation of planes, etc., are very carefully considered." The life-studies hanging on the walls illustrated the free, strong treatment advocated.

"The sense of proportion, Mr. Donne, is rare: so rare that 'to see things steadily, and see them whole,' seems almost to require the 'abnormal vision' of a George Bernard Shaw."

"That is true. Nevertheless, I am ambitious enough to strive after it. The grand outlines—the leading ideas—these must be grappled with and mastered: at least by those who take Art seriously. Details may be learnt at a later stage of development."

It will be obvious from Mr. Donne's views about the figure that he steers clear of imitative work and artificial effects. Indeed, anything like carefully-shaded and highly-finished drawings, lacking a strong basis of construction, are to him anathema. This kind of work merely fosters the commonplace, and tends to kill any originality. Mr. Donne is, I am glad to say, anxious to correct the popular impression that women produce only weak work, and, as far as that of the Grosvenor Studio is concerned, he is doing much to remove the imputation. Personally, I have never seen in any school such *style* displayed: it is distinctly professional. Facility of drawing is encouraged, and even the most elementary work shows signs of directness of purpose and understanding. Again, time is not wasted, as in so many of the London schools, in stippling a drawing for show purposes. By this disastrous process the student gains little actual knowledge of the making of the study, but merely follows blindly and mechanically the instruction of the master. Thus the perceptive faculties are never thoroughly aroused, and the student, when left alone to pose and conduct a study, becomes painfully aware of her own deficient knowledge.

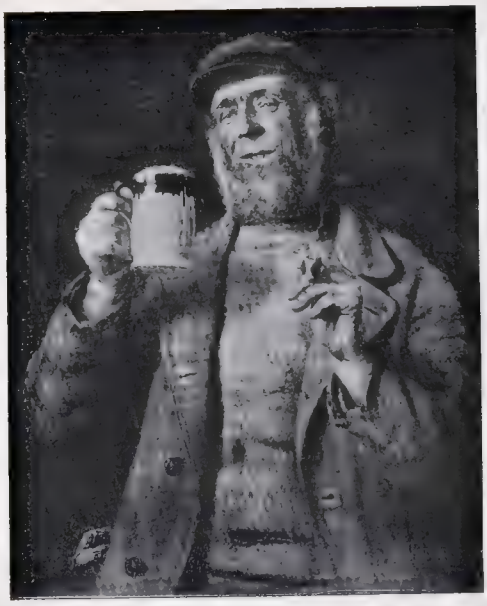
In the Paris studios are hung many of the most interesting studies and caricatures of the students. This plan has been adopted in the Grosvenor School, which now possesses a fine collection of one-day portrait studies—a frieze of them—painted in every instance by fellow-students. Herein is developed to a very high degree the power of seizing at once the character, the likeness, the essentials of a portrait.

The school—now in its sixth year of existence—is open from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. every day except Saturday, and the models sit consecutively each day for one or two weeks. There is a full-length figure model and a draped model. In working from the latter, stress is laid upon the necessity of finding the figure throughout. This is only possible after a knowledge of the undraped figure has been attained. Oil, water-colour, and pastel-painting also form part of the curriculum.

Mr. Donne attends at the studio every day, and in the afternoon he makes a tour of inspection and criticism, encouraging, suggesting, advising—but "touching-up" never. A few lines at the side of the drawing illustrating his remarks, is the extent of Mr. Donne's actual work upon it. Miss Godwin, who is a clever draughtswoman, gives additional attention to the beginners. A special class for miniature painting is conducted by Mr. Alyn Williams, President of the Society of Miniature Painting.



Two-hours' Portrait Study in Pastel.
By Miss Brooke-Alder.



A Water-colour Study.
By Walter J. Donne.

A delightful spirit of informality pervades the Grosvenor Studio. The pupils are free to come and go as they please. Consequently they come—and for the most part regularly. If a student apologises for non-attendance, Mr. Donne merely points out that it is *her* work which is hindered by absence, not his own; and his quiet words are very telling. "No coercion" is a magic formula for developing moral rectitude.

"I see a great many specimens of black-and-white here." "Yes," said Mr. Donne, "that is quite a special feature, and a very popular one. Many of the students are working for the press, and some are earning a livelihood by illustrating. Commissions for black-and-white are frequently sent to me, and I choose from among the students those best fitted to carry them out. Occasionally the work of two students is combined, one excelling in design, and another in execution."

I have tried to show that this school is conducted on Parisian lines. Here are some more points. The students pose and drape the models themselves. This, I believe, is not the case in any other London School of Art. One of the most useful studies is the action-pose, which lasts for three minutes, and is followed by a memory sketch. Every week a class is held for figure-composition; a subject is then set for home work, and the sketches of the previous week are criticised. On Saturdays during the summer months an outdoor sketching-class is formed for the practice of landscapes and figures, the members generally choosing Kew or Mortlake as the rendezvous.

About the middle of July Mr. Donne arranges and personally conducts a two-months' sketching-class on the Continent, which is much appreciated. Last year it was in Normandy, at Berneval-le-grand.

Of Mr. Donne's private work as an artist I have said nothing. Most of his training, however, was accomplished in Paris, and he may be said to have graduated at *l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts*. His work bears distinct traces of a French education. Two of his works are reproduced in this article, 'Faggot-Gatherers' being exhibited at the Royal Academy this year.



The Grosvenor Art School.—The Students at Work.
From a Drawing by Miss Ella Turner.

En résumé, it seems to be that the great difference between the French and English systems of teaching lies in the fact that the Frenchman sees his goal and keeps it constantly before him. There are no *stages* and *sections* in the Paris schools; there is directness of aim. The main idea is to learn to draw, and the beginner is taught at once the necessity of good draughtsmanship. Given a basis of strong *technique*, the rest will follow.

E. M. E.



From a Drawing by Miss A. Beach.

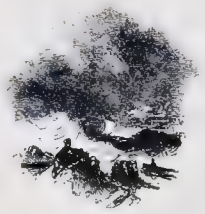


From a Drawing by Miss A. Bauerle.



From "The Rural Life of England."

VIGNETTES AND TAIL-PIECES.

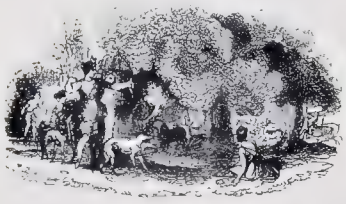


From "The Book of the Months." Designed by William Harvey.

ONE of the choicest temptations offered by the more refined book-dealer, are those exquisitely-wrought little volumes issued in the last century by the French publishers, and set off by the work of the artists now known as the "little masters." It is difficult to give an idea of the refined, all but perfect, taste displayed in these volumes—in the paper, type, illustrations, and due proportion of each element. All is complete and finished. These treasures, after knocking about the world as valueless "stall books" (thirty years ago they might have been bought by the bushel), have at last come to be appreciated much more at their proper value as works of art. Thus have I on my shelves a copy of Beaumarchais' plays, which cost two or three shillings, and which is now marked in a catalogue at ten pounds. There was usually selected for treatment some dainty author, such as La Fontaine or Dorat. They were too often of an amatory cast, so as to inspire and quicken the fancy of the artist, and the treatment was often of this kind: a frontispiece, a few full-page plates, with vignettes or *en têtes* at the heads of the chapters, and *culs de lampe*, or "tail-pieces," at the end. The Watteau, or Boucher-like, grace and fancy displayed in these miniatures was something extraordinary, the composition elegant, and the grouping of the little fanciful figures wonderfully free and charming. The designers were seconded by the engravers, who were perfectly in sympathy, and whose *technique* might be the despair of the moderns. At the end of each chapter there was, of course, a space, which was to be filled, in ordinary cases, by some of the little devices kept "in stock," but on these special occasions the artist designed regular pictures, or "caprices" slightly suggested by what was in the text. The full-page plates were in harmony, so were the printing, titles and spacing, &c. Thus it became one harmonious whole.

These *culs de lampe*, or "tail-pieces," as we call them, had a special significance of their own. They were not intended as official or formal illustrations, for the topic under treatment had been closed, the chapter having ended; the artist therefore merely indulged himself in a sort of airy, careless allusion, as it were, to what had gone before. It was a sketch made *en passant* and congenial in tone and feeling; some little sportive allegory, in which the fancy had full play. Hence those dainty little cupids, grouped like grown-up figures, musical instruments, flowers, vases, &c., but all spiritualized as it were.

The French term, *culs de lampe*, is not very intelligible. According to Littré it is an architectural term, meaning a bracket at the corner of a building, but it is not clear whether the book decoration was intended as an imitation of this form. "Tail-piece," however, is clear. These "little masters" were numerous—were in fact a regular "school." The foremost were Moreau, Gravelôt, Cochin, Choffard, Marillier, and Eisen. Moreau and Gravelôt furnished regular plates in great profusion. Witness the huge edition of Voltaire, in nigh a hundred volumes, each garnished with several fine plates, thus making a total of five or six hundred exquisitely-engraved



From "The Young Lady's Book."



From "The Young Lady's Book."



From "The Young Lady's Book."



From "Molière."
Designed by Tony Johannot.



From "Molière."
Designed by Tony Johannot.



From "Molière."
Designed by Tony Johannot.

pictures for a single work. This was the work of a single artist, Moreau. But Choffard and Eisen distinguished themselves in the more miniature work of the "tail-piece" pattern, and Eisen perhaps most of all. He had an unrivalled fancy and the most delicate touch, with a breadth of treatment that made us forget the small scale of his work. Again, the freedom and *laisser aller* of these sketches required a certain lack of responsibility in treatment. In the case of Eisen and Choffard this was mainly owing to their early training in the designing of book-plates, and what are called "cartouches" for maps and plans. These latter were descriptive devices in the corner; not strictly an illustration, but an ornamental treatment of the title, set off by scrolls and flourishings, and some elegant emblems. The aim was to have what would harmonise with the formal treatment of the rest. It is easy to see that the book-plate was subject to the same laws and treatment, and indeed designers of this now fashionable or native art might find their account in turning back to the "tail-pieces" of these two masters, which would supply valuable hints.

Moreau, it must be said, from the profuseness and wholesale character of his work, seems to have been a sort of wholesale designer and contractor for such things. He seems to have preferred large or even gigantic "jobs"—long "sets"—requiring a hundred or more full-page plates. It is impossible, however, not to admire the ease and variety of his treatment; and yet he merely presented, one after the other, groups of figures in different attitudes, but generally some scene of love-making.

At the present day Eisen's work is perhaps the most *recherché* of all, and he deservedly stands at the head of the school. His most famous and most admired production is the edition of the "Contes" of La Fontaine, which was the enterprise of the Farmers-General of the kingdom, by which these rapacious financiers have, in some degree, redeemed their reputation. In this Eisen was assisted by Choffard. These elegant volumes had extraordinary success, and passed through many editions, some of which are altered and reshaped. Beautiful as are its illustrations, it is almost more remarkable for the harmonious treatment, everything about it being "designed" to match with the rest. There is always a charm in Barbon's beautiful typography, set off as it always was by the rich "old gold" of his edges, and the invariable publishers' binding—a sort of brown mottled calf, bordered by a few lines of gold. An "uncut" La Fontaine is, therefore, not likely to be met with. Eisen was the drawing-master of Madame de Pompadour, herself an artist of some merit.

Other works of this choice class are Dorat's "Les Baisers," and Montesquieu's "Le Temple de Guide," almost fairylike for its treatment of the beautiful fancies. The engravers and etchers of these plates are entitled to a full share of the credit—without them the elegant designs would have lost their value.

Perhaps Choffard's masterpiece is his famous "Ovid of the Abbé Banier," a sumptuous work in four volumes, 4to, issued in 1767-71. Here Eisen, Gravelôt, Moreau, and others were allowed to display their talents in accumulative fashion. There are forty-five grand plates,



From "The Book of the Months."
Designed by William Harvey.



From "The Rural Life of England."

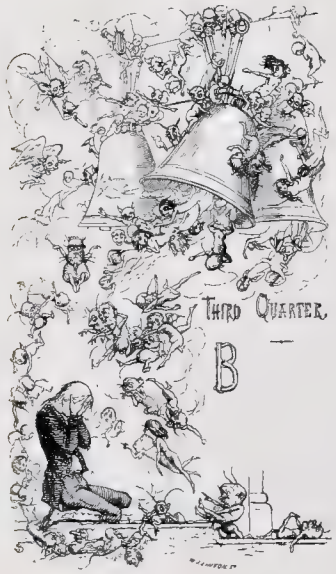


From "The Book of the Months."
Designed by William Harvey.



From "The Chimes."
Designed by W. J. Linton.

while there are no less than thirty of Choffard's vignettes. It is lamentable, however, to find that such artists as Eisen could only exhibit their powers to the full in proportion as the subject was "free," and the utmost licence in this direction was given and taken.



From "The Chimes."
Designed by W. J. Linton.

The exquisite treatment and refinement was suffered to rob vice of its repulsiveness in such an exhibition.

Eisen's decoration of a frontispiece, or of the framework of an opening page, were often really beautiful from the almost spiritualized fashion in which inanimate objects were grouped.



From "The Book of the Months."
Designed by William Harvey.

In our century the French have maintained their reputation for this method of "typographical ornamentation," as it may be termed. For lavish fancy, free and secure touch, and correctness of drawing, no one has excelled Tony Johannot. True, he very often, when working for the bookseller on large "jobs," shows carelessness, "dashing off" apparently whatever came into his head; but there is always brilliancy. His tail-pieces, vignettes and initials are full of suggestiveness, and help to set off the text; witness his "Molière," where he seems to have taken special pains to have shown due reserve. We cannot but admire the general bravura, the spirit infused into the costumes, attitudes, &c. His "Don Quixote," too, is a brilliant work, though a good deal scamped, as though he tired of the subject; still it is full of a congenial humour, and he has caught the Spanish flavour with more success, because with less pretension, than Gustave Doré. Another French artist, who excites our unbounded admiration for his inexhaustible variety and vivacity, is the ever-brilliant Gavarni.

In this country we have at least two eminent professors of the tail-piece—Bewick and Harvey. The former it would be vain to praise; but his were scarcely legitimate tail-pieces. He was, in fact, eager to utilize the space for literal illustration of the text, and, as Mr. Croal Thomson has shown, soon developed it into another picture.

When we turn from these elegant, finished productions to the work of Bewick, the contrast is extraordinary. In Bewick, with all his vigour, good sense, and admirable drawing, there appears a certain simplicity that amounts almost to rudeness. Paper and printing, and "working" generally, seem coarse.

In Harvey there was a grace and delicacy, accompanied by extraordinary feeling, which to our mind has never been surpassed. In Knight's "Shakespeare," "The Arabian Nights," the Abbotsford edition of the "Waverleys," and innumerable works of a lighter cast, we have him at his best. Some of these drawings are on an extraordinary minute scale—often not more than an inch square—yet into such he will infuse a tender and ever pathetic cast. He was partial to atmospheric effects, setting suns, &c., and to his smallest figures he imparted a sort of classical dignity.

Those elegant little cynosures, the Christmas books of Charles Dickens, which were all but perfect in type, material, and illustration, were set off by the talent of Doyle and Maclise, Leech contributing the more formal official plates. It need not be said that Doyle's and Maclise's playful fancy, disporting over the page, and meandering round the paragraphs, lent a congenial charm. A good deal of their success lay in the enthusiasm which they brought to the task, and their good-natured ardour to adorn the work of their delightful friend.

PERCY FITZGERALD.



Design for a Panel for a Piano-front—Gold Medal.
By H. G. Theaker (Royal College of Art).

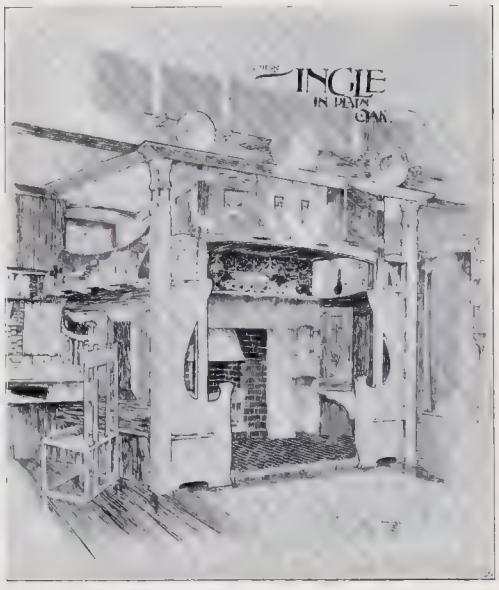
(See a re-illustration on next page.)

NATIONAL COMPETITION IN DESIGN—1899.

THE Annual Exhibition of Students' Work at South Kensington is always interesting. Representing as it does the pick of the year's doings in the schools all over the kingdom, it registers fairly accurately the high-water mark of school work; and it can hardly be doubted that it marks year by year a higher level of average attainment. The conspicuous ability shown by exceptional students may be less one year than another. It is more or less of an accident in which particular year an extraordinarily-gifted student happens to compete for national prizes, and school teaching, though it always helps, is not of such paramount importance to him: he would probably do well without much teaching: genius somehow finds out its way. It is for young people of ability, indeed, but of somewhat less ability, that schools are necessary; and it is most satisfactory to find, as a result of national competition, how certainly the standard of accomplishment raises itself. So much so, that the competitors who a few years ago gained Silver Medals would perhaps to-day have gained no more than Bronze; and some of those who in the past got Bronze Medals would get only a Book-prize, or nothing. This seems to promise more for British industry than might the superlative merit of Gold Medallists, who will in all probability drift eventually into painting, sculpture, or some other form of art remote from manufacture.

There is another difference between the work of the present and of the past. The practicality of designs has been more insisted upon by the authorities, and more practical work is annually sent for competition. Moreover, students have been encouraged to send executed work for comparison with the design, so as to show how it works out, which of course is the best possible test of its fitness for a supposed purpose; and they avail themselves so readily of the opportunity, that the resources of the Department are rather severely taxed to find space to show all the designs and executed work to which prizes are awarded. The executed work does not, however, tell always in the designer's favour: there is a charm about it, and sometimes about the material in which it is carried out; but it shows also where the capacity of a material or a method has been *mis*understood.

Of the more practical character of drawings now sent up there is no doubt. And this is clearly due, in great measure, to the demand for it made in the examiners' reports. How far it is attributable also to the schools is another question. Many of the quite business-like designs are the work of students who have learnt their trade in the workshop. One is the more sure of this because they embody not only tricks of the trade, but its ideal (if it can be called an ideal) of taste. In some cases (as, for example, in the case of pottery and carpet designs), the examiners have had to make choice



Design for a Bachelor's Room—Silver Medal.
By G. M. Ellwood (Camden School of Art, Holloway).

between work, on the one hand, which is business-like and absolutely commonplace, and on the other, design fresh, fanciful, and, so far as it goes, artistic, but quite unavailable. Awards have been made for the qualities both of workmanlikeness and of art—the pity is they do not more commonly go together.

However, though it is evident that in some schools attention is not paid to the practical side of design, and that some of the practical designs, though done in school, do not owe their practicality to school teaching, it is not to be inferred that in others practical design is not taught. You have only to look at the prize works from certain schools (it would perhaps be unfair to refer to only one or two of them which remain in my memory —I am writing without the Report to refer to) to see that the technical character of the designs of its students, and the workmanlike way they are put upon paper, is manifestly the result of school-training: it is not the trade way of doing it. And in these cases also there is taste and judgment in the designs themselves—witness the prize designs for stencilling, and yet more especially those for silversmith's work. The lace patterns, on the other hand, follow generally the lines of trade. They are practical enough; but they are not so much the natural outcome of the workshop and its methods as the answer to a demand (real or supposed) of the shops where lace is sold.

It is distinctly the business of an Educational Department to insist upon designs conforming practically to conditions of manufacture, but not degraded to the level of what is supposed by profit-seeking purveyors to be saleable. The shop windows are evidence that the commercial notion of design has not kept pace with artistic progress. Fashion continues to rule. And fashion is not hampered by judgment—see the colours women wear this season.

Students who have for the past few years submitted for competition designs for wall-papers, textiles, and other fabrics made with a view to trade requirements, have naturally not met with that success at the Departmental tribunal which their ability would, rightly directed, have ensured. It is for this reason, possibly, that the more able of them have forsaken the paths of manufacture and taken to designing stencils and needlework. At all events, it is in embroidery and stencilling that some of the best work is this year done.

With regard to embroidery, that comes naturally to women, and some very charming work is done for national competition; but some of the stitching is too rude for anything. William Morris used to insist upon a certain preciousness in silk embroidery; and even in coarser work, which has its place, there is a point of brutality at which any self-respecting needlewoman would naturally draw the line—which point is sometimes overpassed by students whose stitches amount to mere cobbling.

There are two or three other questions suggested by the very clever works on view at the Royal College of Art. One is, how far are they invariably all the student's own? One finds in them at times more than a suspicion of the master's hand. Masters have, we know, to work upon their pupils' drawings, to show them how to do it; but they should neither work upon drawings intended for national competition, nor allow work to be sent in for competition of which they have done part.

Then there is a question as to who should be allowed to compete. Certain of the prize works appear to be attributable either to masters themselves, or to "old students" called back to the school for no other purpose than to do something for competition. That is not fair to genuine students, who thus, in the result, necessarily take a back place.

Again, it may be unavoidable, but it is certainly disappointing, to find that the winner of a medal has taken the same prize last year, and perhaps the year before that. It might not be just to prohibit a Silver Medallist from competing again in hopes of getting a gold one; but he ought not to get, or rather his school ought not to get, even the credit of a second success of the same degree; and, as for a Gold Medallist, surely he should not be allowed to compete any more, except in a class of work quite different from that in which he has already won the first distinction. There are at South Kensington a certain number of designs which do not fairly represent the year's progress. They are not many, perhaps, but they detract from the value of the display as a genuine register of the year's work in the schools—which in the main it is.

LEWIS F. DAY.



Designs for a Piano-front—Gold Medal.
By H. G. Theaker (Royal College of Art).

(See also headpiece to this Article.)

THE CHIEF PICTURE SALES OF 1899.

THERE was no occasion provided in the past art-sale season for an impassioned display of feeling in competition for the works of Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and Millais, such as had been furnished in 1898 by the incidence of the Burne-Jones, Ruston, and Renton sales. The 1899 series of auctions reassumed the wonted character of the ordinary sale year. That is to say, examples of the Early British School, the Old Masters, and the best of the modern Foreign School passed under the hammer, and, in the language of the market, prices were agreeably maintained. Year by year the chronicler of art sales has had to note the fascination wielded over the collector by the masterpieces of Turner. The time has gone by, however, when everything from the painter's brush was deemed sacred. On the other hand, the thirst of possession is keener than ever for the admittedly best works of the great colourist. Popular triumphs have been heaped upon his name, and not the least has been that won by the recent Guildhall display. It is fitting, then, to record that, in the same year, a Turner should appear at auction and exceed any previous price paid for one of his examples. Of course this statement applies only to auction figures, as it is well known that, frequently, pictures change hands privately for sums in excess of those attained in the open market.

The sale in which Agnew paid 8,200 gs. for Turner's 'View of Venice' was the Fowler sale, comprising the collection formed by the engineer of the Forth Bridge. Ninety-one lots realized over £65,000, and, in this connexion, it is interesting to recall some previous totals, so that some comparisons may be suggested: Becket-Denison (1885), £71,050; Bolckow (1888), £66,567; Wells (1890), £78,312; David Price (1892), £69,577; Murrieta (1892), £50,592; Dudley (1892), £99,564; Adrian Hope (1894), £49,884; James Price (1895), £87,144; Goldsmid (1896), £67,342; Pender (1897), £75,916; Ruston (1898), £45,995. In the Pender sale, two years ago, it may be remembered that four Turners alone fetched £30,345, although not one of the four reached the price of the 'Venice' in the Fowler sale of 1899. The Fowler collection was typical of the sound-investment class. For instance, it included a sterling Hobbema, with a pedigree to delight the soul of the cautious collector. The canvas had been housed by the Ford family for four generations. Sir John Fowler bought it thirty years ago for £3,100. Seven years ago, in the Dudley sale, a Hobbema fetched 9,600 gs. The Fowler example was considered as good a landscape, and when put up in June realized 9,100 gs., nearly three times its original price therefore. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the wealthy connoisseur still finds solace in the acquisition of the best works of the Dutch School. Before giving brief particulars of the more important picture sales during the season, it will be as well to apply a statistical comparison between the chief results of previous seasons. A fair test is to give the number of works which have exceeded 1,400 gs. The following table shows such figures since 1886:—

Year.	No. of pictures sold for 1,400 gs. and over.	Year.	No. of pictures sold for 1,400 gs. and over.
1899	28	1892	55
1898	15	1891	37
1897	32	1890	39
1896	28	1889	17
1895	45	1888	35
1894	20	1887	20
1893	26	1886	26

Judged by this standpoint the past season was of average importance, but still far more lively than 1898 in its general character.

At the outset of the year there were the usual sales of small properties, in which may be noted 'Labourage au Printemps,' by H. W. B. Davis, R.A., sold in the Morrison sale for 315 gs.; and John Pettie's 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' exhibited at the R. A., 1892, which realized 720 gs. in the Wharton dispersal on March 18th, a worthy advance on the 190 gs. paid in the artist's sale, 1893. F. Holl's 'Deserted' showed a corresponding falling, 200 gs. being the final bid, as against 340 gs. in the Hill sale, 1889. On the same day, Ansdell's 'The Battle for the Standard' failed to go beyond 120 gs. Twenty-five years ago, in the Eden sale, it was bought for 900 gs.

The property of Mr. Cornelius Herz formed an interesting collection, and 115 lots were sold for over £10,000; prices being generally considered higher than could have been obtained in Paris. The best of these were: Daubigny, 'Les Bords de l'Oise,' 720 gs.; Fromentin, 'The Halt,' 430 gs.; Jacque, 'Shepherdess,' 520 gs. (this cost the owner £160); A. de Neuville, 'The Prisoner,' 600 gs. A tiny Meissonier portrait, 3 in. by 2 in., fetched 48 gs.—a much less price than was anticipated. On April 22nd, in a miscellaneous sale, Paris Bordone's 'Baptism of Christ' realized 1,070 gs. The day of the Academy banquet was marked by the Miéville sale, 101 lots totalling £41,750—four examples by Troyon accounting for 14,150 gs. In reaching 6,400 gs., the 'Dairy Farm' established a Troyon record. The other three examples were: 'Cattle Market,' 1859, 3,600 gs.; 'View on the French Coast,' 2,600 gs. (580 gs. Creswick sale, 1870); 'Flemish Peasant Woman,' 1,550 gs. (200 gs. Bullock sale, 1870). A pair of works by Mr. Watts (a fair-haired girl and a nude nymph) went for 620 gs. and 780 gs. respectively. Among the Early British School were: Romney, 'Young Boy in White Dress,' 1,650 gs. (210 gs. Mendel sale, 1875); 'Girl in White Dress,' ascribed to Opie, 1,480 gs. (purchased in 1871 for 38 gs.); G. Morland, 'Gipsies around a Fire,' 730 gs. (Levy sale, 1876, 420 gs.); R. Wilson, 'View of Sion House,' 530 gs. (Novar sale, 1878, 270 gs.). The best of the foreign modern pictures, besides the Troyons, included: Corot, 'The Moat,' 900 gs.; L. Knaus, 'Rustic Interior,' 850 gs.; A. Stevens, 'Lady in Black Dress,' 390 gs. The Dutch pictures were especially well received, and in many cases enhanced prices were secured. J. Van der Capella, 'Frozen River Scene,' 460 gs. (245 gs. Henderson sale, 1882); G. Cocques, 'Doctor Van Ruyter,' 300 gs. (Oppenheim sale, 1864, 115 gs.); A. Cuyp, 'Sunny River Scene,' 410 gs. (310 gs. Bredel sale, 1875); 'Landscape,' 980 gs.; Van Huysum, 'Flowers in Terra-Cotta Vase,' 700 gs. (Field sale, 1893, 460 gs.); J. Ruysdael, 'Landscape near Haarlem,' 850 gs.; Jan Steen, 'The Unexpected Return,' 760 gs. (Levy sale, 1876, 195 gs.); F. Mieris, 'Jester playing Hurdy-Gurdy,' 400 gs. (Oppenheim sale, 1864, 82 gs.); W. Mieris, 'An Interior,' 680 gs. (also Oppenheim sale, 160 gs.). These increases in prices are sufficient to show the favour in which the Dutch School is uniformly held.

Reference has already been made to the Fowler sale and the success of Turner and Hobbema. Other examples by the former master also realized considerable prices. Sir John Fowler gave, it is understood, 1,220 gs. for the 'View of Oxford from the Abingdon Road.' In

the 1899 sale it went for 4,000 gs. The Turner water-colours included: 'Lake of Nemi,' 3,000 gs.; 'Temple of Jupiter,' 1,700 gs.; 'Edinburgh' (R.A., 1802), 1,000 gs.; 'Lucerne,' painted for Mr. Ruskin, 1,300 gs. Of the twelve Landseers the highest price was reached by 'Ptarmigan Hill,' 2,000 gs. A fine Phillip, 'A Chat around the Brasero,' sold for 2,700 gs.; and W. Muller's 'Slave Market, Cairo,' and 'View of Gillingham,' 1,300 gs. and 1,500 gs. respectively. A finished sketch for 'The Order of Release,' by Sir John Millais, obtained the high price, 500 gs., and W. Collins' 'Sunday Morning' realized 1,380 gs., as against 410 gs. in the Bacon sale, 1850. Other noticeable lots were: P. Nasmyth, 'A View in Sussex,' 900 gs., and Sir David Wilkie's 'The Pedlar,' 860 gs. The water-colours, besides the Turners already mentioned, were more than usually interesting. 'The Hayfield,' by David Cox, reached 1,250 gs., although it should be stated that the price in the Quilter sale, 1875, was 2,810 gs. 'Powis Castle,' by the same artist, went for 920 gs., and Copley Fielding's 'Arundel Castle' fell at the huge bid of 1,760 gs. Then there were: Sir J. Millais, 'A Dream at Dawn,' 410 gs.; Birket Foster, 'Stratford Lock,' 400 gs.; P. de Wint, 'Gleaners Disturbed,' 550 gs., as against 365 gs. in the Bicknell sale, 1863; Rosa Bonheur, 'Denizens of the Highlands,' 700 gs. (Campbell sale, 1867, 600 gs.), and Meissonier, 'A Halberdier,' 600 gs. Finally, the pictures in oil included the following high-priced lots: Greuze, 'La Petite Mathématicienne,' which reached 880 gs. in the Demidoff sale, 1870, 1,600 gs.; Meissonier, 'The Smoker,' 1,280 gs. (380 gs. Dillon sale, 1869); J. L. Gérôme, 'Louis XIV. and Molière,' 430 gs.; and Rosa Bonheur, 'Highland Cattle,' painted in 1862, 1,450 gs. When it is borne in mind that the Fowler properties averaged over £700 a lot at auction, a good idea of the all-round importance of the collection can be obtained.

The feature of the sale on May 13 was the submission of three of Rubens' works from the famous Leigh Court collection. 'The Holy Family' was purchased by Messrs. Agnew for the great sum of 8,300 gs.—an advance of 3,300 gs. on the buying-in price at the 1884 sale. 'The Conversion of Saul' went at 1,950 gs., the drop from 3,300 gs. in 1884 being accounted for by the cumbrous size of the canvas—8 by 11½ feet. The same price, 1,950 gs., was also paid for the third example, 'The Woman taken in Adultery.' On the same day fourteen of Lord Methuen's pictures were sold. Of these should be noted: Lorenzo di Credi, 'Virgin Enthroned,' 680 gs.; Gentile da Fabriano, 'Coronation of the Virgin,' 560 gs.; Andrea del Sarto, 'The Painter's Portrait,' 890 gs.; J. de Mabuse, 'Children of Henry VII.,' 530 gs. Two pastels by J. Russell, R.A., fetched very high prices: 'Market Girl in Blue Skirt,' 750 gs., and 'Young Girl in White Dress,' 480 gs. The sale included miscellaneous properties; and two portraits by Franz Hals, which had been bought for about £100 by the last owner, reached 3,000 gs. and 2,000 gs. respectively, showing that the days of "finds" are not yet over. Romney's 'Mrs. Francis Newbery' fetched 1,650 gs., and a portrait of a young girl in white muslin, by Sir H. Raeburn, 1,900 gs. J. Hoppner's 'Harriet Westbrook,' wife of Shelley, reached 1,380 gs. Altogether, the day's sale realized over £30,000, the Rubens, all purchased by Agnew, being responsible for nearly half of this total.

An interesting dispersal occurred on May 29th, of works presented for realization by their painters to the Netherlands Benevolent Society. Nearly £3,000 was thus secured, Sir L. Alma-Tadema's 'A Listener,' 745 gs., and J. Maris' 'Dutch Windmills,' 520 gs., being the chief aids to this excellent aggregate.

The Bibby Sale, on June 3rd, was chiefly remarkable for a series of seven drawings and one picture by Rossetti. This last, a poor picture, 'La Pia de Tolomei,' showed a slight depreciation, as 260 gs. was obtained against 300 gs. in the Leyland Sale, 1892.

In a composite sale on June 10th, a portrait of Sir Walter Scott, painted by Sir J. Watson Graham, P.R.S.A., and the property of the Dowager Lady Napier and Ettrick, fetched 1,500 gs.; and the Earl of Donoughmore's Reynolds portrait of John Hely Hutchinson, Secretary of State for Ireland, 1,250 gs. There were also: Murillo, 'Christ Bearing the Cross,' 700 gs.; Hobbema, 'Woody Landscape,' 620 gs.; Old Crome, 'Whitlingham,' 450 gs.; G. Morland, 'Farm Scene,' painted 1794, 850 gs. (a great increase from 470 gs. in the West Sale, 1892); Sir H. Raeburn, 'Mrs. F. Robertson Reid,' 1,320 gs.; F. Bol, 'Quirinus Hercke and Helena Eckhout,' 810 gs.; J. Opie, 'Mrs. Barlee,' 600 gs.; and a pastel portrait-group by J. Russell, R.A., dated 1801, 750 gs.

The highest price obtained in a miscellaneous sale on June 17th, was 490 gs., paid for Peter Graham's 'A Spate in the Highlands,' formerly in the Marquis of Santurce's collection.

The catalogue of Mr. R. Paterson Pattison's properties contained a few interesting works, among which were: Josef Israels, 'Going Home,' 340 gs.; J. Maris, 'Town on Dutch River,' 500 gs., and 'Dutch Fishing Boat Ashore,' 1,350 gs.; W. Q. Orchardson, 'Hamlet and Ophelia' (R.A., 1865), 600 gs.; G. Romney, 'Viscountess Melville,' 900 gs., and 'Lady Hamilton,' 910 gs.; and Sir L. Alma-Tadema, 'Girl Reclining by a Fountain,' 430 gs. The sale on July 1st comprised a good series of early English pictures, of which should be noticed a portrait of a young lady in auburn hair, ascribed in error to Reynolds, as it is a replica of an early Lawrence. However, it was knocked down at 2,800 gs. Reynolds's 'Horace Walpole' realized 950 gs.; Raeburn's 'Colonel Francis Scott,' 680 gs.; Romney's 'Maria Howard,' 480 gs.; Gainsborough's 'Wife of Colonel Hamilton,' 750 gs. The success of J. Russell's pastel portraits has already been remarked. On the same day his oval of 'The Persian Sibyl,' dated 1797, attained the high price of 1,150 gs. 'La Musette,' by Watteau, fetched 1,380 gs.; and Landseer's 'Strolling Players,' painted in 1836, and known by T. O. Barlow's engraving, fell at 350 gs. The principal pictures in Baron de Reuter's collection were: A. Schreyer, 'Albanian Peasants,' 420 gs.; N. Diaz, 'Venus with Cupids,' 410 gs.; and T. S. Cooper, 'Canterbury Meadows,' 230 gs. Among the works by living British artists offered in the Dole sale on July 8th, should be noticed: P. R. Morris's 'Sons of the Brave,' 410 gs.; Briton Rivière's 'Cupboard Love,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1882, 360 gs.; and E. Crofts' 'Marston Moor' (R.A., 1888), 280 gs.

Finally, in the sale of the collections of Sir William Eden and others, the following should be mentioned: H. McCulloch, R.S.A., 'Loch Katrine,' 300 gs.; W. Müller, 'Landscape after a Shower,' with two figures by W. Collins, 400 gs.; E. Verbockhoven, 'Sheep on the Scheldt,' 755 gs.; Sir H. Raeburn, 'Mr. Renny Strachan,' 850 gs.; and a pastel by J. Russell, 'Mrs. Earle,' 310 gs.

A. C. R. CARTER.



Two Designs by Utamaro.

SPODE PORCELAINS AND JAPANESE PRINTS.

AT the Victoria and Albert Museum there is on view a collection of porcelain which has recently been presented to the nation by Miss Helen Mary Gulson; in memory of her uncle, Mr. Josiah Spode, of Hawkesyard, Rugeley.

There are in all seventy pieces of this celebrated porcelain, made by Josiah Spode the younger. The manufacture of these belongs rather to the present century than to the last, as Josiah Spode did not begin making porcelain till shortly after his father's death in 1797. His work was specially distinguished for its mechanical perfection: the potting was excellent, the body uniformly translucent, the glaze smooth, and the gilding solid and rich in tone. The forms and decorative style of the pieces correspond to the taste of that day, but are favourable examples of the period. In the present collection one vase is specially noteworthy, as it bears a view of the "Mount," a mansion built at Penkhull by Josiah Spode, 1803. The vase itself is pink, richly decorated with gold and with garlands of raised flowers in plain white. The blue ground of a teapot was a remarkably good colour, and one saw the same again on a set of cups and saucers in the shape of mugs, which were further ornamented by a close pattern of gold leaves. In nearly all the specimens gold is profusely used, on either a coloured or white ground, in some cases making the specimens too gaudy for our present taste. Two white and gold cups and saucers, with covers, were specially pretty, with coloured views painted on the sides.

Near the case of Miss Gulson's gifts there are two large vases and four beakers, which have been bought by the Museum. These are also by Josiah Spode, and are particularly interesting, as examples showing how closely he was able to obtain a perfect reproduction of Oriental ware. The specimens are wonderfully clever imitative examples of old Japanese Imari porcelain.

Admirers of Japanese art who wish to see a good collection of colour prints, should visit the firm of Messrs. Kato, who have a number of these artistic pictures by Utamaro, Hokusai, Kiyonaga, and many other well-known artists. Perhaps of these Utamaro (whose designs we reproduce) is the most popular, with his beauty of line in drawing women and children. We find the earliest prints of all are in black and white, and it is interesting in this collection at Mr. Kato's to notice the improvement in colour printing; Harunobu was the first to invent this new art in the latter half of the 18th century. Kiyonaga made many improvements in it, and it was afterwards brought to perfection by his pupils and followers.

Japanese artists often divide their subject into three parts, each forming a separate picture, but which can also be joined together to make a single print. One

representing archery: in the first we see a group of girls with their bows and arrows, in the second the same group are taking aim, and in the third there is the target, with the arrows scattered about, or sticking in it, and a group of figures looking on.

Utamaro has illustrated, in the same manner, the front of a draper's shop, with people passing or standing in groups, the whole forming a busy scene. In nearly all the landscapes by Hokusai, the favourite mountain, Fugi, is brought in. A handsome sword stand was in gold lacquer, the top of which was decorated with a flight of cranes, and at the back a rising sun and pine trees. The front had different musical instruments represented on it, the handles of the tiny drawers being made in solid silver in the shape of half-open or shut fans; the corners were also of silver. Mr. Kato has several specimens of Japanese armour, and some curious old helmets, which look as if they would be very cumbersome and uncomfortable to wear; the musical instruments should also be noticed, many of which we are familiar with in books and prints.



Design by Utamaro.

Mr. Eida (whose Japanese flower arrangements were mentioned in the August number) has some wonderful embroideries made originally for temple hangings. In one, white iris flowers were worked against a background of blue water, and over them branches of white wisteria and swallows. Another, which was even handsomer, was with dragons, some in a rough blue sea, the others emerging out of grey clouds; the dragons were pale green and coral colour, and over fifty were worked in this one piece, which had taken two men five years to embroider.

E. F. V.

LONDON JULY EXHIBITIONS.

AS the exhibition of the Academy enters upon its last month the smaller galleries open their doors, chiefly with one-man shows. Amongst these were the Dowdeswell Gallery with Mr. Menpes, and later Mr. Homer Watson; the Goupil Galleries, with Mr. Roussel and a show of modern Dutch pictures; Messrs. Boussod & Co., at Bedford Street, with Mr. Roussel's coloured etchings; St. George's Gallery, with Mr. Buxton Knight; and the National Portrait Gallery, with the new room arranged by Mr. Lionel Cust for the reception of a set of portraits of naval explorers connected with the Franklin Expedition. These are some of the shows of July, and to them may be added the Dudley Gallery Water-Colour Society, which, however, offered nothing unexpected, no improvement, and no great excellence to our eyes.

The show of modern Dutch painters in water-colours, at 5, Regent Street, contained some good work by the second and lesser group of those artists who have worked on the principles of 1830. Here may be seen the art of G. Poggenbeek, L. Apol, W. Maris, Israels, Neuhuys, A. Mauve, Mesdag, Roelofs, Blommers, de Bock, du Chattel, and many others who work in a good tradition, although they lack the vitality of painters such as Corot, Daubigny, James Maris, and Bosboom. The Mauves, early ones, were very true and careful; so also were the pictures of Poggenbeek, an excellent workman and a temperate realist, who rises occasionally, as in 'Late Autumn,' to a fine expression of the poetry of natural effect. The season is here given with all its aerial gravity and its soft sadness of envelopment. L. Apol has painted a fine sky, wintry and threatening, over his snow piece 'The Homestead.' Israels was represented by a beautifully fresh and atmospheric evening piece, 'The Close of Day.' These drawings seemed the most artistic in style, as well as the closest to natural sentiment, in the whole exhibition.

In the first room at No. 5, Regent Street, Mr. Roussel exhibited a number of his lively sketches and one or two larger canvases. His tastes lead him rather in the direction of colour and effect than towards the expression of form by drawing and modelling. His marines pleased us most, and they are probably the motifs that pleased him most in the painting. 'Dover Castle—Evening,' which is reproduced opposite, is a good and natural sketch, while 'The Sea near Dover—Summer Afternoon,' is both natural and lightly and skilfully handled. His show of etchings in colours at No. 25, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, certainly look unlike anything we have seen before. As frames, mounts, and enclosed etchings all bear patterns, the jostle of designs is at times rather troublesome. But to the difficult technique of his experiments Mr. Roussel has brought both intelligence and patience. Some of the designs for frames and mounts are really charming bits of decorative art.

Mr. Buxton Knight is an old exhibitor, both in oils and water-colours, and the chief objection we have to his show at St. George's Gallery is the bad lighting of the room, which prevents us from studying the work



Dover Castle—Evening.
By Theodore Roussel.

of an artist who deserves attention. The exhibition of his work, held some years ago at the Goupil Galleries, was well arranged and well chosen, but consisted of work just painted, whereas this show covers the whole range of his life as an artist, and introduces us to pictures painted in 1869, '71, '72, and on up to the present day. Mr. Knight's merits are breadth and nobility of effect, variety of subject and composition, free, unstilted handling, and a feeling for atmosphere. His defects hang on these very qualities, and are a want of intimacy and refinement in drawing and the expression of structure, a lack of culture in style, an occasional messiness of colour and coarseness of relation between its values. He began to paint tightly, and his principle of colouring inclined to a hot brown. In later years he became enamoured of the world as a place wrapped in a fresh atmospherically-coloured tissue of tints. Yet his rendering of this aspect of things was apt to look rude and heavy, partly from rather dirty hues, and partly from somewhat loose and clumsy handling. He is eminently sincere, however, and such faults as you may find in his work are never the result of affectation or ignorance, but are rather the outcome of an earnest and genuine love of nature and big things, which often leads him to neglect beauty of style and *finesse* of execution. Some of his little pictures, however, are delicate enough, as the pastel, 'A Road in Knole Park,' and the little oil, 'West Drayton Golf Links.' His large work is often rudely noble and effective, as 'White Lodge: Richmond Park,' with its avenue of weighty trees.

Mr. Homer Watson, who exhibits at the Dowdeswell Galleries, is a Canadian, well known by his contributions to the annual shows in England, and a painter lately treated of at length by Mr. James Mavor in the July number of THE ART JOURNAL. Mr. Watson might have been at Barbizon, to judge from his love of broad effects, his taste for planting a great silhouette against space, his enjoyment of a bold method applied to sturdy trunks and massive foliage. But he was never there, never came under the direct influence of Millet and his fellows and contemporaries; never, indeed, knew of their works until he had acquired his own much less cultured style. By this he has both gained and lost—gained by being more original than most followers of the French school, lost by expressing himself more rudely and provincially than he would have done under the influence of Barbizon. His ideas are always great, and they are sufficiently derived from nature to amuse, and also to remain of permanent interest; but they are sometimes worked out rudely and with an inexpressive handling. Unnecessary touches in foliage, touches that express shape indirectly or clumsily, may cause one to receive a less definite impression from his trees than one should, considering the real excellence of his intention in conceiving their place and shape in his picture. The breadth and stateliness of his general designs will become patent when he acquires a little more polish in the execution of minor shapes. The 'Meadow Willow' is the most delicate of his works in colour and manipulation; it resembles a Corot in its general aspect, while the grand 'After the Storm,' not quite unlike a Millet, shows him at his most excited and romantic pitch of fervour. We give here a reproduction of another of his pictures—'Moonrise,' the property of the artist's great friend and patron, Mr. James Ross of Montreal.

Mr. Cust has arranged the pictures left to the nation by Lady Franklin and Colonel John Barrow, of the Admiralty, in a room never before opened at the National Portrait Gallery. The collection of portraits consists of naval men employed in the Franklin Expedition, and in various search expeditions which sought to clear up the fate of Sir John and his comrades. They are mostly by Stephen Pearce, and are carefully but not beautifully painted.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.



Moonrise. By Homer Watson, R.C.A.
In the Collection of James Ross, Esq.

PASSING EVENTS.

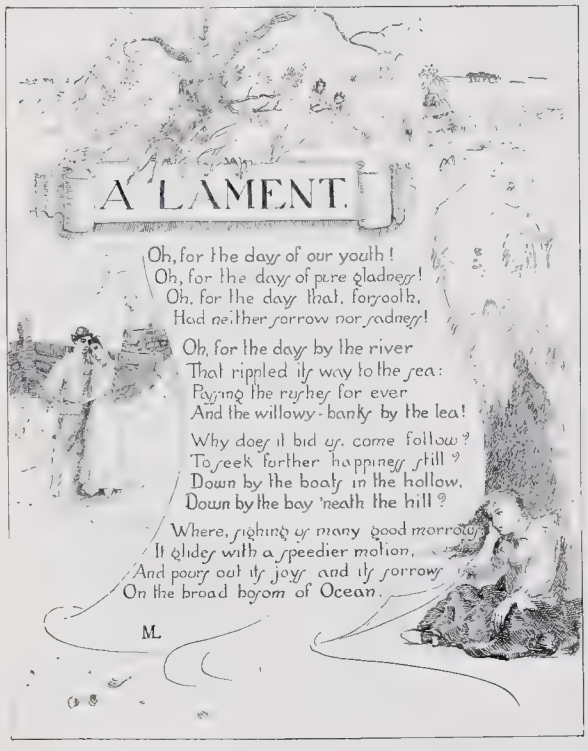
AT the Royal Academy this year, the sales are reported to have been very favourable. It is certainly high time that living artists should receive some tangible appreciation of their efforts, for the past few years have been decidedly gloomy. The aggregate sales reached a total of nearly £22,000, which worthily compares with £13,730 in 1898, and £16,384 in 1897.

BY the retirement of Major-General Sir John F. D. Donnelly, K.C.B., from the Secretaryship of the Science and Art Department, after forty years' public service, the opportunity of definitely marking South Kensington as a branch of the Education Department has been provided. Sir George Kekewich, the Secretary of the Education Department, has been appointed also Secretary of the Science and Art Department.

CAPTAIN W. DE W. ABNEY, C.B., becomes Principal Assistant Secretary at South Kensington. It is the fashion to decry the work of retired Engineer officers employed by the Science and Art Department. There can be no doubt, however, that in many respects they were well fitted for the work of organization in the earlier years of the system. The late General Gordon and Lord Kitchener are among the names of Engineer officers who were either once employed by the Science and Art Department, or who rendered services in the acquisition of objects.

CLOSELY following on these official changes comes the announcement of a Committee to consider the question of the reorganization of both Departments. This Committee will consist of Sir Horace Walpole, K.C.B. (Chairman), Sir George Kekewich, K.C.B., Captain Abney, Mr. W. Tucker, and Mr. S. Spring Rice.

FRICTION between the Treasury and National Art Trustees is by no means uncommon. The National Portrait Gallery authorities have been recently experiencing the close-fistedness of the Whitehall Department in the matter of the proposed acquisition of Lord Normanby's portraits of Her Majesty, by Sir David Wilkie, Charles I., by Daniel Mytens, and Queen Henrietta Maria, ascribed to Vandyck. The special grant requested for the three was 3,000 gs., certainly a large sum for pictures of this class; and Sir Francis Mowatt, in replying to Lord Peel, stated that the Treasury "regret that in no one of the three can they think that the circumstances justify an application to Parliament for a special grant." Her Majesty the Queen has not found a request for her portrait by the director so unreasonable, and has, of her own initiative, directed the presentation to the Portrait Gallery of her portrait by Sir Geo. Hayter, long at Kensington Palace.

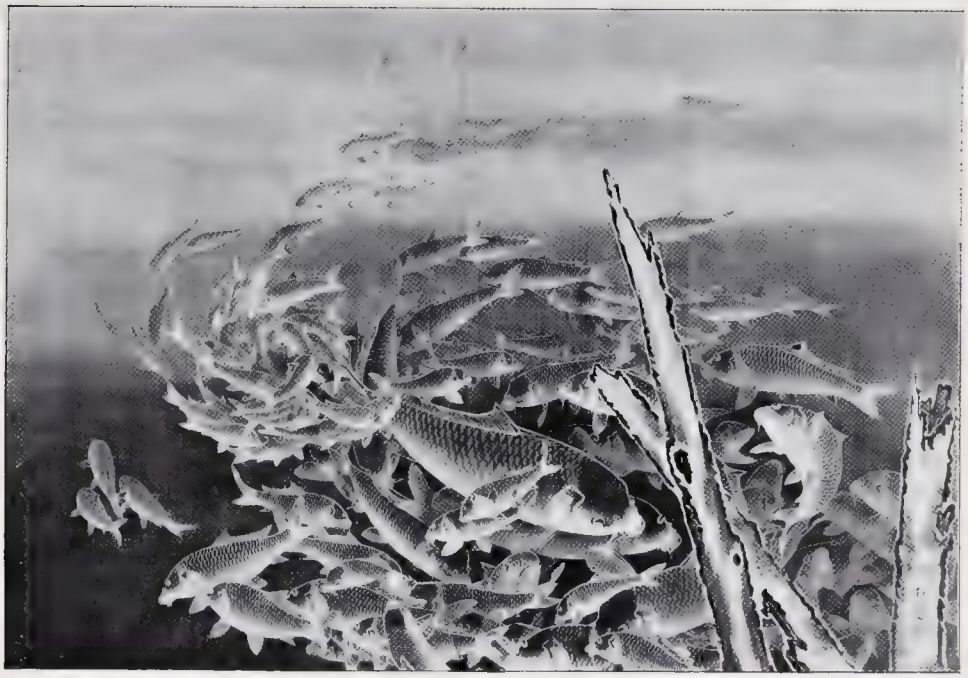


From a Drawing by Max Ludby, R.I.

IT is confidently expected by the promoters of the art exhibition of "crowded out" Academy canvases, to be held at one of the theatres, that a general response will be made to the invitation. This remains to be seen. Artists as a rule do not care to label their pictures as "rejected," and prefer to try their luck anew in a provincial exhibition.

WE should be glad if any of our readers could give us information as to the present whereabouts of the picture by Abraham Cooper, R.A., entitled 'The Fortunate Escape of King William III.' The work contains portraits of the King, the Earls Coningsby and Portland, and two other figures.

THE choice of the Burne-Jones Memorial Committee has fallen upon Earl Wharncliffe's 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.' £6,500 is the price fixed, of which £4,000 has already been subscribed.



No. 1.—'The Thousand Carp.'
From the Picture in the British Museum.

THE MOVEMENTS OF FISH.



No. 2.—From a Japanese Print by Janko.

TO express, pictorially, the living fish in water, has been brought to great perfection by the Japanese; and to suggest the surface above the fish in the water, they have adopted many ingenious modes of treatment in their pictures. Perhaps the best example we have of their art, is that wonderful picture in the British Museum called 'The Thousand Carp,' and the reproduction (No. 1) will show how closely the artist has studied his subject. The arrangement of the fish in curves gives a great idea of movement, and each separate fish is most carefully drawn in every particular. To draw the scales correctly in perspective on a single fish in an easy attitude is hard to do, but to keep correct in every kind of attitude is most difficult, and this has been wonderfully accomplished. The refraction of the water, too, is cleverly suggested by those fish that are drawn as swimming on their side; but this is quite true to nature, for the creatures are really on an even keel,



No. 3.—From a Japanese Print by Kesai Kytao.



No. 4. From a Japanese Print by Hokousai.

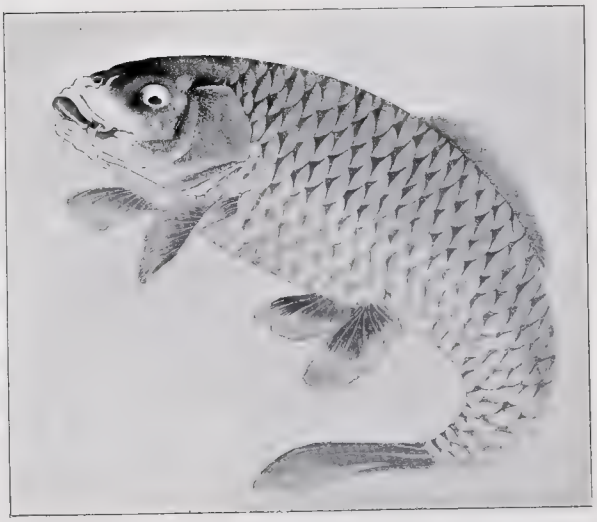
though they appear not to be so. We have to consider not only perspective in this art, but also the effect that water covering an object produces. In the actual picture, surface is suggested in the background, but the stakes in the foreground, though not quite satisfactory to our eyes, would have been enough. Regarding these foreground objects, we are impressed with the decorative feeling of the Japanese, which induces them often to put in their pictures something which may not be photographically true to nature; indeed, a Japanese artist actually showed the course of the bullets in a battle in the late war, for he felt where they would go, and did not hesitate to show his feeling by lines.

The carp, unless frightened, is a slow-moving fish, and withal so mysterious that we must be in sympathy with those clever artists who have so well pointed out its characteristics. The curious habit of shooting out a tube-like mouth is especially attractive to the Japanese, for we can so often notice this in their pictures. The artist who painted the picture we are now considering has kept clear of grotesqueness, and this would seem to indicate some foreign influence in his training. The natural history of the fish has thoroughly impressed him. The arrangement of the scales of the carp is exquisite, and when under water the divisions are plainly marked by dark lines. Out of water this fish has a metallic appearance, under the water this is lost. These facts have been fully appreciated. The slimy covering which enables fish to pass through the water gives a soft and transparent look to the creature, and this has been finely suggested by the bright surrounding lines, which in the picture itself are not so prominent as in the reproduction. The propelling power of the tail is in many cases well suggested, especially, perhaps, in the small group of three fish to the left. In those fish, however, that are meant to be swimming fast, a greater idea of speed would have been gained by laying the fins close to the body, for the tail, and not the fins, is the propeller.

The beautiful forms taken by the fins of this fish have been most accurately studied, and the difficulty to be overcome in drawing such varieties of position can only be understood by those who have tried. The carp's tail is flexible to a greater degree than what we find in many other fish, and this, too, has been recorded by the painter. The eyes, too, are most natural. Moving about in quiet waters, the carp makes use of all its fins and tail, and consequently these fish offer to the observer an unending series of studies in curves, of such infinite variety that interest need never fail in their study.

We expect grotesqueness in Japanese work, but in this picture we do not find it. A comparison with it of the next reproductions (Nos 2, 3, 4 and 5) will bring this forcibly to mind, for although again by curves we have movement suggested, the natural history of the fish has not been the prime motive.

Sticklebacks are naturally grotesque, and their actions exceedingly amusing. Japanese artists could suggest the movement of these little fish, but as I know no example of their having done so, my own work must suffice (No. 6). Now the pectorals in this fish are always highly agitated, even when the creature is stationary, and this seems to be a help to breathing by circulating the stagnant water in which they live. These fins are used as paddles for either forward or backward motion, and though all fish living in quiet waters make a great deal of use of their pectoral fins, the stickleback makes more use of them than any other fish. The ventral fins in this little fish are sharp spines, and a constant warfare is kept up in the breeding season between the males, their atti-



No. 5.—From a Japanese Print by So-Shiseki.



No. 6.—'Sticklebacks.'
From a Study by E. F. T. Bennett.

tudes and fury while so engaged making them most interesting to watch. The colours assumed by the combatants are as gorgeous as those of any tropical fish, and the remark that the stickleback is a dirty little grey fish can only be made by a person who has no eyes to see.

The salmon and trout living in rapid streams have little use for their pectoral and ventral fins, in the way that the carp uses them, and so we find their action different, for they are used as brakes and balancers especially. Fish, by the way, for some reason are top-heavy, and float upside down when death has deprived them of the help of these four fins. It is to the tail of these fish that we must devote our attention. This member is most highly developed, for these fish, even when stationary, are really swimming against a current constantly.

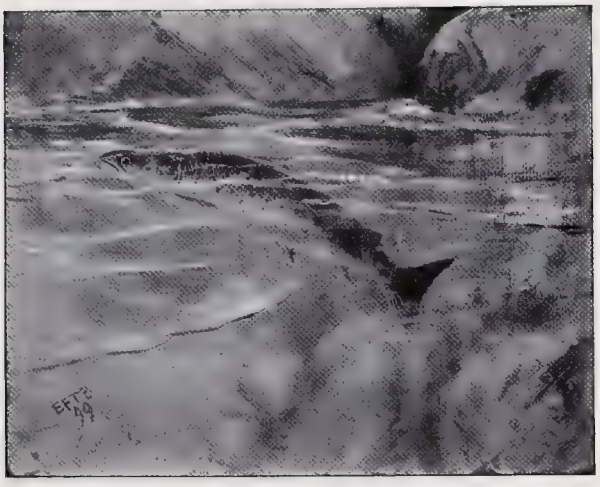
Now to represent a fish swimming we must trust to some lines that will suggest movement near the fish, and the great difficulty is to find where to place these lines when the fish is under water.

The trout under the rock in our next illustration (No. 7) could not remain where it is unless it used its tail, and so it is swimming against the current, the lines showing the flow of water against the rock representing this.



No. 8.—'The downward plunge.'
From a Study by E. F. T. Bennett.

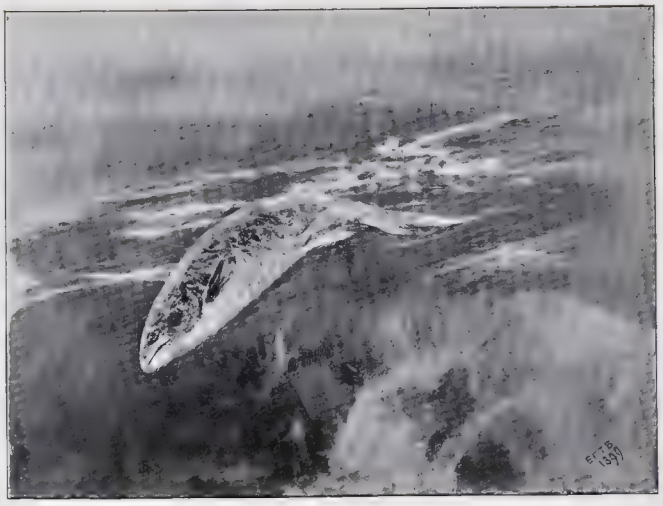
subject like this might give the camera a chance, because the character of the water must imply exertion on the part of the fish. In such a picture we have few of the beautiful curves that the quietly-moving carp presents to us, but in compensation for this we are impressed with the energy of the trout and its untiring nature. We can imagine, too, that by setting its pectoral fins at a particular angle, this creature can instantly dash at a fly, and as quickly regain its position and remain there. But who shall explain how a trout can find the place it has left so exactly?



No. 7.—'Trout in current.'
From a Study by E. F. T. Bennett.

The sudden movements of trout, shown in illustrations Nos. 8 and 9, are much more difficult to follow than those of the slow-moving carp, but variety of attitude can be seen by practice, though the eye requires constant training before it can follow these quick movements under water, and in a rapid stream.

The activity of the trout is wonderful, and the power of its tail can well be seen in shallow water (No. 10) as it rushes up stream. The shadow on a bright day is more prominent than the fish, and it requires practice to see the creature clearly. All the fins are laid flat to the body, and, when at full speed, the fish looks like a perfectly straight line; yet a sinuous motion of great beauty affects nearly its whole body, ending in the strong strokes of the tail. A picture representing this ought to be painted on the floor, and the fact that all pictures of fish under water should be hung below the level of the eye, makes them uninteresting to most people, especially as few care to observe creatures in the water.



No. 9.—'The rise.'
From a Study by E. F. T. Bennett.

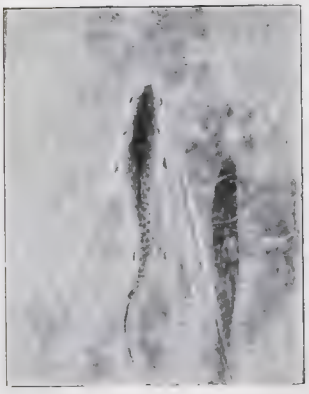
A long article might be written on water alone and the beautiful forms it takes, but it will be enough to point out some of its main features, so that in considering the movements of fish in the water we may feel, too, the movement of the water itself. In the first place, it is difficult to believe that when a stone is thrown into a still pond the waves or rings caused do not actually themselves travel from the point of disturbance, and that what we see is only an indication of the force of the blow on the water exciting the water as it passes through it, and not driving it forward. A cork will rise and fall as the wavelet passes and will not be driven forward or carried on the wave. To express this force in painting is most difficult, but very successful attempts have been made, and a water-colour drawing that I saw in Chester many years ago gave the feeling of this travelling force by a clever arrangement of gentle and opposing curves on a calm sea, with fishing-boats having their masts at different angles to the water.

In some pictures we are delighted to see that the artist has appreciated the fact that water is heavy, and has painted it so; and when to this evident weight life also is given, the pleasure afforded is all the greater. One of the most beautiful pieces of water-painting that can be seen anywhere is in the Ulysses and Polyphemus picture by Turner in the National Gallery. The ship floats perfectly and there is a transparency given to the water which is quite marvellous, for the sea fairies that are helping the ship along can be seen through the water. The movement of the water at the bow is perfect, and there is perhaps no other picture anywhere which shows all the qualities of water so perfectly as this; for we feel and see weight, movement, and transparency. It has been said, and most of us know by whom, that it is impossible to paint moving water; but in this great picture we have at any rate so perfect an imitation of moving water that we may rest content with it until somebody does better.

It is well, too, to note here that Turner has painted the horizon and yet has allowed us to look into the water at the same time. Can we look on the surface and through the water at the same time? Now, to answer this question study after study must be made from nature, pondered over and examined. The camera can be consulted, and scientific men, too, can be conferred with, and when after years of thought and observation a picture is produced, the same question will still be asked, and, as far as the painter can say, will not be answered. Turner has made us see what he felt, yet certainly never saw; and to give any pleasing and true representation of living water there must be added to the exact and scientific study of its countless forms the feeling which the painter must have in himself. The movement of water, like the movement of fish, must be felt before any attempt can be made to paint it.

The addition to a picture of a mirror-like piece of water is often most valuable, and this is constantly painted, and well painted too; but Turner has done this, and everything else, to describe water in one and the same picture.

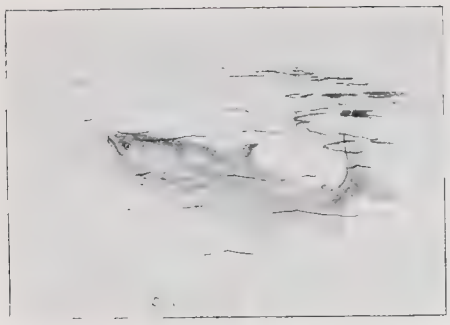
The difficulty to satisfactorily represent water is so great that painters as a rule look upon it as a waste of time to devote too much study to it, and we find, of course, that a successful representation of water by some good artist is guide enough for hundreds of others, and that they are



No. 10.—'Trout in shallow water.'
From a Study by E. F. T. Bennett.



No. 11.—'Salmon on line.'
From a Study by E. F. T. Bennett.



No. 12.—'Salmon rising.'
From a Study by E. F. T. Bennett.



No. 13.—'Trout swimming.'
From a Study by E. F. T. Bennett.

content to accept his observation as suitable for their own particular pictures. We cannot hope for great water-pictures while such a spirit exists, for we want to see and feel more than mere surface. Let us again return to the consideration of fish, who live in this element which is so little studied and so shamefully polluted in our well-watered country.

After watching a lively trout, the movements of a salmon (Nos. 11, 12 and 14) look heavy, and yet they are only an exaggeration of what the trout does. The great leaps this fish takes remind one that impetus is gained by the tail under water, and that the instant the creature leaves the heavier element (in which it is itself light in weight), it becomes a heavy projectile, shot, as it were, out of a gun.

A study of the movements of fish under water (No. 13), will well repay any one who has never yet tried it, and there is a great deal more than picture-making to be got out of the study of nature.

The mechanical ingenuity so manifest in all fish, and in none more so than the trout and salmon, appeals to the theoretically scientific student rather than to the practical workman. Engineers have done great things for the comfort and prosperity of our country, but would they not do greater by studying nature more closely?

Fish and birds are professors of the art of aërial and submarine navigation, and might surely teach us something about them. Yet the fact of a bird being heavy for its size seemed not to be thought of until within recent years, Mr. Maxim being the first inventor to attempt flight by a heavy body and light wings; and submarine boats can never become a success till the fact is appreciated that the fish under water is a very different creature to the fish out of water.

The screw propeller constantly loses power by "slipping," as it is called, the fish's propeller never slips. The fish avoids collision when going at full speed by using its pectoral fins, set well forward, as brakes: surely a ship might be provided with brake power near her bows to suddenly alter her course, or to arrest her forward progress.

Much of our art as a practical people finds its proper position in manufacturing works, which is as it should be; but no trade or handicraft will be injured by the close observer of nature, for he brings to bear on all he does a mind trained in the highest school of intelligence. To compare our actual picture-making with the work of the Japanese is impossible, for we have not as a nation got that decorative faculty that makes itself so evident in all Japanese pictures and life. Our taste is not æsthetic, and the suggestion lately made that our choice of colours for dress should be taken from the plumage of our birds is an impossible one.

Outdoor wild life, no matter how refined and civilised we may have become, is still in our hearts, and our best pictures have a feeling of open-air in them, and make most of us wish for the coming of the Wise Men, who shall teach us to depend more on our natural powers of observation, and less on the unnatural and too often useless toil that mars our life and prospects in the world.

E. F. T. BENNETT.



No. 14.—'Salmon fighting.'
From a Study by E. F. T. Bennett.



A Pastel Study of an Orchard.
By Edward Stott.

EDWARD STOTT AND HIS WORK.



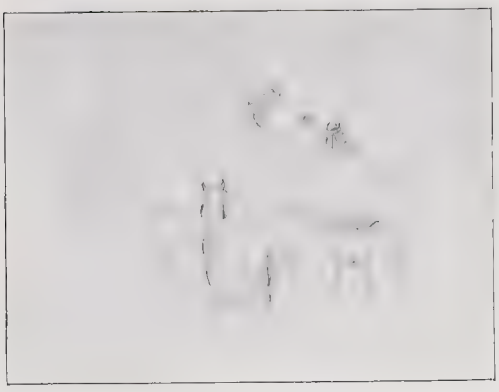
A Pencil Study for 'The Watering Place.' By Edward Stott.

IN the letters of that discerning but disappointed genius, James Smetham, there is a record of a conversation between him and Madox Brown after they had seen the works of Millet for the first time, close upon a quarter of a century ago. Smetham had said in a surprised tone, "Millet exhibited only twenty-eight pictures in thirty years." To which Madox Brown responded (with some knowledge and experience of infinite pains), "But that was a large number!" Smetham thereupon began to think, and in a short time he understood. Further, he noted that "the subject was amazingly simple, colour fine, action exact, the right moment, the main thing held to scrupulously. And so with the combined effect, the wholeness is the thing, and the Homeric simplicity, force, directness."

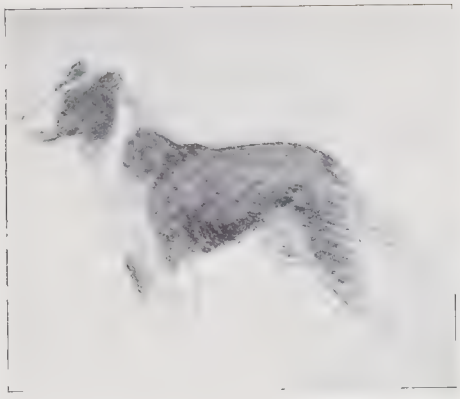
Thus would Smetham have summed up the art of Edward Stott, the painter of our time, akin in spirit and determination to him who first found and enhanced the beauties of Barbizon. Happily, too, for the reputation of a more sympathetic generation, the landscape painter who essays the pursuit of the poetic runs no longer the risk of perishing on the mountains. It is now twelve years since the subject of this article betook himself to Amberley, with the set purpose of forming a close communion with Nature, of understanding her beauties and defects; in short, of developing the power of seeing until vision should indeed be beatific. This rare gift of visual selection is totally distinct from the microscopic capacity of connoting, like the relentless camera, every twig, leaf, pebble, and blade of grass revealed in the light. Yet he who would arrive at the true expression of Nature's worth must go through the grad-grind of these ocular gymnastics, until, by consummate practice, he can con-



A Chalk Study for 'The Watering Place.'
By Edward Stott.



First Pencil Study for 'The Gleaners.'
By Edward Stott.



A Pencil Study for 'The Fold.'
By Edward Stott.

ceal the labour that has built up his art. It is in examining one of Edward Stott's pictures, and further, of knowing what has gone forth to its production, that one can read life into that threadbare shibboleth, "Art for Art's sake." There is no skim-milk process here. The excursionist has not dumped his easel down in a field, and after titillating a canvas for a few days, produced an 'Idyll of Amberley.' Here is blood—and treasure. The noonday sun streaming down upon the mead, or piercing through the shady canopy of a pool, the twilight gathering round the folded sheep, or the tired wayfarers, have been watched and remembered for many a long day. Burns did not write his poems after a scamper through the Lowlands, and the incomparable tales of Kipling are not the products of a tourist ticket.

Sensitive persons have marvelled at Birmingham producing Burne-Jones. Rochdale can claim Edward Stott. Although Lancashire is now riddled with schools of the Science and Art Department, his first Art training was at none of these. The first President of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts (W. H. Keeling) used occasionally to visit Rochdale. Young Stott, burning to become a painter, showed his sketches to him, and forthwith was banded among his pupils. Years went by and the enthusiast set out for Paris, in much the same spirit and with much the same equipment as many a young Scot goes to Edinburgh. Armed with an introduction from Mr. Thos. Frost, of Agnew's, to a friend of Carolus Duran, he was enabled to enter the latter's studio. Thence he went to Cabanel's, and had for a fellow student Mr. Solomon J. Solomon. After two years' hard work he was fortunate enough to secure *la seconde récompense* in the *fin de l'année* competition. He remained in Paris three years, and succeeded in exhibiting twice at the Salon. During this period he was also represented at the Royal Academy by a picture which passed into the possession of Mr. Lees, of Oldham, and eventually came under the hammer in a sale at Christie's two years ago. As for the Salon examples, Mr. Stott has never seen them since an American dealer in Paris thought fit to disappear from business with as many pictures as he could conveniently pack up. The vicissitudes through which the earnest student went in Paris, in the prosecution of his ambition, would amaze the prizewinner of those convenient bursaries which smooth his path. The recountal of some of the more serious difficulties which Mr. Stott overcame, would provide a splendid object-lesson of determination, backed up by physical endurance. This is neither the time nor place to enter into details. Suffice it to say that the qualities then displayed were the same which prompted him on



A Pastel Study for 'The Watering Place.'
By Edward Stott.



A Chalk Study for 'Returning Home.'
By Edward Stott.

his return to England to seek out a path for himself, to fix his eyes on the goal of his ideal, and to get there. He had heard of the charms of the Sussex Weald. Twelve years ago, on a wet, miserable day, he arrived at Amberley, and there he has remained, and has made the reputation of the village and himself. "Only trees and water," said a soulless one to Corot. "Only yokels and dusty roads," might the Philistine say to Edward Stott. But he who will try to see shall see much more. To the painter, then, Amberley became the book of Nature, the dictionary from which consecutive pages should not be clipped and pasted on canvas, but from which pearls should be culled and strung together in exquisite sequence.

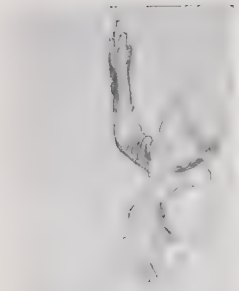


A Chalk Study for 'The Fold.'
By Edward Stott.

For this reason he has deemed it absolute that he should become master of his book. Every point of view has been taken and noted. Countless studies in pencil, chalk, and pastel, of details and effects, are garnered in his studio. His method is a curious combination of analysis and synthesis. The idea of a picture comes to him as he watches the labourer returning from the fields, the little shepherdess tending her sheep, or the travel-stained cottager returning home in the twilight. Forthwith, in pastel, he works out the scene, not as it lies before him, but as he sees it in his mind's eye. Next he analyzes his effect, and proceeds to make, unless he has already made, numerous detailed sketches of the details which are necessary for the parts of the picture which shall build up the whole. The fact should be emphasized, and it will surprise many, that Mr. Stott's canvases are not painted in the open air. If they were literal transcripts, this would certainly be necessary. But the studies made from Nature are sufficient in themselves, and give the painter, saturated with his theme, free scope to weave them together, as he wills, in the studio. Thus he may be seen at work surrounded by sheaves of sketches, the pastels which show the colour effects to be obtained, and the pencil and crayon drawings of figures and details to be used. The reproductions of a selection of these in this article should be as helpful to the reader in understanding the artist's method as they are to Mr. Stott in making his picture. He properly argues that it is in the studio where he may best solve the difficulty of arriving at the best way of getting the most brilliant and lasting quality out of his pigments. As far as he knows he endeavours to paint in the manner of the Old Masters, and is worthily fired with the glorious example of Titian. He begins his work in monochrome, and the colour and values are added gradually. He works from light to dark, so that the sheen and brilliance may always be there. There is no mountebank slickness here of "knocking off" a picture in a few days.



A Pastel Study for 'The Village Inn.'
By Edward Stott



A Pencil Study for 'Washing-Day.'
By Edward Stott.

posterity. But the time has gone by when genius or merit went unrequited. Fifty years ago a painter could have buried himself in the country and become merely the admired of the righteous few. Nowadays, recognition is of much speedier advent, and even the man who refrains from seeking advertisement will be helped to his reward. It is pleasant to record the practical encouragement given to Mr. Stott by Mr. John Maddocks, of Bradford, who possesses twelve of his works, including 'The Bathers,' 'Changing Pastures,' and 'Labourers' Cottages.' Mr. Maddocks has played the part of Mæcenas to several contemporary artists, and he has the honour and credit of being much in advance of the critics and the public in some of his discoveries. Mr. George McCulloch, Mr. Staats Forbes, Mr. Edmund Davis, Mr. Charles Harris, and Mr. E. Galloway, are other gentlemen who

His canvases are put out into the sun to bake and to gather the dew at night. It is almost unnecessary to state, with this evidence of thoroughness in mind, that the colour is always perfectly dry before being again painted over. Can it be wondered at, then, after all this earnest care and devotion, that only two or three pictures by Edward Stott are produced in a year?

What better combination of ideals can a painter set himself to realize than poetical treatment joined to perfect technique? The aim of Edward Stott in picture-making is to get the maximum of quality and smoothness of texture, and he may well be pardoned when he acknowledges that he has often gained proud consolation from the feeling that he was painting for



A Chalk Study for 'Trees, Old and Young.'
By Edward Stott.

were quick to discern the worth of Mr. Stott's art; in fact, the artist has the greatest satisfaction in knowing that the fifty pictures he has produced are hung in some of the best private collections in the country. Last year, 'The Old Gate,' in the possession of Mr. Galloway, was awarded a gold medal at Vienna.

In the pages of THE ART JOURNAL, Mr. Stott's progress has always been fully noted, and the time can surely not be far distant when the Academy adds the seal of its appreciation to his work. There are many excellent candidates always waiting to enter the charmed circle at Burlington house, and many capital selections have been made during the last few years, but it can be urged with much cogency that, on purely artistic considerations, the claims of Mr. Edward Stott for Academic distinction are second to none. In the meantime he continues in his purpose, contented in his striving after perfection, and resolute in his determination that nothing shall come between him and his self-imposed standard of accomplishment.

Of the thoroughness of his method, as has already been remarked, the illustrations of some of the studies used in his pictures, reproduced in



A Pastel Study of a Plough-boy.
By Edward Stott.

this article, are good examples. The reduced size of the 'Orchard Study' does not fully convey the fine draughtsmanship of the original. An artist could not be blamed if he preferred the expedition of the camera to this laborious effort, which, after all, is to be used in a picture in the mass rather than in detail. But the difference in principle will not escape the reader. Portfolios are filled with drawings of cattle and sheep, and the two studies here reproduced, in pencil of a cow's head, and in pastel of three cows, show the care that went in making up the constituents of 'The Watering Place.' Similarly we have the figure of the girl in the same picture, the dog and the boy in 'The Fold,' the boy in this year's Academy picture 'Returning Home,' the youthful ostler in 'The Village Inn,' the little shepherdess in this year's New Gallery work, 'Trees Old and Young,' the woman in the same exhibition's 'Washing Day,' and the mother and child in 'Sunday Night.' The pastel studies of a 'Plough-boy,' and the maid with her hands clasped, were exhibited in the recent show of The Pastel Society. Perhaps no living painter has such a numerous collection of pastels directly bearing upon his paintings, and it is on these that he relies for his colour-schemes when at work on the canvas in his studio. If, in this article, there appears to be an insistence upon Mr. Stott's infinite pains, it is because his untiring perseverance is at the root of so much real achievement. The spirit of slipshod rapidity is in the air nowadays, and overproduction in art is largely the result of a shallow and unseemly dexterity which will assuredly and fittingly bring the Nemesis of treacly decay to many pictures which should never have seen the light.



A Pencil Study for 'Sunday Night.'
By Edward Stott.

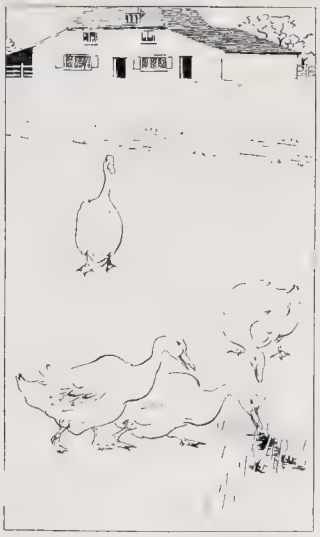
If there were more Amberleys and more Edward Stotts we could again have hope that the spirit of the Old Masters lived anew, even though that exaltation which inspired them "to worship in blue and purple and gold" may not again be revived.

A. C. R. CARTER.



A Pastel Study for 'The Watering Place.'
By Edward Stott.





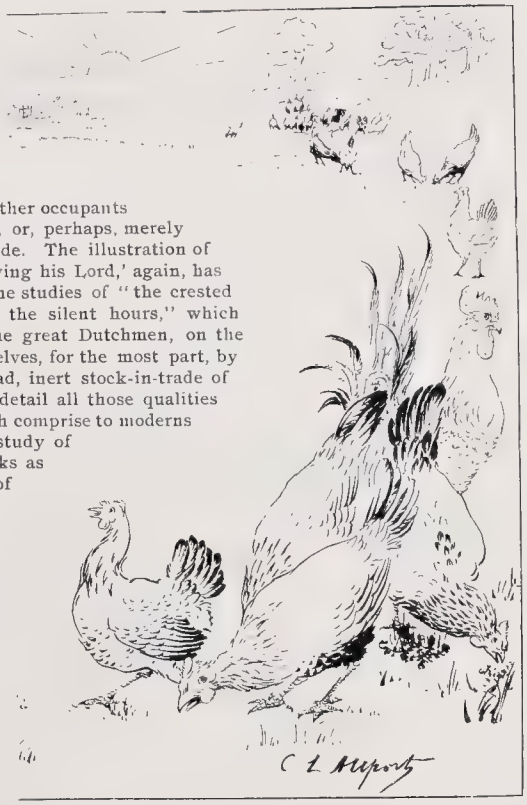


ON THE DOMESTIC FOWL IN ART.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISS C. L. ALLPORT.



THE feathered inhabitants of the farmyard have interested artists in many ways. The old Italian masters took pleasure in introducing them into their Nativities, putting in, where fancy suggested, the familiar barndoor fowl amongst the other occupants of the Stable at Bethlehem, or, perhaps, merely crowing upon the roof outside. The illustration of the scene of 'St. Peter denying his Lord,' again, has been responsible for many fine studies of "the crested cock, whose clarion sounds the silent hours," which have come down to us. The great Dutchmen, on the other hand, contented themselves, for the most part, by depicting to the last degree of microscopic finish, the dead, inert stock-in-trade of the poulterer's shop, sacrificing to their love of careful detail all those qualities of quaint and graceful movement, vivacity and verve, which comprise to moderns the chief fascination—apart from colour, at least—of the study of these domestic pets. Never too spiritual in their art, it looks as if the Dutchmen's thoughts rolled upon considerations of the tender whiteness of the breast, or the delicate flavour of the wing, with bread sauce close at hand, to the exclusion of the natural qualities and character which so well repay the student of the living birds.

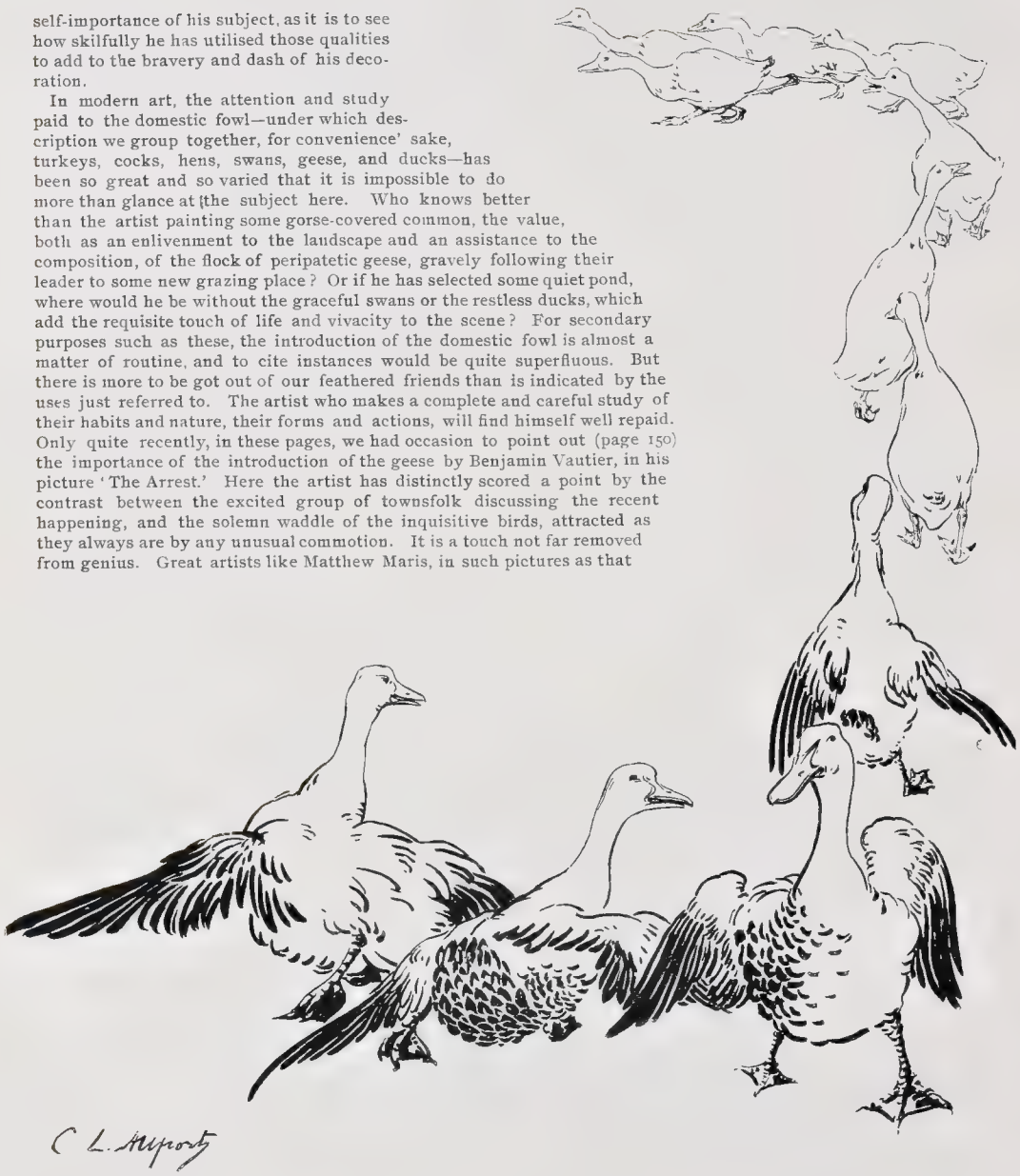


The Japanese masters have used the graceful outlines and harmonious colouring of our humble friends as "motifs" for superb and amazing decorative creations, revealing complete acquaintance with the character of their subjects. Most of our readers will have seen some of those fine *kakemonos* which represent studies of the bird-life familiar to the Japanese artists. What "swagger," so to speak, is put into our old friend chanticleer—what style is shown in his lustrous plumage and vividly scarlet comb With how much of pompous consequence



does he appear to be calling attention to the fact that he is about to crow, and to beg that for five minutes or so no vulgar interruption be permitted! It is as easy to read the artist's amused appreciation of the vanity and self-importance of his subject, as it is to see how skilfully he has utilised those qualities to add to the bravery and dash of his decoration.

In modern art, the attention and study paid to the domestic fowl—under which description we group together, for convenience' sake, turkeys, cocks, hens, swans, geese, and ducks—has been so great and so varied that it is impossible to do more than glance at the subject here. Who knows better than the artist painting some gorse-covered common, the value, both as an enlivenment to the landscape and an assistance to the composition, of the flock of peripatetic geese, gravely following their leader to some new grazing place? Or if he has selected some quiet pond, where would he be without the graceful swans or the restless ducks, which add the requisite touch of life and vivacity to the scene? For secondary purposes such as these, the introduction of the domestic fowl is almost a matter of routine, and to cite instances would be quite superfluous. But there is more to be got out of our feathered friends than is indicated by the uses just referred to. The artist who makes a complete and careful study of their habits and nature, their forms and actions, will find himself well repaid. Only quite recently, in these pages, we had occasion to point out (page 150) the importance of the introduction of the geese by Benjamin Vautier, in his picture 'The Arrest.' Here the artist has distinctly scored a point by the contrast between the excited group of townsfolk discussing the recent happening, and the solemn waddle of the inquisitive birds, attracted as they always are by any unusual commotion. It is a touch not far removed from genius. Great artists like Matthew Maris, in such pictures as that



C. L. Allport

in Sir John Day's collection, entitled 'Chickens,' have shown how absolutely they have penetrated into the springs of chicken-nature, in the broad and summarised — yet adequate — representation of the needless and selfish agitation of the group there being fed.

In Jean François Millet's picture of 'The Churner' *(La Barateuse)*, an important part in the composition is played by the hen shown in dark shadow in the light of the farmyard door, in full retreat, apparently, from the cat which is so affectionately rubbing itself against the girl at the churn. And many more instances might be cited from the works of such men as Jules Bréton and others, of the serious study which has been devoted to these forms of animal life, and of the valuable uses which have been made of that study. That they form attractive and profitable subjects in themselves, and that they lend themselves to interesting decorative treatment, is shown by the clever drawings by Miss Allport which accompany these remarks. These bear evidence also of that spontaneous attraction of artist to subject which ever produces the happiest results in art. One notes with pleasure how the familiar traits of character have been caught, and seems almost to hear the cackling discussions of the geese, and the interminable clucking of the hens. The artist has been especially happy in giving to her fowls that quaint air of intense preoccupation with trifles, as well as suggesting the fussy activity, and the voluble excitability, which make them so irresistibly typical of certain members of the human race.

There is a certain unconscious natural humour in the doings and deportment of the denizens of the farmyard, and Miss Allport has succeeded in catching it, and, better still, has transferred it without caricaturing it in the process. She has also at command a fine sense of decorative arrangement, a spirited line, capable of much gradation from strength to delicacy, and the judgment that, by suppressing superfluous drawing, raises her work above the record of merely commonplace observation.

H. W. B.

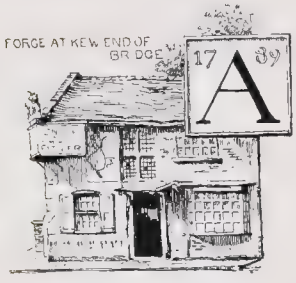






Kew Bridge from the Towing-path.
From a water-colour drawing by Edward C. Clifford.

KEW BRIDGE.



ALL around London the fields are disappearing under bricks and mortar; old houses, formerly the country residences of prosperous citizens, are left stranded in corners of their own grounds, and surrounded by rows of villas. In the widening suburbs an annual crop of new houses springs up, curtailing open spaces, hiding all that is old and picturesque, or overwhelming it altogether.

This is recognised "progress" to be expected and put up with. But occasionally some building of old associations, looked upon as an absolute permanency, some familiar landmark, is condemned to be swept away. Then there comes an outcry from societies and individuals, and a shower of public protests. In the local papers the battle rages between sentiment and utilitarianism. The modern Iconoclast, having cold reason behind him, wins in the end, reverence for age gives way to convenience of the public, and the landmark goes.

Such outcry and protest there was when it was first suggested that Kew Bridge should be rebuilt, but nevertheless Kew Bridge is already in the hands of the contractors. People passing up and down the waterway will soon miss its white arches, and travellers ashore look for its curious, narrow, steep road in vain.

There lies the difficulty: it is steep and it is narrow; what was roomy enough and easy enough for the smaller and slower traffic of a former generation, will not suffice for the busy-ness of to-day.

Kew Bridge, as it stands, is only four hundred feet long, and passes over a central arch twenty-two feet high, so its gradients are necessarily steep; and its width of twenty-four feet, reduced by a narrow footpath on either side, allows room but for one vehicle to pass another. The gradient is steeper on the Middlesex side than on the Surrey, where the road is carried over three diminishing arches on the low shore.

Except its steepness and narrowness there seems no reason why the bridge should go. The beautiful white stone of which it is built is good, and sound, and hard as ever, and as firmly bound together as when first fitted. The foundations were examined two years ago and found to be in perfect condition. The bottoms of the piers are but a little chipped, the structure itself seems never to have needed repair. The fact that portions of its parapets have been damaged by heavily-laden carts points to no decay. The same thing might happen to a new bridge, given a heavy cart dragging down-hill, a low kerb, and a footpath narrow enough for a tail-board to reach across. There has been much talk of the difficulties of its navigation, of the narrowness of the side arches, and the rush of the water through them as the tide runs down—of boats running into the piers. There is no doubt more wash through the bridge than there was formerly, due in great measure to the widening of the arches of the bridges below, as they have been rebuilt, and the new bridge, with its fewer piers to "hold up" the water, will probably leave Kew and Brentford more high and dry than they are now, and make navigation still more difficult. And as for the accidents, are they not largely due to inexperienced watermen? At least, old hands say that the navigation of the upper tideway is not of the quality it was, and that many a man having paid his waterman's fees, can, and does, claim a job, for a "tide and back," with but slight knowledge of his work.

To deal with the increasing traffic across the bridge, it has been suggested that an additional one might be built lower down, but to this has been objected that the old structure would still be as steep of gradient for the traffic that remained to it, and its arches as narrow for navigation. And again, that such a project would necessitate the acquisition of much property, whereas the building of a wider bridge on the present site involves practically none—merely a shed or two to pay



The Middlesex Approach.
From a water-colour drawing by Edward C. Clifford.

compensation for—there being a clear space on the up-river side sufficient for the necessary increase in width.

So, much as it is to be regretted by all lovers of the old and the picturesque, the bridge is doomed, and its quaint lines and seven varied arches are to disappear with all the life marks of its age. For the charm of the old is that it bears the marks of its history upon it. Putney Bridge is architecturally out of comparison with the old timber structure that Whistler etched in his masterly way, but it looks merely granite—it bears no scars resultant of struggle with time and frost and water as did the patched-up timber of its predecessor. So with Kew Bridge, the stains upon its whiteness, the grimy black beneath its arches, the green upon the bases of its piers, are documents of its life's history—and are now to be obliterated.

Not that Kew Bridge is of great antiquity—it is but little over a hundred years old. It was built by a man named Tunstall, after the designs of Payne, architect of the bridge near by at Richmond, and of others on the Thames, and was opened in 1789. Previous to this there was a brick and timber bridge, which was built by Tunstall's father, in George II.'s reign, who was the owner of the ferry that it replaced. Some of the piles of this first bridge, cut off short, are still firmly fixed in the bed of the river, and may almost be bumped upon by barges at very low water.

The present bridge was bought by the Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1872, and subsequently made free of tolls. On the brick approach at the Middlesex end is an alcove built out—now having a stone seat round it much frequented by children; in this recess stood the toll-taker's office, a check-taker having a place on the footpath opposite. It is said that not only the various owners of the tolls made fortunes, but that several of the toll-takers and check-takers retired, and bought property, in the palmy days of Kew. At the extreme end of the Kew approach stands a quaint old smithy wearing now a coat of many colours advertising various commodities. At the Kew end, also, is a flight of steps leading down on to the towing path. It is some years since this path has been much used for its original purpose, towing now being done almost entirely by fussy, snorting little tugs, which take up and down long strings of barges two abreast, which occasionally barely miss the piers. Pleasure steamers not being able to fit in the demands of their public with the times of the tides, find more difficulties in the want of water, which runs away much faster than it did years ago. These steamers land and take up passengers at a floating stage on the Kew side below the bridge, but on the up-river side, projecting from above one of the arches, may be seen the remains of the old steamboat pier formerly used.

The new bridge is to be built of granite; to be fifty-five feet wide, and have longer approaches, starting at one end from the drinking fountain opposite Kew Bridge Station, and reaching at the other almost to the church, whose copper-covered cupola shows so vividly green against a storm cloud. It will stand stiff and formal on the old scene. The river will still appear to wind down out of the sunset, past the mouth of the Brent; the multitudinous lights of the hidden gas-works will still flash through the trees of Brentford eyot, and dance on the water; the white-walled malt-houses, the quaint old houses—some of them built for the ladies from the Herrenhausen at Hanover—of Strand-on-the green, will still be standing. Groups of barges and lighters will still cluster at the north end, and busy carts ply to and from them as they lie high and dry when the tide is down. The workers in the market gardens, the market carts with their gaily-painted chamfering, will cross and recross as before, and the old watermen still stand in twos and threes and criticise the handling of the

craft on the river. Much of the old will be there still for a while, and the new bridge will stand, a thing out of touch with its surroundings, a false note in the landscape—but convenient. Convenient for the holiday folk who cross the river on their way to the Royal Gardens, and for the week-end stream of cyclists wending Surrey-wards—easier of transit for the heavy work-a-day traffic, and less trying to horseflesh. The pedestrian will meet with less jostling on the more roomy footpaths; and the barges, when the water does not fail them, will make the passage of the wider arches with smaller risks.

For all these the new bridge will be a change for the better, and the most beautiful feature of the upper tide-way must disappear—and so æstheticism goes down before the practical.

EDWARD C. CLIFFORD.



The Brentford End of the Bridge.
From a water-colour drawing by Edward C. Clifford.

SHERE.

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY PERCY ROBERTSON, A.R.E.

THE beautiful little Surrey village of Shere lies about midway between Dorking and Guildford to the southward, and under the shelter of that long ridge of the North Downs, which runs almost directly from one town to the other. Surrey has always been a favourite county with artists—Mrs. Allingham and the late Birket Foster among others have discovered the material for some of their best pictures within its borders—and perhaps none of its picturesque little villages has found more favour in their eyes than Shere. Nothing is wanting here to complete the happiness of the landscape-painter, whether he may happen to prefer rugged, natural scenery, untouched by the hand of man, or the richer and more cultivated pastoral country. Shere itself, with its quaint old houses and its placid stream, offers many pictures of singular charm, while the bolder scenery of Hindhead and Leith Hill may be found within comparatively easy range, and the neighbouring villages—Wotton, once the residence of the author of Evelyn's famous diary, Gomshall and Albury—are all of them notable for the beauty of their situation and surroundings.

Mr. Percy Robertson, whose etching forms the frontispiece to THE ART JOURNAL this month, has the good fortune to live in that beautiful south-western corner of Surrey of which the village of Shere is one of the chief ornaments, and he has therefore a very exceptional knowledge of its beauties. Readers of this Journal will no doubt remember the charming etching of 'Godalming,' by Mr. Robertson, which appeared in these pages last November. The artist has been equally happy in his rendering of 'Shere,' seen from the adjacent meadows, on a calm, sunny afternoon of late autumn, one of those afternoons of Indian summer which bring back recollections of June, even in mid-October.

Everything is drawn with that sympathy which comes of combined love and knowledge. The tree branches, rapidly becoming bare, are delicately traced against the warm, tender sky, their feathery indefinite forms contrasting with the sharp lines of the church tower and the dark roofs and square chimneys of the more distant houses of the village. The recession of the field, from the foreground to the bushes in the middle-distance, is ably suggested. The various figures too—the old man tempted out by the mild sunshine, the country boy who idly dabbles with his stick in the stream, the little girl in sun-bonnet and print-frock who watches him, the children going home by the field-path—all help to add to the completeness and charm of this sympathetic and admirable picture of English rural life.

M. W.



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WITH DRAWINGS BY HERBERT E. BUTLER.*

ALTHOUGH the creation of the National Liberal Club is a matter of comparatively recent history, the institution itself cannot be said to show now any signs of immaturity, or to suggest any want of confidence in the importance of its mission. It may be said to have come into existence ready-made, and to have started on its career straight away, without any of those preliminaries and experiments that have marked the early stages of the development of nearly all the other clubs. No tentative beginning implied that its promoters misapprehended the certainty of its growth, or failed to foresee the manner in which, as years passed, constantly increasing demands would be made upon the resources of the place. On the contrary, every preparation was made from the first for carrying on things on a large scale; and the whole organisation was planned with the full expectation that the club would be able, in a very short time, to boast a roll of members which would be ample enough to tax even the most generously provided accommodation.



The Entrance Hall of the National Liberal Club.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

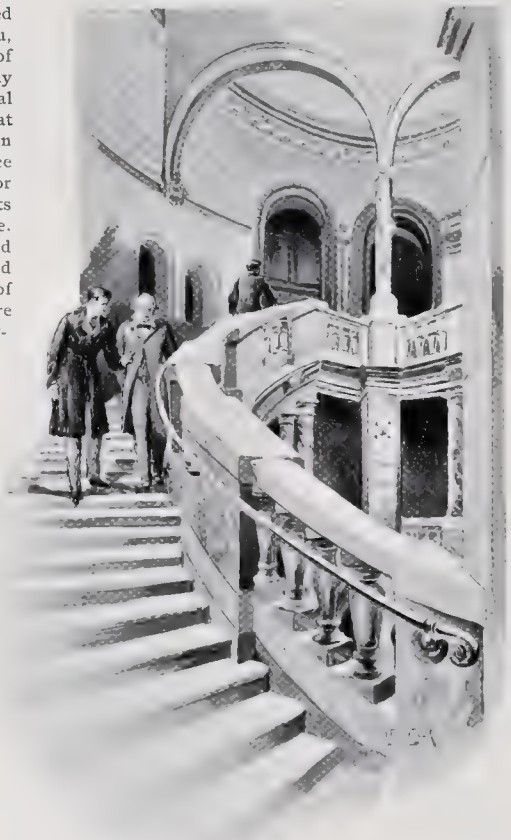
It was in November, 1882, that the initial steps were taken to create a great rallying-place for men belonging to the Liberal Party, an important centre where they could meet day by day, and by constant intercourse keep duly in touch with Party movements. What was wanted was a club with political aspirations akin to those professed by the Reform, but

* Continued from page 208.

large and comprehensive enough to include all sections of Liberalism, and with premises adapted for those huge social gatherings which play a prominent part in modern political organisation. So a meeting was called at the Westminster Palace Hotel, at which the scheme for the new club was discussed, and an agreement about details of arrangement was arrived at.

No time was lost in giving effect to the terms of this decision, for in the spring of 1883 temporary premises were taken in Trafalgar Square, and a great inaugural banquet, at which about two thousand members were present, was arranged at the Royal Aquarium, under the presidency of Lord Granville, on May 2nd—the largest political banquet, it is said, that has ever been held in London. Almost at once the preparations began for providing the club with its permanent dwelling-place. A site was chosen, and plans for a building suited to the particular needs of the new association were drawn up by Mr. Waterhouse; and on November 4th, 1884, the foundation stone was laid by Mr. Gladstone, in the presence of a great gathering of Liberals, over which Lord Derby presided.

The site which had been selected, at the corner of Whitehall Place and Northumberland Avenue, although somewhat irregular in shape, was, by its prominence of position, and by the nature of its surroundings, well adapted for the erection of a club-house of an exceptionally important kind. The architect proved himself quite equal to the occasion. His design was thoroughly appropriate, and the building which grew up under his supervision was soon seen to be in every way worthy of his reputation, and by its dignity and justness of proportion, well fitted to hold its own among the notable architectural examples which are grouped in that particular quarter of London. The elevation had to be somewhat imposing to escape effacement by the close juxtaposition of the vast mass of the Hotel Metropole on the opposite side of Whitehall Place; and it had to be picturesque so as to assort reasonably well with the artistic features of the Embankment, from which its front is conspicuously visible. Both requirements were well satisfied, so that externally the club is to be reckoned as a distinctly successful instance of modern contrivance, and as an artistic effort good in intention and judiciously carried out. The irregularities of the site were effectively turned to account in the planning of the building, and the opportunities they provided for the introduction of interesting architectural features were thoroughly appreciated.



The Staircase of the National Liberal Club.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

For more than two years the club-house was in progress, and it was not until June 20th, 1887, that the members were able to take possession of their permanent home. But when they were once established in the new place, with ample room for expansion, there were plenty of proofs forthcoming that the anticipations of the promoters as to the certain success of the club were amply justified. Liberals of all shades were ready to inscribe themselves on the roll of the institution, and by the beginning of 1898, the number of members had grown to the huge total of 5,370, of whom 1,986 were town, 2,881 country, and the remainder life, supernumerary, and honorary members. This, however, does not represent the limit of the accommodation, and even now the list is steadily increasing.

No doubt something of the marked development of the National Liberal Club is due to the manner in which the convenience of the country members has been studied. Wisely, the Managing Committee have, from the first, done their best to justify the title given to the institution, and to make the representation of Liberal opinion within its walls as completely national as possible. This policy has had an effect not only upon the character of the club, but has also had a good deal to do with the nature of the demand made upon the architect in designing the building. He had to arrange not merely a meeting-place, where men could gather for a few hours daily to discuss events of political moment, but as well a private hotel adapted for the housing of a fairly numerous crowd of visitors. Something more than the usual suite of large rooms was wanted, the Library, the Dining-Room, Smoking-Room, and Billiard-Room, which are common to all clubs; there had to be a hundred Bedrooms provided and a proportionate amount of accommodation for the staff required for the efficient working of so large an



The Dining-Room of the National Liberal Club.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

establishment. But skilful as Mr. Waterhouse was in designing the outside of the building, he showed an even greater ingenuity in the planning and treatment of the interior. Here he had full scope for the exercise of his remarkable capacity for making the most of the space available, and for utilising, in unexpected ways, every chance of picturesque arrangement that the ground area afforded. The formal regularity that belongs to the stately club-houses in Pall Mall was quite out of the question, so he had to devise a less precise and exact distribution of the necessary rooms, and to follow, in the ordering of the various parts of his design, a system definitely apart from the accepted traditions of club architecture. At the same time he did not allow himself to forget that the picturesqueness of his building had to be allied with both comfort and convenience, and that it was not permissible to sacrifice practical considerations for the sake of effectiveness of appearance.

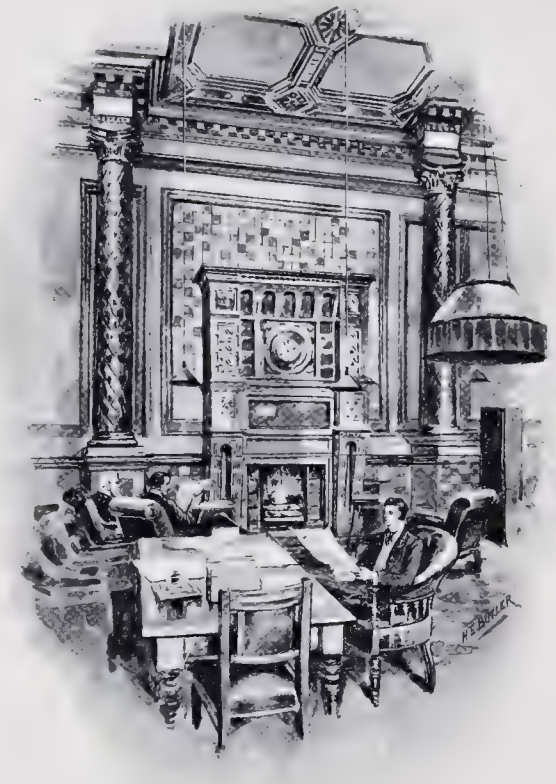
He placed the main entrance to the club at the obtuse angle formed by the junction of Whitehall Avenue and Whitehall Place, using, in this way, the part of the site on which it would have been least possible to place a shapely room; and fitted in the main staircase in a central well, so as to leave the frontages to these streets, and to the Embankment, free for the chief apartments. By this manner of dealing with the space, he was able to provide rooms ample enough in their proportions to accommodate the crowd of members who now on great occasions assemble in the building and tax even its exceptional resources; and he was able to show not only his ingenuity in putting together a ground-plan, but also his sense of architectural dignity and his grasp of the decorative opportunities that such a building presents. From the decorator's point of view, the club is, indeed, more than usually interesting. It is a kind of object-lesson in the applicability of materials, and has particular features which set it, to a great extent, apart from other places of the same type: features that quite conceivably may not commend themselves to lovers of tradition, and yet may be willingly accepted as suggestions of the wider opportunities that are open to the modern student of decoration.

In the Entrance Hall, to which the door in Whitehall Place gives access, a very plain hint is offered of the spirit in which the architect has dealt with the whole interior. Here, and in the Strangers' Waiting-Room, which opens out of the hall by an archway on the right, glazed earthenware has been used to cover the walls. Pilasters of this material, in a warm yellow-brown, divide the wall surface into panels which are filled with grey-white tiles elaborately patterned with ornament in low

relief. A few touches of pale yellow and green in the mouldings that surround the panels give variety to the colour scheme. The ceiling is chiefly pale cream colour.

Through a double arch at the further end of the hall is seen the Grand Staircase, the distinctive feature of the club, and one that is in some respects unique. It is a curious piece of construction, unusual in design and original in treatment. Its chief peculiarity lies in the fact that it is neither square nor circular, but elliptical, filling a well of which the sides are flattened curves meeting at a fairly sharp angle. By the adoption of this shape space has been economised without loss of effect, and a striking architectural result has been obtained without any sacrifice of the ground required for the rooms. Double pillars of dark grey and white marble carry the upper flights of stairs, and the balustrades are of yellow and red alabaster. The staircase rises to the second-floor landing, where it is lighted by a skylight above the well. It has, perhaps, the appearance of being a little crowded into a somewhat inadequate space, and this effect is, if anything, increased by the fussiness of the veining in the marble selected, and by the frequent breaks in the continuity of the dominant line of the staircase which have been made necessary by the narrowness of the ellipse. But the relative proportions throughout are so well observed, and the rich colouring is so harmonious, that it is easy to forgive minor deficiencies in an extremely ingenious design, and to express admiration at the manner in which the architect has grappled with one of the chief problems presented by the building.

From the Entrance Hall a short flight of stairs leads across the well of the staircase to the half-sunk basement, in which are located various offices and the great Billiard-Room, which was originally the Smoking-Room. This is an enormous saloon, occupying the whole of the Whitehall Place front; over it, on the first-floor, is the present Smoking-Room, and above this again, on the second-floor, is the Gladstone Library. In the Billiard-Room the walls are of pale yellow glazed tiles panelled with lines of golden brown. A row of detached pillars of orange brown earthenware, on bases of dark green and dull red, carries the cornice; and the ceiling is divided by intersecting beams of dark brown wood into small panels, which are decorated with conventional designs in two shades of dull gold. Between the pillars on the side of the room opposite to the windows are arched recesses containing seats, and at the end is a large mantelpiece of a very elaborate design. Opening out of the Strangers' Waiting-Room on the ground-floor proper is the Conference Room, arranged for public meetings; it has a separate entrance from Whitehall Avenue, so that non-members can be admitted to it without passing through the club itself.

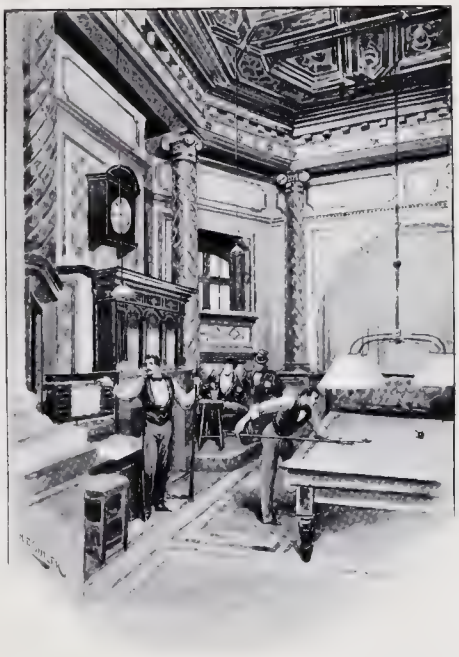


A Corner of the Reading-Room of the National Liberal Club.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

On the first-floor, besides the Smoking-Room, are the Dining-Room, the Grill-Room, and a little place of refuge for non-smokers, a very curiously-shaped apartment fitted into the angle of the building over the entrance. The Smoking-Room looks into Whitehall Place, and in general plan and arrangement repeats the design of the Billiard-Room below. It has a similar row of pillars of yellow brown earthenware, walls of pale red, and a rather elaborate ceiling, panelled with intersecting squares and circles. The Dining-Room is on the other side of the building, facing the Embankment, a long, narrow room, quietly decorated and without any unusual features. Along one side are pillars of greyish pink earthenware on orange brown bases, and a darker shade of the same brown is introduced in the reveals of the arches in which the windows are set. The walls are covered to about half their height with dark wood panelling, and above

are coloured a dull red. The ceiling is simple, with cross beams and formal mouldings between. At one end of the room is a lobby leading into a loggia that overlooks the Embankment gardens, and connecting also with the Smoking-Room, and at the other end a door opens on to the terrace. This terrace provides a summer lounge of a specially pleasant kind, private and secluded, and yet commanding a delightful view of the greenery in the garden below, with peeps through the trees at the river beyond.

In some respects the Grill-Room deserves to be ranked as the most interesting, decoratively, of the rooms in the club. It is of rather unusual design, after the fashion of a chapel, with side aisles divided by arches from a central nave, and is treated in a delicate scheme of light colour. The walls are cream colour above a high dado of pale grey-green glazed tiles, divided into panels by lines of pale blue; and the base of the dado is in shades of brown, green, and orange. The pillars and arch mouldings are warm, deep buff, and the bases of the pillars are green. The ceiling is divided into square compartments by heavy cross beams, and is painted in shades of warm cream colour, with a circular panel of pale blue in the centre of each compartment. The room is lighted by a large bay window at the side, and is attractively bright and pleasant.



A Corner of the Billiard-Room of the National Liberal Club.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

The second-floor is occupied by the Card-Room, the Reading-Room, the Gladstone Library, and some offices. Of these the first two are on the Embankment front. The Card-Room is of no great size, and is quiet in colour, generally reserved and unpretentious. The Reading-Room, however, is more elaborate, with walls of pale-cream glazed tiles, divided into panels by lines of pale green. Pillars of purplish grey earthenware on green bases carry the cornice, and the panelled ceiling is in shades of greyish white and cream colour. The chief feature of the room is the mantelpiece, a large erection in brown earthenware, with a clock in the centre, and surmounting a grate set in a surrounding of grey marble and deep chocolate-coloured tiles.

But of all the club rooms, the one in which the ideas and intentions of the place are best expressed is the



"Tea on the Terrace." At the National Liberal Club.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

Gladstone Library. A certain impressiveness of aspect and dignified reticence suggest in it contemplation and study. It is a restful, quiet place, and, though decorated in light colours, it is given a depth of tone by the long ranges of shelves filled with books. These, indeed, cover most of the wall surface; and the only touches of colour that are seen appear in the green earthenware pillars and in the ceiling, the panels of which are picked out with pale cream colour and a warm pink. A happy effect is produced by a gallery over the fireplace at the end of the room; it is supported on pillars of dark carved wood, and beneath it are arranged seats around the hearth. The Library, altogether, strikes a note unlike that which is characteristic of other parts of the club; and its hint of reflection and quiet judgment makes a contrast with the impression of energetic activity conveyed by the rest of the building.

In the Library are some of the most commendable of the artistic possessions of the club: Mr. Onslow Ford's bust of Mr. Gladstone, for instance; another by Mr. Adams Acton of John Bright; and good copies by Mr. E. J. Physick of Matthew Noble's bust of Cobden at the Reform Club, and by Mr. Adams Acton of Chantrey's bust of Sir Robert Peel at Windsor Castle. Mr. Adams Acton is also responsible for the bust of Mr. Gladstone which stands in the Entrance Hall. In some of the other rooms are interesting pictures of notable members of the Liberal Party, among them the portraits of Charles Bradlaugh, by Mr. Walter Sickert; Earl Granville, by Mr. D. A. Wehrschmidt; Viscount Oxenbridge, by Mr. H. G. Herkomer; Sidney Kennedy, one of the founders of the club, by Mr. R. Ponsonby Staples; and the portrait of Mr. Gladstone, by Mr. J. Colin Forbes, which was presented in 1892 by the Liberals of Canada.

A. L. BALDRY.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.*

BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A., AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WITH Collins, the list of Academicians elected during the Presidency of West ends, and it now remains to notice those artists who, during the same period, joined the ranks of the Academy as Associates, but never reached the higher honour. They were fifteen in number—nine painters, one architect, and five engravers. In saying that they never reached the higher honour, it is not intended to imply that their failure to do so arose from want of sufficient merit in their works. The five engravers were never eligible for the full honours of the institution; the law which limited engravers to the Associateship not having been altered until after the last of these five were dead. Of the other ten, one at least, Washington Allston, an American, would without doubt have been elected an Academician, if he had not quitted England for his native country in 1818, the year in which he was elected an Associate, and as he never returned, and ceased contributing to the annual exhibitions, he may fairly be considered to have voluntarily forfeited his claims for the higher honour.

JOHN DOWNMAN.

Student 1769; *A.R.A.* 1795; *Died* 1824.

This artist, who was born in Devonshire in the middle of the eighteenth century, chiefly maintained himself by painting portraits and miniatures, in which branch of the profession he displayed considerable skill. He contributed, from time to time, other pictures to the exhibitions, from fancy subjects of various character, such as 'The Death of Lucretia,' 'Fair Rosamund,' and others; but found few purchasers in his lifetime, the main bulk of them remaining unsold at his death, which took place at Wrexham, North Wales, on the 24th of December, 1824. A great many portraits by Downman are to be found in country houses, as he practised his profession in various parts of England; many of his chalk drawings are specially pleasing.

GEORGE GARRARD.

Born 1760; *Student* 1778; *A.R.A.* 1800; *Died* 1826.

Though, apparently, a man of versatile talents, contributing both paintings and sculptures to the annual exhibitions for many years, not much is known of this artist. He entered the Academy schools in 1778, and was elected an Associate in 1800. Dogs, horses, and other animals formed the subjects of his pictures; and his sculptures were bas-reliefs, busts, and monuments. He died at Brompton on the 8th of October, 1826.

* Continued from page 140

THEOPHILUS CLARKE.

Born 1776; *Student* 1793; *A.R.A.* 1803; *Died before* 1832.

A portrait-painter—pupil of Opie and student at the Academy—who exhibited at times a few fancy subjects, such as 'The Pensive Girl,' and 'The Lovers,' from Thomson's "Seasons." The date of his death is unknown, but as he had long ceased exhibiting, and as it could not be ascertained whether he was alive or dead, in 1832 his name was erased from the list of Associates.

ARTHUR JAMES OLIVER.

Born 1774; *Student* 1790; *A.R.A.* 1807; *Died* 1842.

Though at one time a fashionable portrait-painter of considerable merit, and for many years a constant exhibitor, Oliver's works were scarcely up to the high standard of excellence which prevailed at the time in portraiture. He became in his old age embarrassed in circumstances, and for a short time was glad to avail himself of the remuneration he obtained as Curator in the School of Painting at the Academy, which post he held in 1835. But his health soon failing, he was compelled to rely, during the last years of his life, on donations from the funds of the Academy. He died in Bond Street in 1842, a number of his unfinished portraits and his collection of engravings becoming the property of his landlord in lieu of unpaid rent.

SAMUEL DRUMMOND.

Born 1770; *Student* 1791; *A.R.A.* 1808; *Died* 1844.

Though Drummond's principal occupation was portrait-painting, he occasionally exhibited subject-pictures, some of them representing events in naval history, such as 'Admiral Duncan receiving the Sword of Admiral de Winter,' in Greenwich Hospital. In the National Portrait Gallery are two of his portraits: one of Sir M. T. Brunel, and the other a miniature of Mrs. Fry. Drum-

mond, like Oliver, seems to have experienced difficulties of a pecuniary nature in his later years. He succeeded Oliver as Curator of the Painting School, and frequently received assistance from the funds of the Academy.

GEORGE ARNALD.

Born 1763; *A.R.A.* 1810; *Died* 1841.

A landscape painter, who contributed to the exhibitions views of English and French scenery, some of them, as might be expected from a pupil of William Pether, moonlight effects. He also essayed marine subjects, such as 'The Battle of the Nile,' now in Greenwich Hospital.

WILLIAM WESTALL.

Born 1781; *A.R.A.* 1812; *Died* 1850.

This artist was a younger brother of Richard Westall, R.A., under whom he studied. In 1801, when only nineteen, he went as draughtsman with Captain Flinders' Australian expedition. He was eventually wrecked on a coral-reef on the coast of Australia, and was picked up by a ship bound for China, where he remained for some time, afterwards visiting India. Returning to England for a short time, he subsequently visited Madeira and the West India Islands, finally settling down at home in 1808. The pictures and drawings which he made during his travels attracted considerable attention, from their novelty, and gained him his election as an Associate in 1812. He had been previously elected a member of the Water-Colour Society. After his election his paintings showed considerable deterioration in quality, and he took to drawing for engravers and to engraving in aquatint views of English scenery. He died on January 22, 1850, from the effects of an accident.

GEORGE FRANCIS JOSEPH.

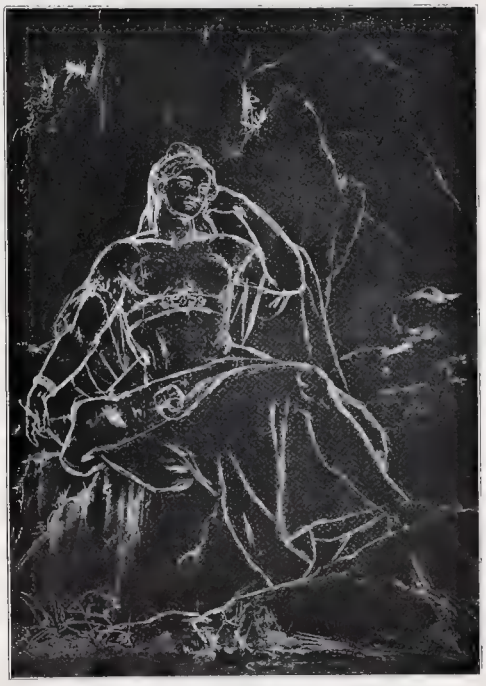
Born 1764; *Student* 1784; *A.R.A.* 1813; *Died* 1846.

This artist was a successful and fashionable portrait-painter. Entering the Schools of the Academy in 1784, he distinguished himself by his picture from 'Coriolanus,' for which he obtained the gold medal in 1792, a success which encouraged him to select subjects of high art for his pictures. In 1812 he was awarded a premium of 100 guineas by the British Institution, for his picture of 'The Procession to Mount Calvary.' After his election he abandoned the ambitious line of art which had brought him into notice, for the more lucrative one of portrait-painting. Two of his portraits are in the National Portrait Gallery: that of the Right Hon. Spencer Percival and of Sir Stamford Raffles.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Born 1780; *Student* 1801; *A.R.A.* 1818; *Died* 1843.

This distinguished artist was born in South Carolina, U.S.A., in 1780. Both his parents were of good families, and from them he inherited a considerable patrimony. After completing his university career at Harvard College, where he graduated with honours, he came, in 1801, to England, and at once entered the Royal Academy Schools. He went to Paris in 1804, and afterwards to Rome, returning to America in 1809. Whilst there he married, and again came to England in 1811, remaining here for seven years, with the exception of a short visit to Paris with his friends, Newton and C. R. Leslie, in 1817. During his stay in England he produced several remarkable works. One of them—'The Dead Man raised by touching Elisha's Bones'—gained the 200 guineas premium awarded by the British Institution, and is now in the Academy of Pennsylvania. This picture is characterised by great imaginative qualities and a refined sense of colour, as is also his 'Jacob's Dream,' which was purchased by Lord Egremont, and is now at Petworth; the angels being composed and delineated with the utmost grace and refinement. Allston also painted an admirable portrait of Coleridge—now in the National Portrait Gallery—with



"The Sibyl"—Outline in Chalk. By Washington Allston, A.R.A. From the Original in the Boston Museum of Art. From "The Life and Letters of Washington Allston."

whom he was very intimate; Coleridge being much attracted by Allston's high culture, and by the poetic imagination which imbued his works and conversation.

Unfortunately, on the very eve of his election to the Associateship of the Academy, in 1818, and in despite of the earnest protestations of his numerous friends in England, Allston, under a fit of homesickness, suddenly decided to return to America, where he remained until his death in 1843. He produced one or two pictures after his return, but, though they were of large size and ambitious aim, they scarcely sustained the reputation of his earlier works: they lingered too long in the studio, and suffered greatly from repeated alterations and experiments. Allston was a man of extreme amiability of character, and greatly beloved by his numerous friends. He wrote at different times a volume of poems, a romance, and sundry essays and short pieces. His "Life and Letters," by J. B. Flagg, was published in a large volume, with portraits and illustrations, in 1893.

JOSEPH GANDY.

Student 1789; *A.R.A.* 1803; *Died* 1844.

Joseph Gandy was the only architect added to the list of the Associates during West's Presidency. His



Outline Sketch of Two Angels in "Jacob's Dream." By Washington Allston, A.R.A. From the Original in the Boston Museum of Art. From "The Life and Letters of Washington Allston."

designs and drawings display great beauty and fertility of invention, and his taste was appreciated by his fellow-artists, but unfortunately Gandy had not that most important requisite to architectural success, self-assurance; in consequence of which, very few of his designs were carried into execution. Joseph Gandy led a quiet and retired life in Greek Street, Soho, and died in 1844. His younger brother—J. P. Gandy-Deering—was also an architect, but he retired early from the profession on coming into the receipt of a large fortune.

We now come to the Associate-Engravers:—

ANKER SMITH.

Born 1759; *A.E.* 1797; *Died* 1819.

Anker Smith was one of the clever line-engravers to whom we owe the beautiful little illustrations which adorn the books published during the closing years of the eighteenth and the commencing ones of the nineteenth centuries. On the recommendation of James Heath, Smith, when quite young, quitted an attorney's office and took lessons in line-engraving; after which, for several years, he worked for Heath, many of the plates which bear Heath's name being in reality the work of his assistant. Anker Smith is at his best in his plates for Bell's "British Poets," the "British Theatre," Smirke's "Don Quixote," and for Boydell's "Shakspeare Gallery." These works were executed between 1787 and 1797, and obtained for him his election in the last-named year, as an Associate-Engraver. His larger works after Titian, Carracci, and Leonardo da Vinci, though carefully executed, have scarcely the delicacy that characterises his book-illustrations. His death took place in 1819.

JAMES FITTLER.

Born 1758; *Student* 1778; *A.E.* 1800; *Died* 1835.

Fittler, like Heath and Smith, was employed greatly on book-illustration; he, however, distinguished himself in works of a larger scale, and is perhaps best known for his fine plates from Loutherbourg's pictures of 'The Battle of the Nile' and 'Lord Howe's Victory.' Fittler's work in these plates suffers only when compared with Woollett's matchless 'Battle of La Hogue.' Fittler entered the Academy Schools in 1778, and was elected an Associate-Engraver in 1800. He also held the appointment of engraver to the King. He executed little or no work after 1822, and died in 1835.

JOHN LANDSEER.

Born 1763; *A.E.* 1806; *Died* 1852.

The father of the Landseer family was born at Lincoln in 1763. He was the son of a jeweller, and received his first instruction in the art of engraving from a clever landscape-painter, named John Byrne. The vignettes in Bowyer's "History of England," and Moore's "Views in Scotland," published in 1793, are by John Landseer; he also executed a series of clever engravings of animals from pictures by Rubens and Snyders. He was one of the first to fight the battle for the admission of engravers to the full membership of the Academy, and employed much of his time in controversial literature on the subject; nor did his election as an Associate-Engraver, in 1806, prevent him from continuing to urge their claims. At one time he started a periodical, "The Probe," in opposition to the "Art-Union Journal" (the title under which THE ART JOURNAL was first issued), which, however, failed, as had another similar attempt by him before. He lived long enough to witness the fame of his youngest son Edwin, from whose 'Dogs of Mount St. Bernard' he made one of his best engravings. John Landseer, in his old age, had a venerable and picturesque appearance. He died in 1852, in his 90th year, and was buried in Highgate Cemetery.

WILLIAM WARD.

Born 1766; *A.E.* 1814; *Died* 1826.

William Ward, the eminent mezzotint-engraver, was the elder brother of James Ward, R.A., the animal-painter. He was apprenticed to J. R. Smith, and afterwards became his assistant. Some of his best-known works are the plates from Morland, who married his sister. He also engraved several portraits by Reynolds, Jackson, and others. He was elected an Associate-Engraver in 1814, and also held the appointment of Mezzotint-Engraver to the Prince Regent and the Duke of York. His death took place suddenly, of a fit of apoplexy, at his residence in Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, on the 21st of December, 1826. Ward's plates are still greatly admired by collectors, and generally realise high prices.

WILLIAM BROMLEY.

Born 1769; *A.E.* 1819; *Died* 1842.

William Bromley was born at Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight, in 1769, and was early apprenticed to an engraver named Wooding. His skill soon attracted the notice of many eminent artists, several of whose works he engraved—*e.g.*, Lawrence's portraits of the Duke of Wellington and of the young Napoleon; and Stothard's designs for the "History of England." He also executed a plate after Rubens's picture, 'The Woman taken in Adultery.' Later in life he did some useful work for the Trustees of the British Museum, engraving 'The Elgin Marbles' from drawings made by Henry Corbould. Besides being an Associate-Engraver, which honour he received in 1819, Bromley was a Member of the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome. He died in 1842.



No 1.—Group of Old Pewter on the Mantelpiece in Mr. Jackson's Studio.

SOME RARE OLD PEWTER.—I.

WHEN we hear of any man that he "lives with a pewter pot in front of him," our natural interpretation of the phrase is that the individual whose character is so tersely summed up must be bibulously inclined. Carrying the idea to a logical conclusion, what impression would be conveyed by the statement that So-and-so "lives absolutely surrounded by pewter pots"? Possibly an indictment of that kind would lead the majority of auditors to decide that a home for dipsomaniacs would be the only fit and proper resting-place for any such member of society, and yet I shall make bold to prefer it against two highly-respected inhabitants of Bedford Park without fear of forfeiting their friendship by so doing, for it is far from being my intention, for a single moment, to call the sobriety of either into question.

It must not be forgotten that there is pewter *and* pewter, and though nowadays any mention of that metal, or rather alloy, suggests all manner of undesirable associations, there was a time when it occupied and graced positions far prouder than those to which, by common consent, it has since been relegated. In centuries gone by, gifted artists designed, and skilled craftsmen made, table services in pewter which remain to this day as models of good taste, while, as I shall presently prove by actual illustration, it has even played an important part in the most sacred of ecclesiastical rites.

I believe that I am right in asserting that the most exhaustive search through the whole of the public and private libraries of this country for literature of any kind, illustrated or otherwise, to guide collectors in this particular direction, would be labour lost, for there is practically none in existence. Pottery, porcelain, glass, silver, gold, and who shall say what else, have all had their historians, and able ones too, but this humble product of the furnace has, to all intents and purposes, been ignored by writers of books, unless among "books" we include the records of the Worshipful Company of Pewterers, and even those documents are not now available in their entirety, for disastrous fires have put many of the most valuable beyond the reach of students.

It will be understood, from this brief statement as to the position of affairs, that when, some twelve or thirteen years ago, Mr. Frank Jackson determined that the collection of pewter should be a hobby with him, the path was beset with difficulties, for he was practically alone in the field, with no one to whom to look for guidance, and therefore compelled to rely solely upon his own investigations for any information that was to be obtained. However, the very obstacles to be overcome imparted a fascination to the pursuit, and he went steadily on his course. When, after some years, Mr. W. Churcher came to share Mr. Jackson's enthusiasm,



No. 2.—A Corner in Mr. Jackson's Studio.

and the two commenced to "hunt in couples," as they have done ever since, many rare "finds" were unearthed, and, one by one, enigmatical "marks," whose



No. 3.—Old Oak Dresser in Mr. Churcher's Dining-room.

interpretation had for long been sought, were, by persistent study, forced to reveal their hidden meaning.

I am fortunate in having had the whole of the treasures embraced by the collections of both these gentlemen placed at my disposal for illustration in the pages of THE ART JOURNAL, a rare privilege which I fully appreciate, and of which I naturally hastened to take advantage, for it is one that has long been unsuccessfully sought by others. Feeling that drawings of the pieces, however skilfully executed, could not adequately represent them, photographs have been taken specially for these articles, and are here reproduced in as perfect facsimile as possible.

It is not at all necessary to the object in view that I should enter into a lengthy disquisition upon the composition of pewter, even were I capable of so doing; suffice it to say that it is an alloy in which tin predominates. In the finest—"tin and temper," as it is sometimes styled—copper only is added to give the requisite durability, but in inferior qualities lead takes the place of the copper, and, as lead costs but little, the commercially-minded manufacturer has sometimes been tempted to employ it with a free hand—a temptation not always resisted.

The fact that old pewter will really repay the attention of collectors has not even yet received proper recognition, and this accounts for its comparative rarity. But a few years ago it was nothing more nor less than a "drug in the market," for which there was no suggestion of a demand, and not a few dealers—now it is being so eagerly sought by the few who have learned to appreciate its value—remember with regret the tons melted down by their instructions because it was not worth even warehouse room! That much of the best was disposed of in this way is not open to dispute, as those who were responsible for its destruction will ruefully admit, with a sigh at the thought of what might have been. It is essential that I should emphasise this point in order that credence may be given to the relation of an incident which actually occurred to the owners of the collections under consideration. Bent on the attainment of the object they had in view, and wishing to leave no stone unturned, Messrs. Churcher and Jackson advertised, years ago, that they were willing to inspect any old pewter with a view to purchase; in response to this announcement a letter was received, in which the writer stated that he had "no old pewter," but was in possession of several tons of "scrap iron" that he was prepared to part with at so much "per load!" In addition to this, innumerable glowing descriptive letters have been received, containing offers of dilapidated tea-pots, candlesticks, and pots and pans galore, at "reasonable prices"; of course, most of them have proved to be of Britannia metal or some inferior composition, and very few of the much-desired pewter.

It is to be expected that the reader will ask "How is the genuine article to be recognised?" and to such an enquiry I can only reply that long practical experience alone brings the knowledge essential to the detection of the spurious. Apart from the assistance given by the marks—and their name is "legion"—genuine pewter has a "feel" and "look" of its own which once appreciated can never be mistaken; indeed, it is hardly too much to say that a connoisseur could tell the false from the true blindfold, if permitted to exercise the sense of touch; but the power of doing so is not acquired in a day.

With respect to the question of the period when pewter came into common use as an accessory of the table, it may be regarded as the immediate successor of the ancient wooden platter; its general employment for domestic purposes lasted throughout the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; some few nineteenth-century examples are shown here, but they, of course, have not the high value from the collector's point of view as have their older companions.



No. 4.—A Corner of Mr. Churcher's Dining-room.

To deal with the subject adequately within the limits of a single necessarily brief article, is quite out of the question, for there is much to be said, and many exam-

ples must be illustrated to freely represent the treasures upon which Messrs. Churcher and Jackson set so great store. As this is the case, it is, I think, advisable to adopt the manner of the pulpit and classify my remarks, so far as may be practicable, under two "heads"; we will this month consider a selection collectively, leaving the discussion of individual pieces, and their characteristics, for the most part until the next issue of THE ART JOURNAL. There is some advantage, too, in following this plan, for first impressions are said to be lasting, and I am anxious that those I shall attempt to convey of pewter collecting shall be good ones. We have agreed, I think, that pewter is suffering under the stigma of the proverbial "bad name," and were any of my readers suddenly to announce their intention at home of "going in for it," careful housewives, proud of their rooms, would conjure up distressing pictures of their sideboards, cabinets, mantelpieces, and dressers being crowded with "nasty, dirty old pots," and it is more than likely that they would emphatically object to any such proceeding. The best means I am able to suggest for the suppression of antagonism of this kind is to bring the objectors face to face with the general effect of two collections in their own tasteful homes, for by so doing it will be made perfectly clear that they are endowed with something more than mere antiquarian interest to recommend them.



No. 5.—A Corner in Mr. Jackson's Studio.

The ideal environment for pewter is old oak, and, recognising this, Mr. Jackson has most of his displayed in juxtaposition with authentic seventeenth-century woodwork. The group heading this article is from the mantelpiece in his studio, and has for a background as fine a piece of Elizabethan panelling as one would wish to see. I shall not speak of these specimens individually at the moment, except of the one in the centre, which, though comparatively modern, is of great interest, being part of a Communion Service, and thus demonstrating the truth of my assertion that pewter has, in the past, been deemed worthy to play a part in the most sacred rites of the Church. This is dated "July, 1830," the diameter is 14 inches, and the enrichment is "punched"—that is to say, it consists of a succession of small indentations impressed by means of a round-pointed tool. In the centre, beneath a celestial crown, are the monograms, "I. H. S." and "I. M. R.," the former surmounted by a cross, and the latter by a smaller crown.

In the second illustration, we have a corner of the studio, well worth reproduction if only on account of the old Stuart chest, which not only serves as a dignified and fitting support for the pewter in evidence upon it, but is, moreover, filled to the lid with precious plates and dishes of many periods and descriptions. The magnificent suit of fifteenth-century Japanese armour in the foreground reminds me that its owner is an ardent student of the art of the country from which it comes, but I must not now be tempted to touch upon that phase of his work.

A glimpse of yet another corner of the studio is given in the illustration No. 5, by an examination of which may be gained a still more complete conception of the

remarkable diversity of the collection under review. Particulars must be given of some of the articles which appear here, but as they are so small in the illustration in question, we must return to them with the publication of larger photographs in our next article.

The two groups, Nos. 3 and 4, are from the beautiful home of Mr. W. Churcher, who also holds that no woodwork but oak is to be tolerated in such an association, and has, in accordance with that principle, furnished his dining-room throughout in that wood. I should greatly like to digress for a moment to tell of the pictures on either side of the old corner cupboard, for they are by some of the most gifted of our living artists, but "pewter" is my subject, and to it I must adhere.

My notes for the present must be brought to a conclusion by just one or two brief comments upon a few of the members of the group selected to form a "tail-piece" to this article. At each end will be seen three liqueur cups—at least, they are used for that purpose now—which may be classified among the greatest rarities the collector is likely to come across. Both Messrs. Churcher and Jackson have endeavoured, in all their purchases, to confine their attention to English work, but as it was their ambition to secure, in pewter, for studio feasts, every article essential to the enjoyment of the kindly fruits of the earth, and as "home-made" liqueur pewters were not to be had for love or money, these dainty little cups from a foreign land were permitted to take their place among their insular relatives. They were acquired by Mr. Jackson in Algiers, having formerly been in the possession of General Hanson, who discovered them in Morocco. Possibly they once held the fragrant mocha of some Oriental potentate, but that can only be conjectured. They are 2⅛ in. high; the diameter at the top is 1¼ in., and the bowl of each is enriched with fine waved lines, the multiplication of which gives somewhat the effect of a "scale" pattern.

In company with these, on the left and right of the group, are four old tavern pots, interesting chiefly on account of the inscriptions they bear. On the first is—

"Henry Casey at ye duke of
marlbora head at hatton" (garden),

with "G. H. M." on the handle. On the second is—

"Rich^{d}. Yeo at ye blew lettice
in ship yard without temple barr,"

and "Y. R. A." on the handle. The third is marked—

"Jane Fischer living in ould bedlam
next dore to ye 5 bels and morter,"

and on the lid, in three shields, "R. E. E." On the fourth is—

"Tim Buck at ye fountain in
portugall st against ye playhouse,"

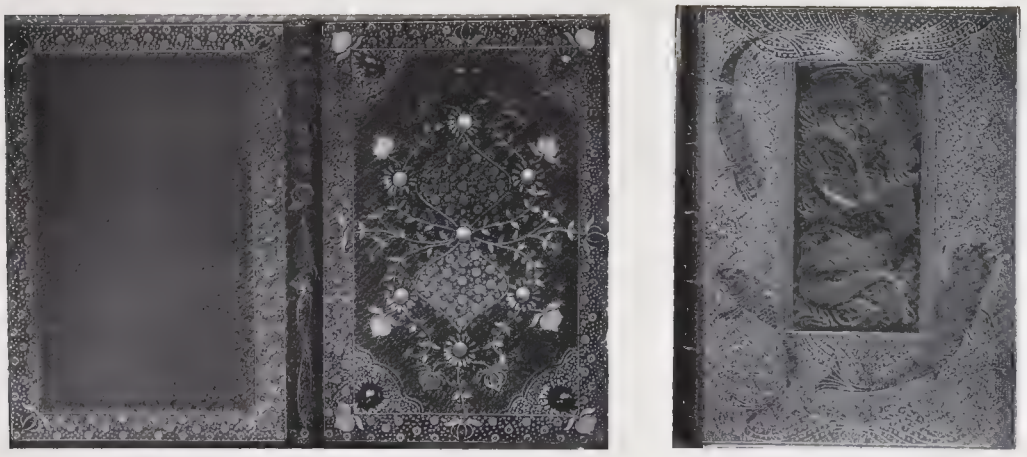
with "B. T. M." on the handle. These were originally in the collection of the Rev. S. M. Mahew, F.S.A., and are early seventeenth-century productions. The rather florid sauce-bowl is portion of a service of which I shall have more to say later. In the meantime I hope that this general review will serve to show that the pursuit of pewter may prove not only a fascinating hobby, but may be highly conducive to the embellishment of the home. In returning to the subject I shall give further illustrations and facts for the guidance of those who are disposed to follow Messrs. Churcher and Jackson's example.

R. DAVIS BENN.

(To be concluded.)



No. 6.—A Group of Seventeenth and Eighteenth-Century Pewter.



Bookbindings designed and executed
By Miss J. Birkenruth.

RECENT BOOKBINDING.

IN an article a short time since, THE ART JOURNAL drew attention to a lady, whose name has since become one of the best-known amongst those of the many excellent women bookbinders now before the public. Miss MacColl, who works in collaboration with her brother, does not require fresh mention at my hands; it only needs to say that she has maintained her high standard of execution, as some of her recent achievements will testify. Miss Birkenruth is another lady whose name has already appeared in these columns; though she does not exclusively confine herself to books, her work in this respect is the most worth seeing. A volume of Thomas à Kempis was beautifully bound in purple leather, tooled and gilded; the lining (also of leather) was inlaid with a design of lilies in white and green, showing the purple ground. Miss Birkenruth has executed several covers in inlaid and jewelled leather; in the last description of work I must mention a copy of Omar Khayyam, the light and brilliant design of which was carried out in heliotrope and green inlay, with amethysts and moonstones. The accompanying illustration of the Little Mermaid shows one of Miss Birkenruth's happiest ventures. The fish are inlaid in blue on a green ground, dotted with gold, and the central panel is also green—but for this last Miss Mary Houston is responsible.

Besides the individual bookbinders already named, there is a Guild of Women-binders who are doing excellent work. They have revived the mediæval monastic binding, which is worked entirely by hand, on solid leather, and is exceedingly durable; it has also this advantage, that it can be washed, if necessary. The undressed morocco used in this sort of binding is almost white when new, with age it becomes a beautiful old ivory. Some covers bore designs worked only from the front, others had gold introduced, and in some the design was rendered very effective by the fact that where the hot tool touches the leather, it turns it a delicate brown colour. This style of binding is specially suitable for early printed black-lettered books.

The Chiswick Art Workers' Guild is another interesting centre of good work. They have lately used a great deal of African goat-skin, which goes by the name of Niger or Congo leather. These skins are stained red by the natives, and each skin varies in shade, some being of a deep pink, others inclining more to terra-cotta. They are more difficult to manipulate than calf or morocco. In some specimens the design was raised from the back, and the ground effectively covered with gold dots, or with only wide borders treated in the same manner for some of the larger books. A "Petrarch," which I much admired, was bound on the rough side of the calf stained green, and the title engraved on a copper-plate let in on the cover.

In cheap bindings the guild have made many successful experiments in plain unvarnished calf, and in the Ruskin hand-woven linens. These latter cannot be gilded, and the titles have to be painted instead; labels can also be employed, but I do not consider these look so well as the plain printing, besides having the disadvantage of being liable to become detached.

E. F. V.

GOSSIP FROM THE SALE-ROOMS.

IT is not easy to say which of Messrs. Christie's sales excited the greater amount of interest—the Bardini at the beginning of the month of June, or the Marlborough Gems at the end. Together they show the handsome total of £73,186. As a collection of works of art of the Middle Ages and Renaissance period, the selection which Signor Bardini sent from his galleries at Florence to this country was uniformly high in quality

and varied in character. The bronzes formed, perhaps, the largest single section of the collection, and uncommonly high prices were paid for comparatively insignificant articles. For instance, a partly-draped statuette of the seated figure of a woman, forming an inkstand, of the school of Riccio, and only 9½ in. high, realized £720; the group of Samson slaying the Philistines, 14¾ in. high, and considered to be the work of Michael Angelo, brought £680; whilst a deep bowl, on foot, a beautiful specimen of Florentine work of the fifteenth century, 10⅛ in. high by 12 in. diameter, sold for £1,600. The faïence included many very rare specimens, and nearly all the important Continental centres of art craftsmanship of the fourteenth and two succeeding centuries were represented. The most interesting of the few pictures was the noteworthy little example of Botticelli, 'Judith with the Head of Holophernes,' 11⅜ in. by 8½ in., from the gallery of the Prince de Fondi, at Naples, and very similar to a picture in the Uffizi gallery at Florence. It realised £1,000.

Pages might be written about the Marlborough Gems, without nearly exhausting the interest which surrounded this truly wonderful array of ancient art. One fact is abundantly clear: another such collection can never again occur in the market. The most celebrated, though not the most beautiful, piece in the collection was the renowned cameo representing the hymeneal procession of Eros and Psyche, which has been more frequently reproduced in all sorts and material of art than perhaps any other similar subject. This realised £2,000. As it was purchased by Mr. Ready, who was buying largely for the Boston Museum, we presume that it was secured for America. Perhaps the finest object in the collection was the head of the deified Augustus, a cameo nearly three inches in height, which sold for £2,350. But even this enormous sum was twice exceeded, first by the cameo representing Claudius Cæsar, which brought £3,750, and secondly by the cameo on a unique semi-oval sardonyx, with a pair of imperial heads confronted, designated as Didius Julian and Manlia Scantilla, and this sold for £3,300. The general expectation was that the collection would realize a total considerably below the price paid for it *en bloc* in 1875, and probably very few anticipated that it would only fall short of it by less than £2,000.

The price paid by Mr. Harding at the sale of Lord Methuen's porcelain for a set of three Chelsea vases and covers, pink, white and gold (viz. 2,850 gs.), is believed to be a record one in its way. The two side vases, painted with two subjects of rustics love-making, are 13 in. high, and the centre vase, painted with bouquets of flowers in colours on gold ground in two panels, is two inches taller. The price is in any case an extraordinary one. Since the foregoing lines were written, and as another instance of the infallibility of "records," it may be mentioned that on July 11th the same dealer purchased at Christie's a pair of old Chelsea vases and covers of the highest importance, and formerly in the collection of the Countess of Carnarvon, who presented them to the father of the recent owner in the early part of the present century. These vases are of scroll form, each with four open-scroll dark blue and gold handles, and beautifully painted each with four subjects of figures regaling, and dancing to a violin player, on dark-blue mottled ground. They measure 15½ in. high, and realized 2,900 gs. Chelsea ware has always been in favour with English collectors, but fancy prices were thought to have culminated at the Dudley sale in 1886, when two pairs of oviform vases with covers, 24 in. high, were knocked down at 2,000 gs. per pair. It is curious to contrast the prices paid over a century ago with those which obtain to-day. Articles which must have been of first-rate quality were sold under the hammer at a few shillings apiece. Prices which were "fancy" at the time, but which would now be ridiculously small, appear to date from the sale of Queen Charlotte's effects, at Christie's, in May, 1819, when Lord Wemyss paid £15 10s. for a "turenne," shaped as a boar's head, and a dish, also of old Chelsea, "finely painted with a stag's hunt"; when a fine centre two-handled vase, and two smaller ones, crimson and gold ground, sold for £40; a pair of large two-handled "bottles" for £37; and a "very fine large pear-shaped vase," painted with a group of smokers, birds, and landscapes, realized £19. But the prices at this sale would naturally be considered above the average, for sentiment ran high at the time.

Old Worcester, when the articles are of first-rate quality, excites attention and commands big prices. On May 17th, at Christie's, a pair of hexagonal vases and covers, dark blue scale-pattern ground, finely painted with exotic birds and butterflies in panels, 16 in. high, realized £1,100; whilst on June 23rd, at Robinson and Fisher's, a very fine pair of two-handled sceaux, gros-bleu ground, each with two quatrefoil medallions painted in Watteau subjects, brought 485 gs. The unique collection of Old Worcester, formed by Mr. Alfred Trapnell, of Clifton, during many years of assiduous collecting, and sold at Christie's on July 6th and 7th, was the choicest of its kind which has appeared at Christie's for certainly forty years. The top price in this case (670 gs.) went for a very fine and rare hexagonal vase and cover, gros-bleu ground, finely painted by Donaldson in six large panels. It measured 17 in. high. A set of three vases, of the excessively rare Longton Hall porcelain (to which reference has been made in former Gossip articles), deep blue ground, sold for 255 gs. So far as old Chinese porcelain is concerned, mention need only be made of the very fine pair of dark blue cylindrical beaker-shaped vases and covers, the property of the late Sir John Fowler, and sold on June 9th for 2,500 gs.; they measure 18½ in. high. They are mounted with Louis XV. handles, formed as infant Tritons. We may here conveniently refer to some most interesting enamelled Persian tiles, which were in the Baron de Reuter sale on the last day of June, when eight lustred brown star-shaped articles, with arabesques and inscriptions in white, 12 in. in diameter, sold for £125; and three large tiles of a cornice, with inscriptions in relief in blue on a lustred brown ground, and two others, oblong in shape, realized £145. They are, perhaps, the best examples of Persian art workmanship since Lord Leighton's sale, three years ago.

It is difficult to approach the subject of personal relics with anything but the spirit of sceptic and scoffer, for Peter Pindar's lines—

> "Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
> In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches;
> Rare is each crack'd black, rotten earthen dish
> That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish"—

like King Charles's head with Mr. Dick, will persist in coming uppermost; but the Stuart relics, the property of the late Rev. J. Walcot, of Bitterley Court, Ludlow (one of whose ancestors was Page of Honour to Charles I.), sold at Christie's on June 22nd, are much more fully

authenticated than is usual with such things. A portion of the cloak of crimson cloth worn by Charles I. at his execution in January, 1649, which brought £37, was exhibited at the Society of Antiquaries thirty-eight years ago, and its genuineness is scarcely open to doubt. The King's cloak was divided between Walcot and his fellow Page, Thomas Herbert, and the Herbert half was sold to Princess Charlotte (who died in 1817), daughter of George IV. A much more interesting sale of "relics" was that on July 10th, of numerous objects of *virtu*, jewellery, etc., of Mary Horneck, who has been immortalised as the "Jessamy Bride" of Oliver Goldsmith. "You came," sings Mr. Austin Dobson—

> "When that kind soul had fled;
> You begged his hair; you kept his name
> Long on your lips, 'tis said."

The brooch containing the lock of hair to which the modern poet refers, was in the sale, and went for only ten guineas. Yet other relics, and again of a totally different character, came under the hammer also at Christie's, on July 13th, and of these were, *inter alia*, the two swords presented to Admiral Lord Collingwood: the first by the City of London in 1805, and the second by the City of Liverpool, the prices paid being £240 and £160 respectively.

A brief mention may be made, in conclusion, to a curiously incongruous sale at Robinson and Fisher's on July 19th. It largely comprised the collection of picture-posters of the late Mr. Ernest Hart, and it is not perhaps surprising that even the names of Cheret, Lautrec, Willette, Beardsley, Dudley Hardy, and so forth, failed to excite much interest or competition, and few lots sold for more than ten shillings. Poster-collecting can only be successful when one has a tent of a mile long in which to display these subjects of the "poor man's picture gallery." The other portion of the sale consisted of a number of dwarfed Japanese forest trees, which ranged from 6 in. to 20 ins. in height, and from 30 to 80 years in age. One of these, a venerable *Thuya*, 17 ins. high, and eighty-five years old, sold for 39 gs., and all the others sold at excellent prices. These little trees are perhaps more curious than beautiful, but they are, at least, objects whose garish colours do not jar on one's nerves.

W. ROBERTS.

PASSING EVENTS.

ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR has drawn timely attention to the little-known fact that Van Dyck was the first great painter to find a resting-place in St. Paul's, thereby beginning the Artists' Corner, which has its counterpart in the Poets' Corner at the Abbey. When old St. Paul's was burnt down in the Great Fire any monument which might have existed, perished, so that there is no memorial to mark the spot where Charles the First's Court painter lies. The show at Antwerp and the projected display at Burlington House should raise the question of establishing some commemorative tablet. It is safe to state that just as the Amsterdam gathering was excelled, so will the Antwerp display be surpassed when the Royal and private collections in this country have been fully drawn upon to do honour to the master.

JUGGLING with figures is the temptation of the statistical critic, and the usual cry has again been raised at the Academy's management of the Chantrey Fund. A glance at the complete list of purchases in "THE YEAR'S ART" shows that Academicians have by no means been unduly favoured, and that in a majority of cases works were purchased from present members and associates when they were only gifted outsiders. There are, of course, blots on the collection, but, taken altogether, it is of a quality that even an ideal committee of selection could not have much improved.



The Stairs. By J. J. Shannon, A.R.A. In the Bradford Art Gallery.

THE Trustees of the Bradford Art Gallery have recently purchased the excellent example of Mr. J. J. Shannon's work, entitled 'The Stairs,' which we reproduce here. The picture is an exquisite harmony of blue and grey, and is one of the best pictures this rising artist has produced and nearly equal to 'Miss Kitty' in Pittsburg. The Trustees, doubtless with a view to encourage local art, have also bought a picture by Mr. E. G. Hobley, entitled 'Cutting Stack Rods.'

ART enterprise in the provinces is always pleasant to be noted, especially where private munificence is the mainspring. The latest instance is the generous offer of Sir W. Wills to give £10,000 towards new art buildings in Bristol. The Bristol Academy is such a flourishing society that it has emphasized the need of such a permanent gallery as Sir W. Wills' benefaction will now render possible.

MR. G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A., is to be congratulated on the purchase, by King Humbert, of his charming work, 'When the Dead Leaves Fall,' out of the Venice International

Exhibition. This picture, it will be remembered, was one of the features at the 1898 New Gallery Exhibition, and will ultimately be hung in the Municipal Gallery, Rome. The sales of British works generally at Venice have been very encouraging, Mr. Melton Fisher being one of the artists who found eager admirers.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER has succeeded Sir W. B. Richmond in the Professorship of Painting at the Royal Academy. The post carries the duty of delivering six lectures annually, in which no mention whatever is permissible of the works of any living painter. This self-denying ordinance has both advantages and defects.

PROVIDED that Mr. Justice Byrne's decision in reference to the sale of the Peel heirlooms is not disturbed by the Court of Appeal, the plate, and two Vandycks at Drayton Manor, will be sold before next Easter. The Vandycks are a portrait of a Genoese senator and a portrait of a lady. Sir Thomas Lawrence, writing seventy years ago to Sir Robert Peel, said, "I have seen the Vandycks—very interesting portraits, and in each, identify itself; of his earliest time in execution, but still of great truth and force. They are entirely free from the ravages of repair."

MR. AND MRS. STANHOPE FORBES have arranged to take Painting pupils at Newlyn, near Penzance, during the coming winter. The classes begin on October 16th. For the student who wishes to learn how seriously to study painting and drawing according to the recent developments in English work, we can cordially recommend this atelier.

ON Mondays and Wednesdays during October and November Miss Helen Zimmern will deliver a course of ten lectures on Florentine Art, with limelight illustrations, at No. 25, Collingham Road, South Kensington. The first lecture will be delivered on October 23rd.

BY the death of Jacob Maris, one of the greatest gaps in the art world has been occasioned. As a landscape painter he was able to prove the truth of the saying that "landscape art has ceased to be national," and united in himself the qualities of the various schools. To those who had but a mere acquaintance of his work the show at the Grafton Galleries a few years ago came as a revelation. With his brothers, William and Matthew, he received the highest recognition at the Chicago Exhibition, and there are many who would have welcomed his inclusion in the ranks of Honorary Foreign Academicians, if the Council had seen fit thus to honour the Academy and the great Dutch painter. A majestic solemnity is the dominant note of his art, and the observant critic had much food for reflection in examining his grey and powerful picture surrounded by strident colour fantasies in the 1898 Academy.

RECENT ARTISTIC BOOKS.

AMONG the many charming reprints which are appearing at the present time, Messrs. Bell's "CHISWICK SHAKESPEARE," illustrated by Mr. Byam Shaw, is one of the most interesting. Mr. Shaw's style of illustration is so different from what has previously been done, that it is possible those who prefer elaborate detail will be disconcerted; but in our idea the designs are so suggestive that they will ultimately prove very acceptable. Another beautifully-printed small book is Messrs. W. H. Ward's illustrated edition of the recent Knightsbridge Exhibition.

The National Gallery of Scotland, and the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, both in Edinburgh, have just issued New Catalogues. The National Gallery in Edinburgh is undoubtedly one of the most charming of the smaller galleries in Europe. In its Dutch and Flemish pictures it is no unworthy rival to the National Gallery of England, while its French pictures, Watteau, Greuze, Boucher, together with the Honourable Mrs. Graham, by Gainsborough, surpass the Trafalgar Square Institution. Mr. Robert Gibb, R.S.A., has rearranged the collection, and the pictures can be readily studied and admired.

Not so artistically valuable, but equally interesting, is the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, now under the direction of Mr. James L. Caw, one of the more serious of the younger Scottish critics. Mr. Caw's catalogue is particularly well printed, as might be expected from work done in Edinburgh, where some of the best British printing is carried out. The National Gallery catalogue is, strangely enough, printed in Glasgow, and while the type is good, the paper is poor and paltry.

Mr. E. Muybridge's new publication on "ANIMALS IN MOTION" (Chapman and Hall), is a portly volume with literally hundreds of illustrations. These show the consecutive phases of animal progressive movement from investigations begun in 1872 and completed in 1885. As we said in a series of articles of the latter date, these movements are absolutely indispensable to the modern artist. Horses and dogs, babies and birds, camels, cats, and monkeys, are shown in actual motion, and the results are often surprising as well as interesting.

Herr F. H. Meissner has issued a monograph in German (Schuster and Loeffler, Berlin), on that strange painter, Franz Stuck, whose works would command greater attention if their colour was better, a defect not noticeable in this well-illustrated booklet. "PIERO DI COSIMO" is the title of another German work (W. Knapp, Halle, A.S.), by Fritz Knapp, where the great Italian master, Piero di Lorenzo, the master of Andrea del Sarto, is thoroughly discussed and amply illustrated. "LA PITTURO IN PALERMO," by G. di Marzo (Palermo, A. Reber), describes and illustrates the important works of art, and especially the pictures, in that city.

The New Town Hall at Colchester has been the subject of a remarkably well-arranged illustrated brochure, wherein after describing the artistic possessions already deposited there, follows a suggestive list of gifts of sculpture, painting, and stained glass, for the guidance of the charitably disposed people in the district.

A simple work on anatomy is not easy to find, and we therefore think that "ANATOMICAL DIAGRAMS," by J. M. Dunlop, of Glasgow (Bell), will be found useful by many art students. The diagrams, of which there are a great number, are slightly tinted, and therefore easily followed. "PLASTER CASTS AND HOW THEY ARE MADE," by F. F. Frederick (New York, W. T. Comstock), explains without too great technicalities the methods of casting from models, moulds, and from life.



The Countess of Yarboro'.
From the Portrait by Ellis Roberts.



Mrs. Bevill Fortescue.
From the Portrait by Ellis Roberts.

A POPULAR PORTRAIT PAINTER: MR. ELLIS ROBERTS.



A Pastel Portrait by Ellis Roberts.

IT has been Mr. Ellis Roberts'good fortune to have had some of the most beautiful and distinguished women in the land to sit to him for their portraits, as well as some notable men; and to have such a record of work done as he has before one is forty, is success indeed—such phenomenal success that little wonder is it that the painter's work has been subject to mercilessly severe, and to that extent, unjust criticism; a criticism made, however, only by those who have no eye for anything but the modern realistic methods. In 1890, Mr. Ellis Roberts' position as a pastellist was assured, as was evidenced by his exhibited work. His greatest success was attained when he exhibited at the Royal Academy his full-length oil painting of the Countess of Powis; and the majority of his portraits have been, since that date, painted in oils. Though the patronage he received henceforward made him enemies—unusual success will always do that—he has not turned aside from the path he, at the outset of his career, marked out for himself. I take it that in all work that achieves a more than ordinary measure of success, *i.e.*, wins the approbation of a large public, must have qualities inherent in it, wanting in the average work around us, and the reasonable attitude, therefore, towards such work is to detach, if one can, by analysis, the qualities that make for success, instead of dismissing it with a sneer. This seems to me the only reasonable attitude for the critic to take, for it is after all only by putting oneself in the worker's place, and seeing from his point of view, that one can avoid that *à priori* position which leads to such negative results in criticism, and does often so much injustice to the worker under review.

Mr. Ellis Roberts has a great veneration for the work that has come down to us, especially that of the last half of the eighteenth century, and as he has told me with decided emphasis, he has been both consciously and unconsciously inspired by the portrait painters of that period, for looking around upon the portraiture produced during the last forty years, it seemed to our painter that it was better to go back to the great tradition left us



The Duchess of Sutherland.
From the Portrait by Ellis Roberts.

by such men as Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, than to adopt the purely realistic methods of modern painters. He, therefore, made a special study of the masters of the last half of the eighteenth century, a period which must always stand out in the annals of painting as the most glorious in England, so far at least as portraiture is concerned; and that being so, what more reasonable attitude for a young painter to adopt than this tradition upon which to train himself. Whether we will or not, we cannot escape the past, and it is surely better to be level with the knowledge of our own time before starting upon that voyage of discovery which every worker worth anything is in reality all the time essaying, though to the onlooker his work mainly reflects those influences which have moulded him rather than original endeavour. Ruskin long ago pointed out that it is not by doing that which has never been done before that leads to greatness, but with all sincerity of purpose and strength and love what comes to one to do, what others have been engaged in doing. It would seem that all those who have left their mark upon the world have acknowledged in what they themselves have done, their indebtedness to the past; have taken all that they found around them into their garner, cherishing best, apparently, as Hawthorne said, the free gifts of Providence, *i.e.*, the ideas and methods suggested to them by the sympathetic workers who have gone before. It certainly was so by our own inimitable Reynolds, who very consciously sought to imitate the work he saw to admire, and whose best work, instead of being a new departure, conformed to the traditions which he inherited. It was quite enough for him to do to throw his whole strength into his work, thereby giving his ego expression; and that seems to me to be much the attitude Mr. Roberts takes. He has told me that he considers a painter is not called upon to experiment while painting a portrait, to try and invent a new method, as the difficulties of getting anything that shall be at all satisfactory down upon one's canvas are so immense, that one should not be thinking of means, but only of the end; and he implies that the more excellent way will be found, or rather will come to one, if to each work accomplished has been given one's whole strength, impulsed by the desire to do better than one has done before.

The younger painters of our day have given themselves up largely to experimental methods. I remember the time in the Royal Academy Schools, when what was known as the "postage stamp" touch seized upon the students, and everyone painted with large square brushes, and put their colour on in horizontal touches an inch or more square. Some of those students I have in mind have since achieved success, if not distinction, but it will be found, I think, that they have settled down to paint in the easiest way they know, and trouble themselves less and less as to the way, the end being their only consideration. That which a student calls clever work should never be seen in art, and Mr. G. F. Watts, who is, without doubt, the greatest portrait painter of our time, has several times given the advice that as soon as painting gets to be clever, and the way the thing is done obtrudes itself by existing as it were for its own sake, then is the time to go back to bungling in order to take the observer's attention away from the means to fix it wholly on the end, and I believe it is Mr. G. F. Watts' plan to rub into his oil-painting dry colour, or resort to any ruse in order that the beholder shall not dwell upon merely mechanical excellence. Mr. Ellis Roberts did not have, as a student, much opportunity for mere experimenting, nor had he those chances of studying the methods taught in Continental schools which are said



The Countess of Warwick.]
From the Portrait by Ellis Roberts.

to add so much to a painter's equipment. He has had to learn by work done, and to progress by endeavouring to make each picture better than the one preceding it; and to his own earnestness and hard work must be ascribed his success, as will be seen in the few personal details which will close this article.

To those critics who worship the modern realistic school of painting one might ask what would you have a young painter do at the outset of his career, for he *must* be influenced by some of the work he finds in galleries. A few names stand out as great portrait-painters during the last forty years, Frank Holl, Millais, and Watts, each one to some extent representative of a school; all three of them strong from within, though it would be easy enough to trace the sources of their inspiration, or at all events the work that greatly influenced them. Mr. Ellis Roberts would probably say that of these three men Millais had influenced him most, for the late President in some of his portraits freely acknowledged his indebtedness to Reynolds, and in the treatment of his backgrounds introduced that pictorial element which is so characteristic of the eighteenth-century school. Holl followed the Rembrandt tradition, projecting his sitter against a depth of tone and obtaining strength and brilliancy, very effective in male portraiture, but which evidently he considered unsuitable to women's portraits, as he never, so far as I remember, painted a woman's portrait. Watts, the most intellectual, it seems to me, of any portrait painter of this century, is the antithesis of Holl, preferring the decorative harmony in colour and lighting of the great Italians, to the strength Holl delighted in, which he learned through the Dutch. He is equally successful in women's as he is in men's portraits, but Watts, like Holl, is content to put his sitter against an arbitrary background, such as a studio wall. Taking the work of these three great portrait painters, it may be said that in the matter of backgrounds they were not much influenced by the Reynolds tradition—who, taking Vandyk as his model, liked to *imagine* his sitters in the parks and gardens of their country houses. I say advisedly "imagine," for these landscapes, painted by Reynolds into his portraits, are nothing more than symbolical backgrounds, and as we know the majority of his sitters were painted in Leicester Square, these open-air backgrounds were well-nigh as arbitrary as though he had hung up a piece of tapestry on the studio walls and painted that. I fancy there was more than one reason for the love of the eighteenth century portraitist for landscape backgrounds. They wanted to make their portraits into pictures, for the picture-making and even story-telling instinct was strong within them. It gave them, too, greater scope for the play of colour and light and shade, and it exercised their skill more in composing graceful lines and effective arrangements, than a simply coloured background afforded; and those who have copied or engraved any of the last-century portraits, with these country backgrounds, have realised that there is much from a pictorial point of view to induce a painter to introduce such landscape backgrounds into his portraits, for though it adds greatly to the difficulties, it certainly adds to the pictorial interest of a portrait. This, I think, will readily be granted, for one has only to look into the printsellers' windows to see how picturesque these eighteenth-century portraits are. Then again, these ladies and gentlemen of fashion who sat to Reynolds and his contemporaries, though they loved town life, and were happier in Ranelagh and Vauxhall and the



The Duchess of Sutherland.
From the Portrait by Ellis Roberts.

Mall than in their country parks, liked to have the life they left behind them suggested to them in their portraits; it gave a piquancy to artificial existence, and threw into relief the elegance of their toilettes and coiffures to be imagined against a forest glade or a lowering sky. Our ladies and gentlemen of the Georgian Court did not go so far as their Gallic neighbours, and play at being shepherds and shepherdesses, but apparently they did like to have the pastoral as a background to their thoughts and dresses, and the painters who reflected the feelings of the age have given us those works which all coming after cannot but help venerate.

Some modern painters who have essayed to put a sitter against a landscape have really gone to the trouble of studying the sitter *en plein air*, an impossible feat; for in a portrait all the interest must be concentrated on the sitter, and the landscape be entirely subordinated to the subject; experiment as you will, the method adopted by Reynolds must be to a great extent the one employed, though it does not follow that the painter has to copy Reynolds. Mr. Ellis Roberts makes studies in the gardens of his sitters, and goes as far in the direction of realism as possible, but he feels that he must always put on the curb where the landscape is concerned, lest he should give too much attention to it and so take away from the interest of the sitter. While collecting the materials for these notes I saw some of the studies made by Mr. Roberts for backgrounds—studies of trees, balustrades, vases and flowers, and in his portraits how he used this raw material, for the reader must not lose sight of the fact that all is raw material to the artist, the grapes which have to be transformed into the wine of art. This matter, obvious enough when one argues it out, is constantly being lost sight of by many clever painters who try their hands at portraiture. They desire to make everything of equal interest; will paint up a white dress or lace to the highest key, and then when it comes to the face they are like the man who has been shrieking at the top of his voice, and when he wants particularly to attract attention has little more than a whisper left to do it in. There would seem to be less scope for new departures in portraiture than in any other branch of the painter's art, so excellent is the work that has come down to us, from Bellini's 'Doge,' Velasquez' 'Philip IV.,' Raphael's 'Julius II.,' Da Vinci's 'Mona Lisa,' Vandyk's 'Gervurtius,' Reynolds' 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' Holl's 'Lord Overton Down,' and Millais' 'Gladstone.'



Daisy, Daughter of R. H. Benson, Esq.
From the Portrait by Ellis Roberts.

In a brief survey of modern portraiture, and thinking of it as against that of a century ago, one is struck with the baldness and matter-of-factness of that around us. There is any amount of most excellent workmanship, but very little fancy, and surprising little of that picturesqueness we note in the old work. There is a photographic matter-of-fact literalness about it which speaks of the age we live in. I fancy the reflex action of photography is seen in modern portrait painting. We are so used to the efforts of the camera that when it comes to painting we want photographs in colour, and that intense desire to achieve colour-photography is indicative of the impulses in the race to-day. What people call accuracy, truth to nature, which they pretend to find in photography, has produced conditions unfavourable to good art. Practically in the last century only the cultivated were painted and Reynolds had only to please his peers to please himself. The standard he was judged by was that of the great work before him, and not by the work of the camera, as is so largely the case now. The *nouveau riche*, rather than the cultured, are to-day a portrait painter's best customers, and the standard he works to is consequently a different, and I fancy lower one, than Reynolds and Romney kept before them.

Mr. Roberts, in speaking of his ambitions, said that in painting the portrait of a noble and beautiful woman, distinguished by her refinement and culture, and family traditions, one of his chief aims is to get this quality of distinction into his picture, and he is prepared to subordinate other qualities to obtain this, for he holds strongly by the belief that if you miss distinction you have thrown away your best chance of success in por-



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for these notes. I saw some of the studies ... Roberts for backgrounds—studies of trees, ba ... material, for the reader must not lose sight of ... is ... being lost sight of by many ... desire to ... everything of equal interest; will paint up a white dress or lace to the highest key, and then ... shrieking at the ... of his voice, and when he ... *ou Pas*, rather than the cultured are to-day a portrait ... is consequently a different, and I fancy lower one, than ... in painting the portrait of a noble and beautiful woman, ... have thrown away your best chance of success in por-

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traiture; have, indeed, put yourself much on the level of the camera-man. I leave the examples of Mr. Roberts' work given in these pages to speak for him, for my chief object here is to put the reader *en rapport* with the painter, and to enable the beholder of his work to see from the painter's point of view and realise his aims, rather than to attempt to nicely balance the "for and against" in his work, and appoint him his mitre in the temple of the Muses. The painter, in speaking of himself, which the "littery gent" like myself compels him to do, puts whatever success he has achieved down to having the *temperament* necessary to a man to win distinction as a portrait painter. By that I take it he means sympathy between the sitter and the limner, which enables him to seize upon those essentials necessary in a successful presentment; for it is not by a cunning turn of the brush, or the dexterous manipulation of paint, that success in portraiture is won, but in giving the beholder the most lasting, pleasurable presentment of the sitter, and "divinely through all hindrance find the man behind the face." Self-consciousness must be eliminated as far as possible, for portraiture is the objective side of painting, and therefore the limner should lose himself in his sitter rather than the sitter be made the opportunity of an artistic experiment, or the vehicle for an exhibition of brush legerdemain. There is nothing so fatal in a young painter than the subordination of all else to obtain originality, for the ego only finds utterance by working earnestly, truthfully, simply, always on the stretch, and yet never trying to be clever, or making work an advertisement of self.

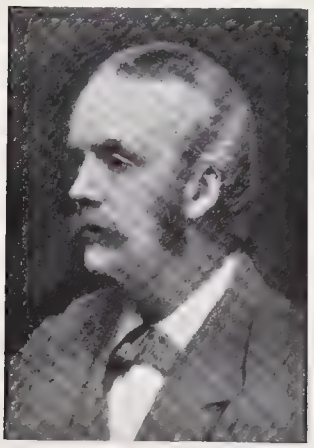
FRED. MILLER.



The Lady Beatrice Pretyman and her little Boy.
From the Portrait by Ellis Roberts.



Mr. Ellis Roberts.



The Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour.
From the Pastel Portrait by Ellis Roberts.



Breadalbane Highlanders.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

KENMORE AND TAYMOUTH CASTLE.*

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.Scot.

AS is usual with Highland lochs, the head of Loch Tay, where it penetrates into the heart of the mountains, is much grander than the foot. But the scenery of the east end is, nevertheless, in its own way exceedingly beautiful. The green fields and pastures that rise up in gentle slopes on the south side, and the romantic heights of Drummond Hill on the northern, clothed from the shore of the loch to the very top with an unbroken pine forest, impart to this part of the loch a quiet charm of their own. No more picturesque situation could be chosen than that of the village of Kenmore; and the village and the landscape, through years of mutual association, seem to have grown into harmony with each other. You cannot imagine the village anywhere else; nor can you picture the romantic promontory which projects into the loch, without its appropriate crown of rustic dwellings.

The village may be said to be water-born, and to have grown out of the lake, for in the sixteenth century its site was known only as a ferry station, and the first house that was built was that of the ferryman, whose boat carried the natives from one side of the river Tay, where it issues from the loch, to the other. It now forms a wide open square of picturesque whitewashed cottages, with plots of flowers in front, and adorned with trellises of roses and climbing shrubs. Nowhere is the scarlet Tropœolum seen in such gorgeous masses of colour as on the walls of these houses, glowing like flames in the vital sunshine.

A lofty arched gateway covered with ivy, leading to the grounds of Taymouth Castle, closes up the lower end of the square, and lends an air of baronial grandeur to the place; while a commodious inn, ornamented with rustic porch and trellis-work of rough pine-wood, forms a link of connection with the large outer world. It was in the parlour of this inn that Robert Burns wrote on the wall over the mantelpiece the following lines, expressive of his admiration of the scenery:—

> "The outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,
> The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
> The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,
> The Palace rising on its verdant side,
> The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste,
> The hillocks dropped in Nature's careless haste;
> The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
> The village glittering in the noontide beam."

The wooded heights of Drummond Hill seem to overhang the village, with a large open space of green pasturage called Rhivard, near the top, once inhabited, but now a lonely oasis in the forest, drawing the imagination upwards to more wonderful scenes beyond. The trees come pressing close around the houses in serried ranks, bounding the green promontory on which they stand with the free-curving lines which Nature alone can produce. The lofty mountains withdraw their stern influences, and serve here with their gentler slopes and heights to frame the lovely picture, and secure it from all intrusion from the outer world. Every visitor greatly admires the neatness and cleanness of the village. The houses have always been occupied by retainers of the Castle; and the noble owners have taken a special pride in maintaining its charming appearance, and stimulating the good taste of the inhabitants. Nor are their intellectual wants neglected, for a handsome reading-room and library, stored with a large selection of the best literature, have been generously provided by the present Marchioness, who has always taken a deep interest in the welfare of the tenants on the estate.

In the square, local markets, which used to take place on Sundays and holy-days in the churchyard of the old church of Inchadin, have been held for about three

* Continued from p. 266.

hundred years. In former times they were inaugurated by an imposing ceremony, in which officials, armed with Lochabar axes, or halberts, and preceded by a piper discoursing appropriate music, marched round the square, occupied by the booths and stalls filled with merchandise of various kinds, and country produce, and declared the market open. On the 26th July a fair is still held every year, called Feillenam-ban-naomh, the Fair of the Holy Women. It was instituted more than four hundred years ago, by the Sisters who lived in the nunnery in the Isle of Loch Tay close at hand, and who came out from their seclusion once a year on this anniversary occasion, to sell their work, and so help to maintain themselves and minister to the wants of the poor.

The dominating feature of the village which first attracts the eye, as it always should, is the Parish Church, with its surrounding churchyard fully exposed to the westering sun, and sloping down to the shore where the wavelets murmur their ceaseless requiem over the dead. It is a plain, substantial building, and with its square tower and clock-face rising above a fringe of trees, puts one in mind of a rural church in some English county. Among the tombs may be noticed the plain granite monument which covers the remains of the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh's first child, who died while the son of the great Sikh of the Punjaub lived in the neighbourhood. The sound of the bell when it is rung on funeral occasions is mellowed by the softening echoes from the woods and waters and hills of the wide amphitheatre around, and imparts a peculiar feeling of old-world sadness to the landscape in keeping with the solemn event.

The present church is a comparatively recent renovation of a previous one that stood on the spot since 1579. An older church existed for a long time contemporaneously with it at a considerable distance to the eastward—which was ultimately abandoned and demolished—as it was found to be inconveniently situated for the bulk of the people, and its site became part of the policies of Taymouth Castle. This primitive church was a very ancient foundation—the oldest probably in Perthshire. It was dedicated to St. Aidin, after whom it was called Inchadin. St. Cuthbert and St. Aidin seem to have passed through this district on their way from Iona to Lindisfarne, and to have left enduring traces of their presence in the religious institutions which they founded among the people.



In the Pass of Glenlyon.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

The churchyard of Inchadin was used not only for the interments of the parish, but also for those of the whole countryside, and many of the local lairds and barons were laid to rest in the interior of the church. An English officer, of the name of Wogan, is said to have been buried under an oak-tree in this churchyard in 1654. He had an adventurous career, well drawn by Clarendon, having been originally in the army of the Commonwealth, but joined the ranks of the Royalists as a protest against the execution of Charles I., and attached himself to the fortunes of Montrose in Scotland. He was wounded fatally in one of the skirmishes in the vicinity. Sir Walter Scott, in "Waverley," refers to this circumstance in some touching verses, which he attributes to his heroine, Flora McIver. She apostrophises the oak in Inchadin churchyard, under which the English officer was interred:

"Emblem of England's ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave,
When loyalty lies low in death,
And valour fills a treacherous grave.

"Thy death hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rang,
Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sang.



The Reading-room and Entrance to Taymouth Castle, Kenmore.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

"Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom;
Rome bound with oak her patriot's brows,
As Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb."

When the public worship of the district was transferred to the new church of Kenmore, the ancient edifice was used as a barn like the old church of Lawers, and the site of the churchyard was planted with fir trees, which now mark the spot in Taymouth grounds. Some of the tombstones were taken to the new churchyard, and there set up as cenotaphs or memorials of the old place, establishing a superstitious connection between them; and to this day they may be recognised by the peculiarity that they are placed at the foot, and not, as is customary, at the head of the graves.

The parochial school of Kenmore in former times had achieved a considerable reputation owing to the exceptional ability of a succession of teachers of the same family of the name of Armstrong, one of whom was the compiler of a well-known Gaelic Dictionary. They taught the classics with great success, and sent out many pupils, sons of ploughmen, and herds, in the neighbourhood, who distinguished themselves in various walks of life. Over the Tay, at its outflow from the loch, there is a fine bridge of five arches, which superseded, in 1774, the old ferry. It commands a magnificent view to the westward of a large part of Loch Tay, with the huge bulk of Ben Lawers filling up the horizon, and casting its shadow upon the calm waters at its foot.

Opposite the bridge, and at a short distance from the shore, is a wooded island, which is the only one of any consequence in the whole loch. It has a somewhat romantic history, coming first into notice in 1122 in connection with the death and burial of Sybilla, the Queen of Alexander I. of Scotland, and daughter of Henry I. of England. Tradition is silent as to the reason of the Queen being in this remote spot. But in all likelihood it was a Royal residence at an early period, to which the kings of Scotland repaired during the fishing season to catch the salmon for which the loch was celebrated; and Queen Sybilla was probably with her husband while engaged in this sport. Perhaps, like the islands of Loch Awe, it had a holy reputation in the early ages of Christianity, owing to its association with some forgotten saint who had built his cell on it; and hence it would be appropriate that the remains of the Queen should be interred there. All the circumstances of the incident, however, are buried in oblivion.

The only thing that is definitely known is that Alexander I. afterwards built a Priory there in memory of his Queen, which he put under the ecclesiastical control of the monks of Scone, who were of the order of St. Augustine. For several hundred years this sacred institution continued to flourish, being supported by the rents of the adjoining farms and of the salmon fishings of the loch, which were apportioned to it by its founder. But afterwards the Priory became a nunnery, and the holy fathers were replaced by a sisterhood who held sway for a time, but were banished, as tradition says, owing to their scandalous behaviour, and the sacred building was converted to secular uses. When the Campbells of Glenorchy took possession of this



Loch Tay and Ben Lawers from Kenmore Bridge.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

eastern part of their great estate, they utilised the convent as their castle, and modified, enlarged, and fortified it for the purpose. Several of their descendants lived and died there; but after a great fire, which destroyed a large part of the building, in 1509, it ceased to be the residence of the proprietors, who lived henceforth in the new Castle at Balloch. It was, however, rebuilt, and the great Marquis of Montrose besieged it on his march into Argyleshire, inflicting upon it, by his guns, serious damages, which were clumsily repaired from the inside during the siege, as is apparent in the ruins at the present day.

It is an interesting circumstance that the house of Graham and the House of Campbell should now be united in the person of the present accomplished and popular Marchioness of Breadalbane, who has commemorated the circumstance in a very happy way, by an inscription in the public Reading-room of Kenmore, on a table made of the wood of the very pear-tree under which Montrose, her ancestor, had encamped during the siege. General Monk afterwards took possession of the fortalice, and held it for a time. During the stay of his soldiers they were much addicted to the new habit of smoking, and are said by tradition to have first introduced tobacco to this district. Several pipes of an antique pattern have been dug up from time to time on the island, as an evidence of this popular belief. When Monk and his soldiers departed, the building was abandoned, and became the picturesque ruin which it now is, concealed by the dense foliage of tall old sycamore trees, making the whole island look like one round, unbroken grove amid the waters.

The garden of the monastery, and afterwards of the castle, was on the mainland directly opposite, and now forms part of Taymouth Gardens, which extend for a considerable distance along the shore of the loch, and are well worthy of a visit on account of their beautiful walks, great variety of foreign pine-trees, richly variegated flower-beds, and large vineries and greenhouses, stocked with many rare and interesting plants. Of the ancient orchard, a solitary pear-tree, whose trunk is upwards of eleven feet in circumference, is now the only relic. It is probably the oldest and largest pear-tree in Britain. Its companion of equal dimensions, connected with the campaign of Montrose, was blown down by a terrible storm about twenty years ago, after having survived for more than 250 years. The cherry-tree which Pennant noticed in his famous tour, and which had a girth of more than twelve feet, no longer exists. A line of four huge sycamores still marks the place where the ancient orchard was situated.

In the modern garden-wall, opening upon the shore, there is a splendid gateway similar to that at Kenmore Square; and the rich cultivated beauty which it encloses is enhanced by the contrast of the wild scenery around. At the west end of the garden, outside the wall and below the public road, there used to be a swamp, whose edge was fringed with tall clumps of the Flowering Fern. I remember in my boyhood admiring the luxuriance of this rare Osmunda, in the only habitat in all the region. But it has long

vanished, and I have only the ghost of its memory in my mind. It is a great loss that this splendid ornament of our lake-sides in former times should have utterly disappeared, the victim of ruthless collectors, like so many others of our native ferns.

The ascent of Drummond Hill from Kenmore is a most delightful excursion. A good pathway leads to the top, and the glimpses of the surrounding scenery obtained by the way combining all the charms of Nature and Art, and the glorious prospect from the highest point, amply repay the fatigue. A new horizon opens up at the back, disclosing the valley of Fortingal, and the lofty peaks of Glenlyon towering up to the westward, lost among the alpine plateaus of the Ben Lawers range, and in the north-east, terminating in the sharp cone of Schiehallion, surmounting all the hills, and lying along the sky, like a crouching sphinx, calmly surveying the vast Highland landscape with an air of indescribable pride.

During this excursion, the Black Rock of Drummond Hill may be visited for the sake of its association with the old military defences of the district. This is a projecting crag, which commands a far-reaching view of Loch Tay. In the calm stillness of a summer day, the human voice from that coign of vantage can be heard at a great distance. Hence it was used as a place where the first approach of an enemy might be detected, and the people warned by a peculiar cry of their danger. Its name in Gaelic is "Cragan an Eighich," "the Rock of Shouting." It puts one in mind of the top of Gerizim, from whence Jotham proclaimed his parable in the hearing of the men of Shechem at the foot of the hill. When standing, some years ago, on that storied spot, I was astonished to find how far the human voice could reach, for I distinctly heard persons speaking on the opposite slope of Ebal. I did not make the same experiment on the Black Rock of Drummond Hill; but I have no doubt that the shouts of warning from the sentinel placed on that point of outlook would be heard by the people of the surrounding district, in favourable conditions of the weather, with the utmost distinctness.

Similar rocks of shouting occur in different parts of this region, which was the great line of communication between the early civilization of Dalriadic Scotland, in the neighbourhood of Loch Awe, and the rich Pictish territories along the valley of the Tay towards Perth. Frequent raids and invasions passed to and fro along this great transverse opening among the Breadalbane Mountains, and the inhabitants were kept in a state of constant alarm. In the Valley of the Dochart there is Euich, and in Glenlyon, Stron an Eighich, where the old people practised this primitive mode of telephoning their war news. In addition to the aid of sound, they appealed to the eye, which could see an intimation of danger far farther than any human voice could reach. For at the eastern extremity of Drummond Hill there is a spur of precipitous rock, on which are the remains of a very old circular fort built of dry stones in the rudest manner. It is called Dun Mac Tual, and is associated, by tradition as well as by name, with the son of a warlike Bishop of Dunkeld, who owned the Appin or Abthanery of Dull, in the vicinity. It was the first link in the chain of forts which extended westwards through Glenlyon to the Atlantic; each occupying a position which was visible to its neighbour. This circumstance would seem to confirm the theory that all these duns or forts were not only places of defence to which the surrounding natives might flee in times of danger, but also signal stations where beacon fires were kindled, by which the news of war were flashed from point to point. They were auxiliaries of the cross of fire. And this idea obtains further support from the fact that the farm on the slope of the hill immediately below the fort is called Achloa, which was originally spelt Achleys, and meant "the field of the signal fire."

On the opposite side of the valley, a winding road mounts up the hill to Glenquaich, and commands a series of splendid views all along the route. In the lonely glen beyond reposes Loch Freuchie, the centre of a fine grouse district, and in itself an interesting sheet of water associated with wild legends and traditions of far-off days. It is a good fishing loch, and contains an unusual abundance of that alpine trout, the char. There are very few inhabitants in this glen. It has an air of solitude and remoteness, which is exceedingly soothing to one whose nerves have been jaded by the rough contests of the busy world. Here and there are spots of special beauty, some little rude hamlet nestling under its clump of old trees, or a shooting lodge in the midst of its plantation, relieving the blankness of the wilderness around. The name of Shian, on its green knoll, recalls the long-forgotten dances of the fairies around it on moonlight nights. But the whole region seems to have been shunted aside from the crowded track of life, and to belong to a realm of old romance, where time folds its wings, and the shadow on the dial goes back twelve degrees, and the very sunlight seems to be the light of other days, with a fading autumnal sadness in it.

But the great feature of the district is Taymouth Castle. This palatial residence of the Marquis of Breadalbane is situated about a mile from Kenmore, at the east end of an extensive park, which forms a break through the hills, opening out upon Strath Tay, and must at one time have been occupied by a continuation of the waters of Loch Tay. The river now flows through it at the back of the Castle. To this opening the name of Balloch was applied in Gaelic; and tradition says that the founder of the Castle, when asked why he built his residence at this eastern extremity of his estate, replied "We'll bruise yont"; meaning that he would make the Castle ultimately the centre of his domains, which would extend as far to the east as they did to the west. This ambition, however, was not gratified, for the vast bulk of the Breadalbane property has always been to the westward of the Castle, the eastern portion being only a few miles in extent, having been checked in that direction by the estates of Weem and Grandtully. The original Castle, built in 1570, was taken down and replaced by the present structure on the same site.

The situation is rather low-lying, and in autumn is apt to be swathed in the grey mists that rise from the river. But the dark, fir-covered face of Drummond Hill, rising up steeply behind it, forms an imposing background, against which its architectural features come out with very fine effect. Built of grey-green chlorite schist, from the quarry of Bolfracks, a stone which is soft and easily worked when taken out of its bed rock, but hardens speedily on exposure, it harmonises admirably with its magnificent surroundings. It greatly resembles, both in form and material, Inveraray Castle, the seat of the other and older branch of the House of Glenorchy, having the same massive quadrangular pavilion in the centre, towering high above the rest of the building; but Taymouth Castle is very much larger, having two long wings which project on either side from the main block, and give a very imposing appearance to the whole structure. The entrance-hall is one of the finest in Scotland, looking like a cathedral transept, as it rises up in all its magnificent proportions to the roof



On Drummond Hill.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

of the pavilion, 150 feet high; and the grand staircase that ascends from it is of Gothic design, richly carved and decorated, and is in every way worthy of its architectural setting.

A number of splendid rooms are open to the visitor, including the Library and Picture Gallery, and the suite of apartments occupied by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort during their first visit to Scotland in 1842. The Library, in the late Marquis' time, contained a valuable collection of rare books and editions, which unfortunately were sold and dispersed without their worth being properly known at the time. Among them was the collection of Italian classics formed by Black Duncan, who was a man of culture far beyond his compeers.

The most valuable literary possession of the Castle at present is "The Black Book of Taymouth," which is a mine of information not only upon the genealogy of the successive Campbells of the House of Glenorchy, but also upon the manners and customs of those ancient times. It was to the patronage of the son of Black Duncan, Sir Colin Campbell, the eighth laird of Glenorchy—a man of great enterprise and literary taste—that the Picture Gallery of the Castle was indebted for its specimens of the art of the Scottish painter, George Jameson, the pupil of Rubens and the comrade of Vandyck.

For eight years, between 1633 and 1641, this illustrious limner lived and worked at Taymouth; and Walpole mentions that he accompanied his patron on his travels. During this period he executed portraits of several of the Kings and Queens of Scotland, from Robert the Bruce to Charles I. His principal work, however, was the famous genealogical tree mentioned by Walpole, and described inaccurately by Pennant, with portraits of the different knights of Loch Awe, which were probably as fanciful likenesses as those of the early Scottish Kings in the gallery of Holyrood, done by the same brush, some of which certainly never existed, except in the imagination of the artist. What makes this genealogical group especially interesting is that the ancestor of the family is painted in a tartan plaid and kilt, along with a shirt of mail, which is one of the earliest representations we have of the Highland dress, although it is certain that it was worn long before Jameson's time. Only eight paintings of this early Master are now left to adorn the walls of the Castle, being portraits of the Marquis and Marchioness of Hamilton, the Earls of Mar and Loudoun, Lord Napier, and Sir Robert and Sir John Campbell. But these pictures are hung so high above the doors of the great hall that contains them—and of which they are mere parts of its Gothic decoration, instead of independent pictures—that they cannot be comfortably examined; and they are so dingy that their finest lines are hidden.

The grounds of Taymouth Castle were originally very limited; but successive proprietors enlarged them until now they embrace the whole valley, and comprise a circuit of a dozen miles, obliterating many traces of former occupation. They are distinguished for their wide open spaces of greenest lawn, and for their magnificent trees. Some of the largest and finest oaks, chestnuts, and limes in Scotland may be seen in the park, and along the banks of the river, where they have ample room to grow to their fullest proportions and unfold all their characteristic beauty. Huge larches contemporaneous with those which the Duke of Athol first brought to this country from the Tyrol, and planted in the grounds of Dunkeld, attract the admiration of the visitor. There is one beech especially which measures forty-three feet in girth at the root, and higher up no less than twenty-two feet. It is a most striking memorial of the old Clachan of Aldivalloch, which once stood on the public highway on the banks of a picturesque streamlet that flows in a succession of falls down the steep declivity facing the Castle to the south-west.

The inn of this defunct village is still standing, though no longer used as an inn, and is associated with the popular song of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," which a local poet composed upon a romantic incident in the life of one of the inn-keepers, and which Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, translated somewhat freely from the original Gælic. From the picturesque bridge that spans the waterfall of Alt-a-Bheallach at this spot, the finest view may be obtained, through a wide vista in the crowded trees, of Taymouth Castle to the eastward; its imposing dimensions and architectural symmetry being set off to the greatest advantage by its unrivalled natural surroundings.

The event which stands out above all others in the history of Taymouth Castle, was the visit of the Queen and Prince Albert in 1842. Lord Breadalbane entertained his Royal guests during the three days of their stay with

a hospitality which, for costly expenditure and variety of splendid pictorial effects, has seldom been equalled. It was a grand idyl which satisfied sense and imagination alike. Nowhere else could such a stage be found for such a wonderful pageant. I remember vividly the impression made upon me when, as a boy, I saw, night after night, the wonderful illuminations, the surrounding hills flaming like active volcanoes with huge bonfires, the Highlanders dancing amid the weird lights and shadows of torches in front of the Castle, and the trees and fences in the spacious park twinkling with the jewelled splendour of thousands of fairy coloured lamps hung upon them. It was all like a gorgeous Eastern scene from the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," to which the wild strains of Highland music, filling all the air, lent a Western magic of their own.

Strangely contrasted with this brilliant reception was Her Majesty's incognito visit, nearly a quarter-of-a-century afterwards, of which she herself has given us a most touching description in her "Leaves" from her Journal. Along with the Dowager Duchess of Athol, she entered from the public highway by a door in the wall at the Fort Lodge, which commands a most magnificent view of the Castle and the surrounding scenery. The woman who admitted them had no idea who the visitor was. "We looked," says the Queen, "from the height down upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything; and there, unknown, quite in private I gazed, not without deep emotion, on the scene of our reception twenty-four years ago by dear Lord Breadalbane, in a princely style, not to be equalled in grandeur and poetic effect. Albert and I were then only twenty-three, young and happy. How many are gone that were with us then! I was thankful to have seen it. It seemed unaltered!"

(*To be continued.*)



One of the Islands on Loch Tay.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

HANDICRAFT AND THE LIFE OF THE CRAFTSMAN.

A GREAT man who has recently passed away, Matthew Arnold, took for the text of his life's sermon and the motive of his life's work the need for what he called "culture"; and, feeling the necessity for a precise and tangible definition of the ideal he wished men to work up to, he was at some pains to explain exactly what he meant the term to convey; perhaps the best of his efforts in this direction being these words, which I wish to particularly emphasize in the following paper. "Culture," says he in the Preface to "Literature and Dogma," "is the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known, and said [he might have added "done"] in the world."

Now in art, above all other educational powers, we find at once, and with irresistible force, the absolute necessity for this latter kind of culture. I use the word "art" in its widest sense; for although we may be dazzled by some brilliant stroke of original genius, some masterpiece of sculpture, some painting whose renown shall outlive its source a thousand years, yet when we turn our eyes reluctantly from the luxury of life—fine art, to the necessity—domestic art, we cannot help a homely sort of conviction that, after all, the latter only is essential, and that it is just our comfort, wealth, or well-being therein, that enables us to at all appreciate the former. You would scarcely place a Turner before a wretched, dirty, unclothed, well-nigh homeless Hottentot, and expect him to enjoy it; and yet that is just what some of our philanthropists are doing in their well-meaning but over-hasty endeavours to reform the morals of the poor by the

fetish of Fine Art. As it is, the chirp of a sparrow at his window, or the song of a brave-hearted starling on his neighbour's chimney-top, will do more to render a poor man contented than all the dazzle of a brilliant picture gallery, which only emphasizes the squalor to which he returns. Give him decent work to do and a decent room to do it in; give him a chance to love his own home and be happy in it; and he will then need little teaching to love his city and nation, and to take a pride in all the works its great men create for the beautifying of his surroundings and those of his fellow-citizens.

It is a very wonderful thing, on what small circumstances our comfort depends. A speck of dirt will sometimes spoil one's appetite for the most dainty dish, and an awkward chair, a bad light, or an ill-fitting door, has many a time driven men into the streets for amusement when they would otherwise have passed a pleasant and profitable evening at home. Indeed the great charm of home is due, in no small degree, to the personal interest a man feels in his surroundings. As far as possible they are the result of his own choice, and as nearly suited as may be to his own taste and requirements. He has a distinct sympathy even with his furniture; and if he be taken away from it and have to settle for a time in a strange room, it will take him a long while to overcome the suspicion of discomfort about arrangements in the making of which he had no share. A Briton loves his belongings, good or bad; and yet for generations British domestic art has been dragged at the tail of one foreign fashion after another; sometimes lending it in truth a little solidity or dignity—but more often retaining only the outward form and ornament, and misapplying them to purposes of which their designers never dreamed. Truly this same Goddess of Fashion plays us queer pranks! Take the case of furniture, for instance, to which I have already alluded: what is more grotesque than the succession of "fashions" for which the nineteenth century has been responsible? From Queen Anne to Louis-Quinze and back again, with interregna of Hotch-Potch, and an occasional craze for so-called "old English" or Japanese, has the taste of "cultured" aristocracy danced, or rather that of the furniture dealers who so cleverly flatter its ignorance. And the pity of it is that the middle classes, being, in the present state of society, almost entirely in the hands of retail dealers—not makers—have been overwhelmed with hordes of cheap imitations of the expensive rubbish which was for the time deluding their wealthier brethren. They, too, must be "in the fashion" forsooth: and so their houses have been filled with gaudy gimcracks, whose legs break and whose corners get knocked off; and whose ruins, after a brief career of discomfort, are scarcely worth storing in the attic. And equally as a matter of course, the necessary furniture of the working-classes has too often been tainted in the same way, to the detriment of economy, comfort, cleanliness and godliness!

How marvellous it is that when an intelligent, and somewhat civilized being is about to purchase an article of domestic use, he should, as often as not, consider whether it be fashionable in the first instance, whether it be cheap in the second (which means as a rule whether he thinks he is getting it below its value), but whether it be suited in design and construction to its proposed use in his dwelling scarcely at all. In the old days when superfluous furniture was, happily, confined to the houses of a very few, one knew exactly what he wanted and how he wanted it beforehand; if he himself had not skill to make it, it was made for him, and for its place in his abode—a vastly different thing to the modern ready-made system of turning out, or I may say sweating out, upholstery by wholesale, and trusting to luck to sell it. The tables and settles and beds then were the work of handicraftsmen; the ornament thereof often a labour of love, and thus nearly approaching to the truest art. When a man made an oaken chest for his neighbour or his lord he knew entirely why and how it was to be made, and grudged not a few hours spent in beating the iron-work into a rough but true beauty; and when to prove his skill he wrought a border of foliage around its lid, he worked with the untainted summer breeze singing in his ears, and the leaves, the real green leaves, such as East-End toilers scarcely hear from year's end to year's end, rustling and quivering before his open door. But we, in our modern civilization, pay guineas to a designer to draw a hard, dead thing upon paper; we make as much as possible by machinery, and grudgingly give the remaining handiwork to half-starved dwellers in fever dens to put together by the thousand for a little less pay than they can live by; while every now and then some one arises, and in a feeble, ineffective strain mourns over the decadence of modern handicraft.

But who takes any practical step to revive it? Those who could afford to insist on being supplied with hand-made furniture or utensils and hand-woven textiles, are so engaged in the curious competition for so-called cheapness, that the additional price which would undoubtedly have to be paid acts as an absolute deterrent to them. The same custom—I can call it by no other name—also frightens away those who only buy, for use, things they are really in need of; and it is these who suffer most. For the wealthy, striving to keep pace with the ceaseless changes of fashion, ask only that a thing should be new and fashionable. It is not wanted to wear. Indeed, with the present habit of living in half-a-dozen separate places in the year, and under half-a-dozen different conditions, wearing capabilities do not enter into the question. We live a "ready-made" existence to-day. We have no time to wait for the development of a craftsman's skill, no eyes for anything save the dozen or so completed, machine-made frauds standing in all their glory of veneer in a shop-window for our approval and choice. Our life is too fast in every sense of the word, and in the continual hastening from novelty to novelty we have no time to live the best part of it. Only is it a wild smoky rattle and rush, not devoid of an excitement doubtless, which startles and maybe dazzles for a moment the quiet plodder of a country lane, ere he turns him again to his own life—how different and how real by comparison!

I have wandered a little from my subject—the higher worth and influence of home-made goods, whether made in your home or that of another, provided it be a happy and not too busy a one, matters little. For contradictory as it may at first sight seem, a man or woman must have leisure to work much or well—leisure for brain and hand. And the work must be such as can be proudly, lovingly, not too anxiously thought about. Even in India, where, more than anywhere else in the world, handiwork in the faithfulness of its execution approaches more nearly to machine-like precision—where, as in Kashmir, a whole community of metal-workers, for example, may be engaged in carrying out what is practically one design in one manner, so that the work is known by the very pattern on it—the building-up of this same pattern can be traced gradually through the slow growth of generations, each adding its trifle to the paternal legacy of

ornament, but without slavishly copying; it is still an excessively slow but quite natural growth. And moreover, most of the Indian designs, utterly conventionalised as they have become, have even yet their legend, generally connected with some phase of a religion founded on the traditions of the people themselves; and intelligible and dear to the worker for a reason beyond the highest we give to our art craftsmen.

But we can do something. Our working classes are gradually getting opportunities of learning drawing—the best means of educating the eye; and there is now no reason why we should not afford them the means of educating their hands in a similar manner. But the teaching must be practical, and must be supported not only by State-aided schools, whose organisation is not always the easiest to control and use effectively, but by a popular demand for the good and wholesome products of honest and clever work. Men must, in addition, be taught and encouraged to design and execute the ornament of their own work, not merely to produce a copy, imitation or *réchauffé* of this or that style or period; but to carry out their own ideas, working as far as possible with the material itself. And rewards and diplomas should be carefully and discriminatingly awarded for excellence by local trade-guilds: not schools, nor committees of well-meaning but ignorant persons who are in danger of having no real interests in common with those they are supposed to be looking after. And without unduly fettering commerce, I fancy our existent trades unions, guilds, and societies could, if they tried, evolve some practical substitute for the old-time apprenticeship under which so much good work was done; that always guaranteed at least a competent knowledge, and in the young, generally a healthy and reverent appreciation of the master's skill.

Mr. Ruskin has warned husbands and wives to keep, as long as may be, their reverence for each other. Think you not that there will not be more reverence in a household, clean and comfortable with substantial well-made furniture of every necessary kind, ruled by a husband whose skill the wife may be proud of, and the children brought up to emulate? As I said before, the comfort of a home is no slight element in the happiness of a life, and few people ever trouble to realise how much it is due to manual skill and dexterity—a quality in which the "mechanic," as we not inappropriately call him, is getting more and more deficient every day.

The goal of life, however blindly, or madly, or foolishly aimed at, is always happiness; and in teaching our artizans to labour well and skilfully with their hands, let the truth be always impressed on them, that he who makes a beautiful work, whether for himself or another, gives one more reason for gladness to a world which has not too many such.

EDWARD F. STRANGE.



View of the Villa Valmarana.

THE LAST OF THE VENETIAN MASTERS.

GIOVANNI BATISTA TIEPOLO.

WE of the present day are somewhat apt to speak with a want of due respect of the art-criticism of a not very distant past which held high in esteem the work of artists whom we now pass over with as much indifference as, but a few years since, were treated the creations of those earlier schools we now revere. At the same time, while there is little likelihood of a near future setting aside the general judgment of modern criticism on the art of the past, it behoves us not to display anything approaching the temper of our fathers, as we too may be tempted into committing as many errors as they, in overlooking merit which a more broad-minded catholicity of taste should place in a category apart from classified schools and epochs.

The art-critic, and, in a greater degree, the art-student, is far too prone to draw hasty generalisations from the

teachings of our modern leaders in matters of taste, with results which, as can be daily seen, lay the present generation open to the accusation of being led in its prevailing admirations as much by the undigested dictates of its leaders as by real knowledge. It thus constantly happens that we meet with very excellent judges who, admiring in all good faith—take as example the works of the earlier Italian masters—cannot be found to see any but a very relative degree of merit in the creations, say, of Rubens or any of the painters of his brilliant school. There are the critics who have no hesitation in expressing a "loathing" for what they

hurried generalisation the name of one artist, among others, claims a place apart from his contemporaries—Giovanni Batista Tiepolo, not unfitly termed the last of the great Venetian masters.

Represented, but in an inadequate manner, in our National Gallery by two small studies, Tiepolo is a painter whose real power it is impossible to judge in a gallery of art. It is essentially as what we have come to understand as a decorative painter that Tiepolo can only be rightly appreciated, and therefore his work can only be fairly seen under the conditions for which it was produced. True, many of his easel pictures, and not a few



Photo. Annan, Glasgow.

The Finding of Moses.
From the Picture by Tiepolo in the Scottish National Gallery.

term the flippant French art of the eighteenth century. Such prejudice will be found to arise from the source of all prejudice—want of knowledge; or, to put it less offensively, from an inability to detect real merit, whatever form it may assume. However severe may be each person's personal taste, a broad-minded eclecticism should regulate his study of the art of all epochs. It is from our absence of this most needful quality that the standard works on matters of art are, in points, apt to lead the student astray. Once it is laid down that such and such a period is one of decadence and mannerism, and no artist of the time is treated as other than a mannerist. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

It has been this hasty method of criticism which has weighed down, among other sufferers, the artists of the Venetian school of the eighteenth century; for it is by an accident only that Canaletto, and in a less measure Guardi, are familiar. On referring to any standard work on the history of art, the reader will find the Italian school of the eighteenth century dismissed in the most summary manner. In the larger number of cases, it is true, only due justice has been done the memory of a set of painters of no originality. But from this too

altar-pieces, removed from their original resting-places, will be found scattered over the various galleries of Europe and America, but it is in the many churches, palaces, and villas which he adorned with his facile brush, which served his even more facile imagination, that Tiepolo's real merit can alone be realised.

A portion of the travelling public have learnt of late years, through the pages of Mr. Ruskin, to understand something of the calm and placid charm of the early Venetian master Carpaccio, who not so long since rested in an oblivion as profound as that which surrounded his later and more exuberant brother-artist Tiepolo. Two masters, both belonging nominally to the same school, could certainly scarcely be found more singularly opposed in their style than Carpaccio and Tiepolo; yet, dispassionately judged, Tiepolo, with all his love of display, will be found to possess no less a claim than Carpaccio to a prominent place among those painters whose skill has given to the Venetian school its special place in the history of art. In the Renaissance master his pictures reflect for us, with a limpidity in which are harmoniously blended the ideal and the real, the princely life of the Venetian republic in its days of



Angelica. From a Fresco by Tiepolo at the Villa Valmarana.

splendour. In Tiepolo, on the other hand, there is little or none of this power. Indeed, he can scarcely be said to bring before us, in other than its tendency towards exaggerated splendour, the eighteenth century to which he belongs. His was an artistic atmosphere evolved by himself from his own profound study of the older masters, combined with a technique the result of a keen observation of nature, and a knowledge (acquired from the same sources but none the less original) of the laws of complementary contrasts and the transparency and "values" of open-air effect with which, a century later, it has been left to the foreign schools of the present day to revolutionise modern art. It is this individuality, taken in connection with his facile powers of composition, his unquestioned originality, that merit something more than the indifference with which Tiepolo is passed over as a painter of the decadence.

From his contemporaries Tiepolo cannot be said to have lacked encouragement or recognition. His Venetian compatriots saw in his work all the brilliancy of Veronese revived. Algarotti, in 1760, calls him "*il più gran pittore che abbia Venezia, l'emulo di Paolo Veronese.*" "*Tiepolo fixe mon attention,*" remarked, on returning from Italy, that fascinating French painter Fragonard. Far, however, from merely local was the fame Tiepolo enjoyed; for three years he was actively employed by the Prince Bishops of Würzburg on their miniature Versailles, which stands at the present day as empty in its stately splendour as its scarcely less pompous model. It was in Spain, at the court of Charles the Third, that the closing years of the painter's active life were industriously passed. Brush in hand he may be said to have died, and over a long and active career, work after work flowed from his ready brain—fresco, oil, and etching, each and all stamped with the originality of the master *improvisatore*. Apart from his facile powers of composition, in his treatment of the balance of light and shade—in what it once was the fashion to term "chiaroscuro"—Tiepolo stands pre-eminent. Even with those who might be inclined to doubt his reputation as a colourist—to use that expression in its generally accepted meaning—in this respect of tone Tiepolo proves his right to an enviable position, and in no direction does this more clearly show itself than in his etchings—far from sufficiently known—a magic something of which appears when his painted work is fairly rendered into black and white.

Though his name is a patrician one, son of a simple ship's captain, Tiepolo, born in 1696, acquired his chief art-training in the studio of Lazzarini, whose cold and correct style it is agreed must have exercised no small influence for good in checking the exuberance of his precocious pupil. An appreciation of the contemporary Piazzetta, but at the same time a sense of the crudity of his too gloomy contrasts, seems to have led young Tiepolo, aided by his observation of the earlier Italian masters, to the close study of light and shade and colour under the influence of open air; an original direction of inquiry, it will be admitted, for a painter belonging to an age of decadence. Even were his observation of nature not evident in his work, we have the statement of his friend Zanetti as to the painter's efforts to break away from the benumbing influences of the art-teaching of his day. In direct opposition to their attempts to



"*Medor restored.*"
From the Fresco by Tiepolo at the Villa Valmarana.

obtain brilliancy of effect by the use of the brightest colours, Tiepolo, we are told, dirtied or degraded his pigments, obtaining by the subtle mysteries of contrast those effects which his contemporaries so vainly sought. With all the skill of a master in complete possession of the details of his art, he obtained still further brilliancy in his results by adopting a method known in the modern studios as pitching high the key of his work. It was by these and many other so-called "secrets," each and all laboriously worked out from his own close observation of those two unerring sources of study for the artist—nature and the Old Masters—that Tiepolo acquired the ready execution and mastery of hand which served so well the fertile imaginative powers with which Nature had endowed him. From his first known work, the fresco decoration of the chapel of St. Teresa, in the church of the Scalzi, till his death at the advanced age of seventy-four, Tiepolo can scarcely be said to have remained a day idle.

Early in life he married, and into the family of a brother painter, Francesco Guardo, whose sister Cecilia, in 1721, became Tiepolo's wife. Among Tiepolo's nine children, deserving special mention is his son Domenico, who largely assisted his father during his lifetime, and after his death worthily continued his traditions, both as a painter and an etcher.

The modern traveller to Venice, reverently prepared for the sacerdotal duties of his task by a study, more or less imperfect, of Mr. Ruskin and his many followers, is, we suppose, little disposed to turn his eyes, other than with feelings of contempt, on the church of the Scalzi, whose curly rococo façade is placidly reflected in the cloud-green waters of the Grand Canal, opposite that pet abomination of the sentimentalist, the Venice railway terminus of the "S. F. A. I." Yet inside this church of a period for which it is difficult, it must be admitted, to find much praise, Tiepolo has left some of his most representative work, for in later years, in the fulness of his powers, he further decorated in fresco the whole ceiling of the church, his subject, the Holy House of Loreto borne through space by the angels, giving him an unlimited scope for the exercise of his wonderful powers of improvisation.

In detail, the technique of the Scalzi soffit will be found to possess all Tiepolo's carefully studied precepts put into practice. It is impossible to deny him the merit of being a brilliant *frescante*—impossible to deny his ready composition, and, above all, his method of technique, in having attained a transparency of effect in the blaze of dazzling golden light which pours down from the ceiling of this much-decried rococo church.

Elsewhere in Venice Tiepolo has left many works, in every case possessing these same powers of composition and technique: in the church of the Spedale della Pieta, in the church of the Domenicani on the Zattere, in the Belle Arti, in St. Eustachio, in St. Alvise; in the SS. Apostoli. In the Scuola of the Carmine the ceiling is on canvas, Tiepolo introducing into his oil pictures many of the methods so successful in his treatment of fresco. But it is in the now-deserted Palazzo Labia—at a corner of the Grand Canal, rendered familiar by many a picture—that Tiepolo has left his best-known works, a series of colossal frescoes representing the Loves of Antony and Cleopatra, and which are recommended to even the most hasty traveller through Venice, while the many photographers' windows of the Piazza display reproductions in every size of the two chief compositions. Here we find Tiepolo clearly following on the lines of Paul Veronese, to whom the unthinking spectator might indeed attribute the works: the same period of costume, the same splendour of accessories, the same negroes, the same dwarfs, the same greyhounds, and a wealth of surroundings, it may be observed, which is, however, somewhat more fitting to the voluptuous Egyptian Queen than were Paolo's vagaries in his representations of Scriptural history.



"Angelica assisting Medor."
From the Fresco by Tiepolo in the Villa Valmarana.

In several princely villas Tiepolo has left his magic touch: at Strà, near Padua, in the famous Villa Pisani, now the Villa Reale; at Verona. At Vicenza, in the Villa Valmarana, the fresco decorations (several of which are reproduced here from Professor Molmenti's book) stand among the choicest, yet the least known, of Tiepolo's works. Elsewhere, Tiepolo's work will be found at Udine and Bergamo, among other places; at Milan, in the Palazzo Clerici and in the Palazzo Dugnani (now the Natural History Museum).

In the summer of 1750 he was called to Würzburg, where for three years he was actively employed in decorating the Versailles-in-little of the wealthy prince-



The Sacrifice of Iphigenia.
From the Fresco by Tiepolo at the Villa Valmarana.

bishops and their scarcely less rococo church. To this day the sunny exuberance of Tiepolo's brilliant Italian colouring and compositions burst upon the traveller in Franconia, in curious contrast to the quaint and gnarled Gothic art of the German painters whom he has solely seen represented in the many local museums.

In 1753 Tiepolo is again in Venice, producing industriously many of the smaller easel works and altar-pieces which, since his day, have found their way to the various collections of Europe and America. At Padua, in the cathedral of St. Anthony, he has left a series of important oil-paintings, representing the Martyrdom of St. Agatha, while in addition to these more serious works, such was the exuberance of his imagination, he produced a number of *genre* subjects, chiefly masquerade scenes, which have in many cases been engraved. It was during this period, too, that he published not a few of his many brilliant etchings, to which the critic who may deny Tiepolo's powers as a painter cannot refuse the highest meed of praise from the point of view of "black-and-white" treatment. In his etchings, all Tiepolo's masterly knowledge and handling of light and shade are characteristically set forth; the rugged originality with which he slashes his copper-plate, never crossing his lines, but biting in and in to produce depth, is the very mastery of what is attainable in transparent effect, the skilful adaptation to the etching needle and its limitations, of the secrets of the results he obtained with such rapidity in fresco and in oil. In the contemporary Piranesi's boldly-treated and more familiar plates it is not difficult to trace the influence of Tiepolo, and it is clear that the great Spanish etcher Goya owed much to the visit of the Venetian artist to Spain. It was at the end of 1761 that Tiepolo was called to the Court of Charles III. of Spain, to decorate the Royal palace at Madrid. In the following March Tiepolo reached that city, where he found active and uninterrupted employment till struck down by death on March 27, 1770, a date only for the first time satisfactorily settled a few years since through the enquiries of Signor Urbani of Venice, at whose desire the late Baron Davillier—a profound authority on all matters artistic connected with Spain—copied from the original register the entry of the painter's decease.

Of Tiepolo's career in Spain but little is known; Signor Urbani de Gheltof has published a number of interesting letters written at this period by the artist, and there are tales told of certain petty jealousies on the part of Raphael Mengs; but one may attribute such feeling to the inability of so eminently cold and correct an artist to accommodate himself to the very antagonistic powers of his brilliant and facile Venetian competitor. It would be, indeed, difficult to imagine two artists more dissimilar—Tiepolo, by training and instinct, belonging to the untrammelled traditions of the glorious past, a stranded survival of the exuberant Renaissance; Raphael Mengs a typical representative of the cold and lifeless academic artificiality of a new age, whose attempt to revive an admiration for pseudo-classic art, though doubtless well-intentioned, was the very negation of the spirit which inspired Tiepolo and his predecessors.

Tiepolo belongs to a period of decadence, and has suffered for the ineptitude of his contemporaries. He is not only the last of the great Venetian painters, but the last of the Italian masters. With him the sacred fire of a glorious line, which closes with the last century, flickered out in one flaming glow that worthily reflects in all its untarnished brilliancy the best traditions of a school which has withstood more successfully than any other, the colder and more reasoned criticism of to-day as applied to the æsthetic preferences of the past.

CAREW MARTIN.



Minerva.
From the Fresco by Tiepolo at the Villa Valmarana.

The Decorations of London Clubs

THE ROYAL SOCIETIES

WITH DRAWINGS BY HERBERT E. BUTLER.*

A VERY well-founded idea that it was necessary to add to the opportunities enjoyed by men of learning for meeting together, was responsible for the creation of the Royal Societies Club. For some years it had been evident that the Athenæum, which had long occupied a unique position among London Clubs, could not accommodate a tithe of the people who were qualified by eminence in literature, science, or art, for admission within its exclusive portals, and that the congested condition of its candidates' list condemned all applicants to wait for many years before they could hope for election. It was not surprising that, under these circumstances, the expediency of starting another club akin to the Athenæum in seriousness of purpose, and requiring from its members the same type of qualification, should have been recognised; nor is there any reason to wonder that such an institution, when once it was put into working order, should have proved a conspicuous and unquestionable success.

The title of the Royal Societies Club well expresses the principle followed in its organization. It was to be a place of intercourse for men of high rank in the intellectual world, where they could gather for the interchange of ideas and for the furtherance of their particular views, and so its members were to be chiefly drawn from those learned societies which devote themselves to the encouragement of knowledge in its most profound and exactly specialised aspects. There the many shades of thought were to have a common ground of association, and were to be united by a bond of mutual sympathy; to prove, indeed, by their harmonious agreement the dictum of Cicero, which has been adopted as the motto of the club, "Omnes artes quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur." On this basis the whole scheme has been built up; and that the foundation was a sound one is made clear to-day by the prominence of the place taken by the club among the chief of such institutions.



The Entrance Hall of the Royal Societies Club.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

It was in February, 1893, that the idea of organising the club was first discussed, and the initial steps were taken to find out how the project for the creation

* Continued from page 310.

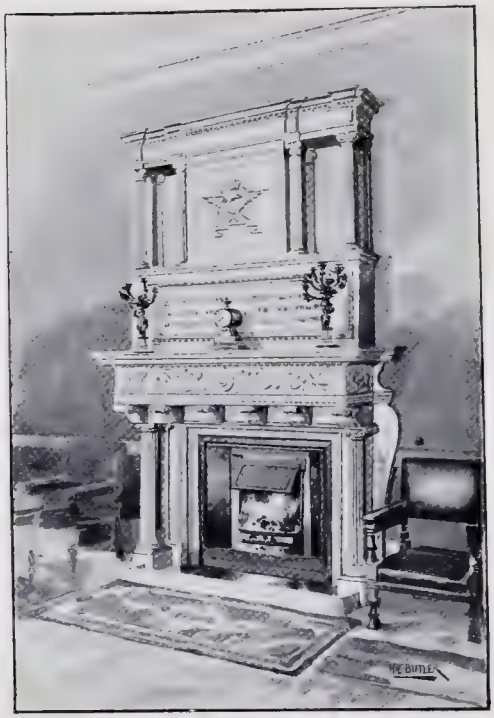


The Reading-Room of the Royal Societies Club. From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

of such a meeting-place would be viewed by the men whose co-operation was desired. A very short time sufficed to show that the scheme was one that commended itself to a wide and influential circle of supporters. Applications for admission came in with the most encouraging freedom, and a preliminary list of distinguished men as foundation members was quickly compiled. A committee representing the varied interests that were recognised by the constitution drawn up for the club, was then formed, premises were taken in St. James's Street, and on July 23rd, 1894, the first meeting for the election of members was held in the building. By this time there were over a thousand candidates waiting to be elected, and the future of the institution was completely assured.

For a while, however, the members were unable to avail themselves of the full proportions of their club-house. The block of buildings in which they were established had been originally divided into several sets of rooms, and until the whole of the various tenancies expired, the structural changes necessary to fit the place for its new purpose could not be commenced. But in December, 1894, the club found itself in sole possession, and in the following month a very extensive series of alterations was commenced. This remodelling of the interior of the building took just a year; it was carried out in the most complete and unhesitating fashion, and at a cost of more than £20,000. What was done really amounted to a reconstruction which ignored entirely the internal arrangements as designed by Messrs. Davis and Emanuel, the original architects, and substituted within the shell of the building something of a totally different character. Where there had been before a number of small rooms fit for chambers or offices, large apartments were planned for the accommodation of the many men who were crowding into the club. When the whole thing was finished, generous provision had been made for the comfort and convenience of the members. They had at their disposal not only all that was customary in such establishments, but, as well, certain particular advantages by which they were enabled to conduct their affairs on special lines. Part of the policy of management was to be an accentuation of the social side of club-life, and the building was accordingly adapted with due consideration for the demands that would be made upon it on great festive occasions. By this foresight was rendered possible the success of such gatherings as the banquets to Sir Edward Poynter, on December 2nd, 1896, to celebrate his election as President of the Royal Academy, to Dr. Nansen on February 5th, 1897, to the Hon. T. F. Bayard on February 11th, 1897, and to Lord Curzon on November 7th, 1898, as a farewell on the eve of his departure for India; and, thanks to the facilities provided, the organising of other functions like the Jubilee festival in 1897, or the periodical meetings to hear lectures delivered by some of the most noted men of the day, has been an easy matter.

The credit for the successful adaptation of the building, and for the reconstruction that has made it so well suited to its special purpose, is to be assigned to Mr. D. Lewis Poole, the founder and honorary secretary of the club. Knowing, as he did, the directions in which the new institution was likely to expand, and appreciating fully the



Mantelpiece in the Entrance Hall of the Royal Societies Club. From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.



The Dining-Room of the Royal Societies Club.
From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

necessity for encouraging its aspirations after a definite influence in the intellectual world, he designed all the arrangements with particular reference to future development, as well as with scrupulous care for present comfort. To him is due the special character of the club-house, the distribution and decorative treatment of the rooms, and the artistic taste that is manifested in the furniture and fittings. He had the advantage of working under definite conditions, and with a plain purpose in view, so that he was able to secure a pleasant atmosphere of congruity and a perfectly intelligible aspect of general fitness.

On January 25th, 1896, the building, rearranged and refitted, was opened again, and from that date the record of the club has been uninterruptedly distinguished. It has fully realised the anticipations of its founder, and has amply justified the belief in its usefulness which was widely expressed when, three years before, the idea of forming such an association was first suggested. The scheme of organisation has been thoroughly tested and its practicability has been proved in the best way of all, by smooth and efficient working. Members of the right type have been steadily added to the roll, and the candidates' list has grown until it includes more than 2,500 names. All this is acceptable evidence of the anxiety of the men who lead modern thought to avail themselves of the facilities offered them for communion with kindred spirits, and of their readiness to join in a movement initiated in the right way and controlled with sound discretion.

Of the club-house itself the best thing that can be said is that it does not profess to be anything else but a meeting-place for men of culture and education. It avoids both extremes of sumptuous elaboration and plain formality, and is neither a show-place to wonder at on account of its gorgeousness nor a severe piece of simplicity with no other destiny than to do its duty in a matter-of-fact way. A happy mean has been observed, and artistically the result is satisfactory because it has been arrived at by the exercise of correct judgment and good taste. There is in it sufficient concession to the modern demand for agreeable surroundings and for that touch of æstheticism that adds a pleasant flavour to existence, but there is also very careful consideration of the fact that æsthetics alone will not suffice to satisfy men who care for comfort and ask that their resting-places shall have an inviting air of cosy attractiveness. They like the things about them to look nice, but they also wish to feel that they are taking their ease in a satisfying fashion, and are not sacrificing too much of their bodily repose for the sake of observing the strict canons of art.

The dominating note of refinement and home-like comfort is struck immediately the club is entered. The main entrance, in St. James's Street, leads into a small lobby, from which access is gained to what is called the Lounge, a large room occupying one-half of the ground floor and with windows looking into the street. It is arranged as a general reading-room and is furnished

with regard to its purpose as a place for easy discussion of the topics of the day. Decoratively it is simple enough, with walls and ceiling coloured in shades of cream colour and white, and undiversified by any prominent details. At the end is a mantelpiece surmounted with the badge and motto of the club; and from the side opposite the door from the entrance lobby rises the main staircase, that leads to the upper floors. This is of moderate size, but is treated with a certain consideration for picturesque effect.

On the first floor are the great Dining-room and the Morning-room. The Dining-room, at the back of the building, is not only the most important in size of all the club apartments, but is also the most elaborately decorated. It is of generous proportions, long, and lofty, and is lighted by windows along one side. Between the windows are flat engaged pilasters carrying the cross beams of the ceiling, and corresponding pilasters divide the opposite wall into panels. A low dado of pale cream colour runs round the room, and above this dado the wall panels are coloured a warm grey-green, with stencilled designs in cream colour—a wide moulding in white and gold separates these panels from the frieze, which is also divided into panels of paler grey-green, outlined with darker green and surrounded with a narrow white and gold moulding. The pilasters are the same colour as the dado, with touches of green and gold in the capitals. The panels of the ceiling between the cross-beams are surrounded by mouldings in cream, green, and gold, and are filled with a formal pattern in pale golden brown on a cream ground; and the undersides of the beams are also decorated in shades of cream colour, green, and gold. At one end of the Dining-room is a prettily-arranged music gallery, and at the other is an arched panel filled with a large mirror.



The Private Dining-Room of the Royal Societies Club. From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

The Morning-room, which overlooks St. James's Street, is treated in the same colour scheme, but in gentler tones, above a low dado of brown and gold. The walls again are divided by engaged pilasters, and the ceiling by cross-beams, but there is less decorative detail than is used in the Dining-room, and the whole effect is more reticent and simple. Among the particular features of the room are the cushioned window-seats in the two large bays, and the elaborate brass fenders, which are typical examples of the work of Alfred Stevens. The Private Dining-room is also on this floor; but it has no special adornments that call for mention.

On the second floor, and over the Morning-room, is the Billiard-room, which has ample space for two tables and is well lighted. The walls are green, and the ceiling, which is divided into square panels by one centre beam and a number of cross-beams, is plain white. The tables, however, deserve a word of praise, for they were specially designed by Mr. Lewis Poole, and show the same originality of treatment that is evident in the many other articles of furniture for which he is responsible throughout the club. Facing the Billiard-room is the Card-room, another arrangement in green and cream colour; and beyond, at the back of the building, is the Committee and Conference room, which, with its low ceiling and pale cream-coloured walls, has a pleasant aspect of quaint unconvention. The remainder of the space on this floor is given up to bedrooms, with which the club-house is well provided. The upper floors, indeed, are occupied almost entirely by bedroom accommodation, a most valuable addition to an institution with a large number of country members.

The only club-rooms above the second floor level are the Chess-room and the Library, a quiet and convenient room on the third floor, well apart from the busier portions of the house, and, with its ranges of book-cases and cushioned seats, thoroughly adapted to the needs of the serious student. It contains a collection of books which is already remarkable, and one that promises, as years go on, to become historical. Many of the more remarkable volumes are presentation copies given by members of the club and other men of note who sympathise with its objects. In the Library also are placed some interesting relics, records of travel and adventure in the cause of scientific progress which have appropriately found a permanent home in a building dedicated to the advancement of all forms of knowledge.

A. L. BALDRY.



By permission of Messrs. M'Queen Bros.

Christ in the House of His Parents.
By Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

FINE ART PUBLICATIONS.

IN modern English Art the most fascinating period is the one already passed away, although some of its chief exponents still survive. The movement now familiarly known as the Pre-Raphaelite has happily changed the artists of England from mere academic painters of formal design to the living force still existing in considerable, if not full, strength in several present-day artists. The first half of the century was given over to the production of *genre* pictures of the most uninspiring kind, and only the great landscapists—Turner, Constable, and others—were worthy of the greater painters of the end of the past century.

It was in 1848—the year of revolution and change—that the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was formed, and in Mr. Percy H. Bates's most successful volume, "THE ENGLISH PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTERS, THEIR ASSOCIATES AND SUCCESSORS" (Bell), a readable and interesting account of this has just been issued. Mr. Bates is always clear in his definition, and we do not know when the aims and objects of the Pre-Raphaelites have been so tersely brought together.

"An artistic brotherhood was formed to put into practice the enthusiasms and the dreams which were crystallized in the minds of Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Millais by the chance sight of Lasinio's book of engravings of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa, and the name 'Pre-Raphaelite' adopted as a distinctive appellation. But, as Holman Hunt has well put it, 'neither then nor afterwards did they affirm that there was not much healthy and good art after the time of Raphael; but it appeared to them that afterwards art was so frequently tainted with the canker of corruption, that it was only in the earlier work they could find with certainty absolute health. Up to a definite point the tree was healthy; above it disease began: side by side with life there appeared death.'

"These three, then, were the founders of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; later, others were enlisted: Thomas Woolner, sculptor; James Collinson, painter (who retired later, and whose place was filled by Walter Howell Deverell, painter); Frederick George Stephens, then painter, now the *doyen* of art critics; and William Michael Rossetti, younger brother of Dante Rossetti, also critic and poet; and though Ford Madox Brown declined the invitation to join the society, simply on the ground that his sturdy and independent spirit had no faith in coteries, he still worked, as he had already done, along the same lines as they did, and probably with a much clearer knowledge and a much more settled view of what he sought. In fact, though Rossetti was the founder, if founder there were (*primus inter pares* would better express the position), of the Brotherhood as a society, of Pre-Raphaelitism as a living force, Madox Brown was indubitably the originator—though, of course, he formulated no name for his creed, disliking 'to deal in watchwords overmuch.'

"It is true that afterwards, by Rossetti and Woolner, as well as by Madox Brown, the Brotherhood was treated as a mere boyish league, a piece of youthful *camaraderie;* and though in later years these artists may have seemed a little ashamed of the fresh enthusiasms and lofty aims that they so valiantly strove to realise, at the time there is no doubt that each and all were keenly in earnest, and certainly the awkward word "Pre-Raphaelite," which they coined, has so long been accepted as the appellation of their school, and the tradition that has succeeded them, and has so entirely passed into the language with this arbitrary significance, that it would be vain to attempt now to substitute any more accurate or more expressive term.

"It should, perhaps, be noted here that in later days the expression 'Pre-Raphaelite' came to have a second meaning, apart from that originally intended by the members of the Brotherhood. They meant to express by the word the qualities of sincerity and directness, of honesty and definite inspiration, which they discerned in the work of the early Italian painters; afterwards the public, who came to associate the term largely with the little-seen later work of Rossetti, applied it to his pictures and those of Burne-Jones, ignoring the earlier meaning of the word, and using it to denote the eclectic and poetic school of which those painters were the founders, and of which their work is the highest achievement. With this double sense the word exists, and with this twofold meaning it may be accepted, inasmuch as the later tradition was derived from the more mature development in the style of these two artists, who were originally Pre-Raphaelites in the stricter sense.

"The formation of the Brotherhood linked these young artists closely and intimately together. Living in each other's companionship, constantly meeting with open hearts together—they talked, and aspired, and dreamed, and wrought in high endeavour. And though much has been said and written as to their artistic beliefs, and though a good deal of misapprehension exists as to their aims and the methods they advocated, as a matter of fact their whole creed might almost be summed up in one word, for the keystone of the doctrines that they attempted to preach by word and deed was simply *sincerity*. Mr. Michael Rossetti enunciates the bond of union between them very clearly and concisely. He says: It was simply this:—

"I.—To have genuine ideas to express;

"II.—To study Nature attentively, so as to know how to express them;



By permission of the Artist.

Love's Nocturne.
By Fairfax Murray.

"III.—To sympathise with what is direct and serious and heartfelt in previous art, to the exclusion of what is conventional and self-parading and learned by rote; and

"IV.—Most indispensable of all: to produce thoroughly good pictures and statues."

Such is the story of their definite aims, and the beginning of the Brotherhood, and Mr. Bates concludes his chapter by asking who is to carry on the work done in such healthy sincerity by its members, and justly speculates on the present amorphous condition of the English School. "It may be," says Mr. Bates, "and one hopes it is so, that one fails to find so readily the coming work because it is overshadowed by the productions of great ones who are still in our midst, or who have only recently ceased from among us; and it may also be, and this is probable, that the Pre-Raphaelite movement has extended, recognised or unrecognised, so far, and succeeded so well in killing the falsity it was a protest against, that there is no longer the background of banality against which the first-fruit of the crusade shone out so clearly. Perhaps, too, it is not altogether loss, that the arts of design, far and wide, should receive some of the impulse that has done so much for pictorial art; still one would sacrifice much in other directions to see on our gallery walls such work as 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' from the easel of a young man of twenty-four."

The volume is very strongly illustrated with singularly well-chosen subjects, and a completely adequate idea of the works of the Pre-Raphaelites can be obtained from the long series of plates. We have chosen several which are well known, but always welcome. Millais' 'Christ in the House of His Parents' has frequently been discussed, but we do not think sufficient attention has been drawn to the wonderful figure of St. John the Baptist coming, with carefully balanced bowl of water, to wash the solemn foreboding of the wounded Hand and fallen drop of blood on the Foot.

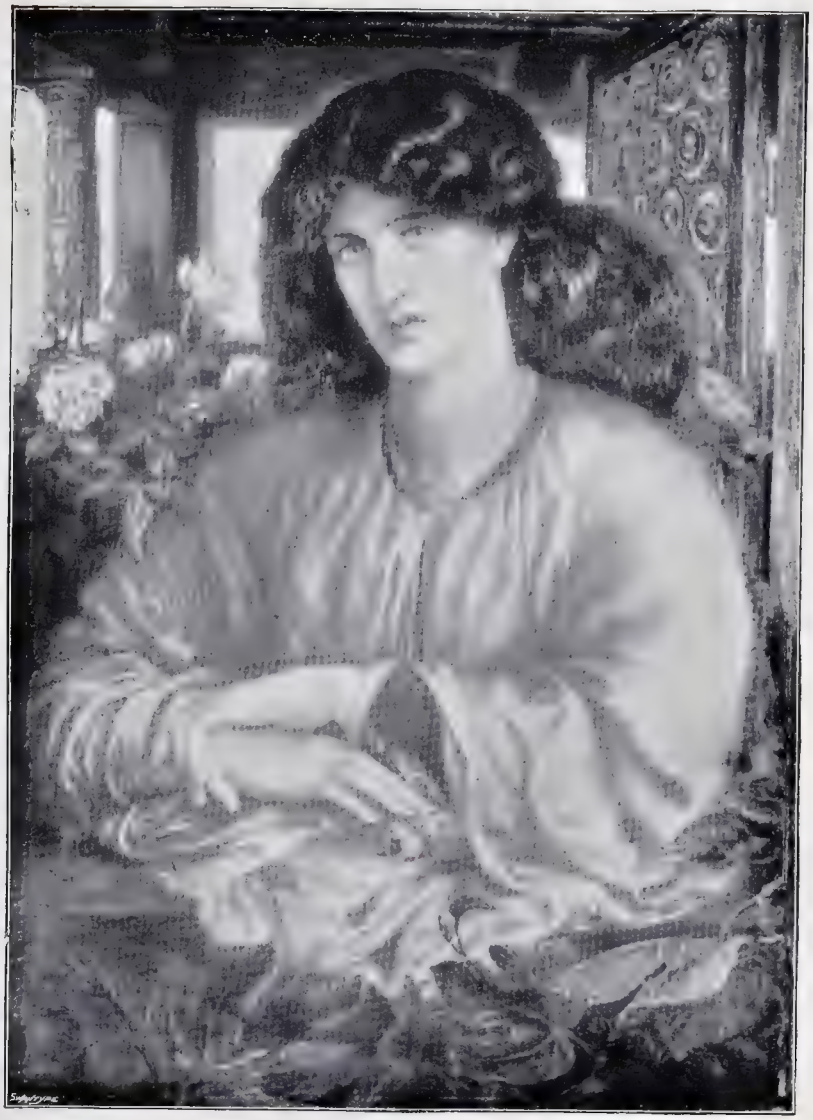


Photo. F. Hollyer.

La Donna della Fenestra. By D. G. Rossetti.
By permission of W. R. Moss, Esq.

Rossetti's 'La Donna della Fenestra' possesses all the characteristics of that great originator, and is one of the master's finest designs. 'The Mill,' by Burne-Jones, is full of force and beauty, with the measured rhythm admirably suggested by the movement of the dancing figures. And Mr. Fairfax Murray's great picture, 'Love's



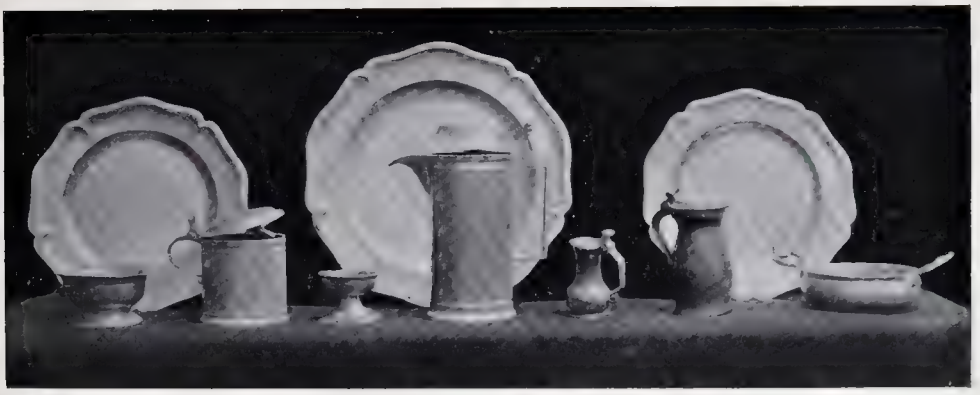
Photo. Caswall Smith. *The Mill. By Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.*
By permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.

Nocturne,' exhibits the worthiest descendant and life-long friend of Rossetti in the best light.

Under the editorship of Dr. G. C. Williamson, Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons have commenced a series of small illustrated volumes on 'Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture,' and from the announcements made it appears that a number of hitherto untried writers are engaged in their preparation. It is somewhat daring for a publisher to issue even small books on such masters as Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Angelico, and others by new writers; but that is no reason why they should not be successful, and the first one just issued augurs well for the others. Dr. Williamson has himself undertaken to set forth the life and work of "Bernardino Luini" (Bell). While admitting that the book is necessarily encyclopædic, and containing little, if any, new matter, Dr. Williamson, happily for an editor, has a distinct idea of what is necessary in such volumes, and his work is scientifically carried out. His lists of authorities, of the whereabouts of pictures (not, however, quite up to date, as he ignores the dispersal of the Ruston Luinis at Christie's), and index makes the publication invaluable to students of the Old Masters.



A Study of Children.
By Bernardino Luini



No. 1.—A Group of Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth-Century English Pewter.

SOME RARE OLD PEWTER.—II.*



No. 2.—Early Eighteenth-Century Flemish Crucifix, with Vessel for Holy Water.

IN my first article I intentionally emphasised the fact that, throughout the formation of the two collections of pewter which constitute the subject of these notes, the one aim has been to adhere almost exclusively to national productions. It is most important that this should be distinctly understood, that their true value may be justly estimated, and no false comparisons instituted, for the work of our own old manufacturers and that from other countries differ as widely from one another as do the proverbial "chalk and cheese." It is practically useless for collectors whose preference is for elaborate forms and a redundance of ornamentation, to look for those qualities at home; if they be wanted, Continental markets must be requisitioned, while, by way of contrast, for sturdy, simple dignity, old English pewter holds its own. The foreign article possesses comparatively small value to the collector, and, as it is being imported into this country in very large quantities at the present time, may be acquired without any great expenditure or trouble.

Considering first those pieces that are to be met with most frequently, plates and dishes naturally outnumber any others. These, in the ordinary way, vary in size from 5 inches to 2 feet in diameter, and examples have been found of a diameter of 3 feet, but they are of great rarity. It may be accepted as a general rule that the larger the plate the greater is its value, as those of small dimensions are by far the most numerous. Then, again, there is another point to be borne in mind, and that is the *depth*. The majority are shallow, as are most of those illustrated last month, and when deep ones are found, if genuine, any opportunity of acquiring them should not be allowed to slip.

The three plates at the head of this article—part of a complete set—are not, I may mention, regarded as valuable possessions, save on account of the fact that they represent an unusual divergence, perhaps not altogether successful, from the simple circular form, and thus tend to render the collection more complete. They were made in the year 1830 by an English manufacturer for a French firm, and are 9½ inches in diameter; each one is stamped with two G's entwined, encircled by a wreath of tiny leaves. At the end of this same group, on the left, is a bowl-shaped piece 2¼ inches high and 4 inches in diameter, which was probably used originally as a "salt," though it now does duty as a sugar-basin in its present home. If a "salt" its dimensions are somewhat unusual, but nevertheless, Mr. Jackson is of opinion that it was made for that purpose.

As a proof of the association of pewter with religious rites, I have reproduced the old Flemish crucifix (No. 2), with its vessel for holding holy water, made about the year 1700.

The principal piece in the third illustration is a deep plate or porringer, valuable on account of both size and depth; it is 15 inches in diameter, and the marks prove conclusively that 1720 was the year of its manufacture, though it is but little the worse for the wear and tear of over a century and a-half. To the left of this is a decidedly graceful mustard-pot, 5 inches high and 2½ inches in diameter, every line and curve of which stamps it indelibly as belonging to the days of Good Queen Anne. Next comes a simple Georgian "salt," 2 inches high, and 2½ inches in diameter, while on the other side

* Concluded from page 316.

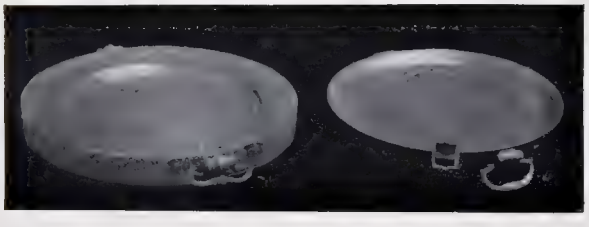


No. 3.—Deep Plate or "Porringer," Mustard Pot, "Salt," Pepper Box, and Elizabethan Measure.

of the group is a George the Third pepper caster (height 5½ inches, diameter 2¾ inches), the parent of a long line of descendants, in all of whom the "family likeness" may easily be traced. The crookedness of the last piece on the right side of the group may perhaps be pardoned when it is known that the days of Elizabeth saw it in use as a measure for spirit or liquid of some kind. It is 3¼ inches high, and 1¼ inches in diameter, and is, as far as I am aware, unique of its kind, its fellows having, most probably, found their way into the melting-pot.

I have intentionally placed the two hot-water plates, shown in No. 4, side by side, that they may be carefully compared with one another. The first is quite a familiar pattern, as such were in common use up to twenty or thirty years ago, but its companion, dating back to an earlier period, is much more rare an account of its gracefully shaped underpart and handles. It is a pity that the more modern manufacturers did not select this last as a model for perpetuation instead of the square-edged type.

In the concluding group of my last article there appeared a sauce-boat, and in No. 5, herewith, is illustrated the soup-tureen belonging to the same dinner-service as that of which it forms a part. The date is probably about 1830, a period during which the Applied Arts of this country could hardly be described as having "flourished"; it is oval in shape (height 6½ inches, length 12 inches, width 7 inches) and not altogether ungraceful, though the enrichment is of that class



No. 4.—Hot-water Plates, showing common and rare type.

inspired by the French rococo, with which we are all too well acquainted. However, it must be judged on its merits as an example of old English pewter, and as such is well worthy a place in any collection.

The first of the two jugs in No. 6 is not English; it comes from Belgium, and is representative of many used to this day in old Flemish and Dutch inns, some of almost identical form having a Delft body, with handle and lid of pewter. This is 8 inches high and 3¾ inches in diameter. The maker's name is "De Witte," and upon the side are stamped the letters "L.D.C.," with many other marks. The second is an old Leicestershire jug (height 9 inches, diameter 5½ inches), made about the year 1730; and it certainly compares favourably with its Continental fellow, though the lines of the handle strike one as being somewhat awkward.

No. 7 shows an old Dutch jug (height 6½ inches, diameter 5 inches), included because of its quaint shape, and a "College Pewter" from Magdalen College, Oxford, characteristic of those used in Hall for "long drinks." It has a glass bottom, and the arms of the college are incised upon the body, but is of



No. 5.—Oval Soup Tureen, English, date about 1830.

no special value, except as representative of the class to which it belongs. A form very similar, but marked by greater refinement, has frequently been adopted for "Racing Pots."

A special article might be devoted to candlesticks alone, such varieties does one meet with in them, but the four which appear in No. 9 are characteristic of the periods from which they date. The first is early Georgian, the second late eighteenth century, the third "Queen Anne," and the last early eighteenth century. The curious vessel occupying the central position in the group is unquestionably of great age, but it is difficult to assign a date to it; and, indeed, some uncertainty exists as to the use to which it was originally put. Whether it is an old lamp—which is possible—or a primitive oil-can, has not yet been decided.

One might search for long and fail to discover a fellow to the fine Cromwellian



No. 6.—Belgian Tankard and Lowestoftware Beer Jug



No. 7.—Dutch Jug and piece of "College Pewter."

piece reproduced in No. 8, now used by its owner as a cheese-dish, and regarded by him as one of his greatest treasures. That it is of exceptional rarity may be judged from the fact that, throughout their exhaustive search for old pewter, extending over so many years, neither Mr. Churcher nor Mr. Jackson has been able to find another like it. In the same group we have yet another form of jug—oval this time—and a couple of round spoons with straight handles; the "rat-tail" handle also is frequently met with in pewter spoons, but that is so well known as to render its illustration here unnecessary.



No. 8.—Cromwellian Cheese Dish, Oval Jug, and two straight-handled Spoons.

With this I must prepare to dismiss the subject, for the time being at all events, though the two collections have not been by any means exhausted. I must not, however, omit to mention one of the great triumphs of Messrs. Churcher and Jackson's labours—the acquisition of the old Staple Inn Dinner Service, consisting of over fifty pieces, each one of which is dated, and impressed with the mark of the woolsack tied at the four corners. This is a joint possession, and, moreover, one with which no offer, however alluring, would induce its owners to part

I have not yet said much about the question of marks, and really that phase of the subject is one that cannot possibly be dealt with adequately in the space remaining at my disposal; I must, therefore, touch upon it with great brevity. It is hardly necessary for me to remind readers of THE ART JOURNAL that, in the old days, pewter was taxed, so that every genuine antique piece bears the Excise stamp, a cross and crown. Then there were the marks designed in the interests of the Worshipful Company of Pewterers, closely related to those employed upon the silver of the same periods, while others still indicate the makers' names, years of manufacture, etc. To illustrate and comment upon all would occupy many pages, so that it is useless for me to attempt the task.

Of course, the evidence of a desire on the part of collectors to secure old pewter has had the inevitable result: not only are all manner of jugs, lamps, épergnes, and other articles in foreign pewter alluringly placed in dealers' windows to tempt the inexperienced and unwary, but the original old English moulds have been sought and found, and are now being taken advantage of by unscrupulous manufacturers for the production of plates and other things which are subsequently faked so cleverly as to deceive all but the most expert. Only a short while ago—but a few weeks, in fact—an order for replicas of an antique dinner service was given to, and rapidly executed by, a certain firm, though I do not suggest that in this case there was any suspicion of a desire to deceive; the fact is quoted simply to show what great care should be exercised in purchasing. As a final word to would-be collectors, Mr. Jackson's



No. 9.—Eighteenth-Century Candlesticks.

advice may be summed up briefly; he says that, of course, pewter, as pewter, has but small intrinsic worth, and, therefore, only those old pieces which differ from modern productions are to be regarded as of value. I cannot say much about current prices now, but, to indicate how greatly they vary, may mention that, recently, six 8-inch or 9-inch plates were sold by public auction for twenty-one guineas; two 5-inch plates, with arms, for twenty-three and thirty-five shillings respectively; while a 16-inch plate has "fetched" as much as five pounds.

And now, as I close these notes—all too fragmentary, I am aware—I can see the studio in which they have been made illuminated by candles and rushlights, an effective setting for a fine old Cromwellian table, laden with true old English fare on a complete service of this rare old pewter, and the hosts surrounded by a merry party of congenial spirits, among whom the faces of George C. Haité, Dudley Hardy, Robert Sauber, Frank Nott, and other well-known men are easily recognised. The picture, once seen, is not easily forgotten, and Messrs. Churcher and Jackson may well be proud that their years of collecting have been crowned by such delightful "Pewter Dinners."

R. DAVIS BENN.

INDUSTRIAL ART.

OF the many centres of Home Arts and Industries that have been started and carried on with great success, one of the oldest is that of the Southwold wood-carving class, which has annually displayed its work at the Albert Hall Exhibition, and which has there gained much distinction and praise by the high standard of excellence attained in its work. Like most of these industries, it was first begun on a very small scale, and the boys met for work in a room over a stable; but in 1894 Mr. Arthur Flower built the present picturesque black-and-white timbered house, with its quaint but handsome wrought-iron sign bearing the inscription "School of Industrial Art," which at once attracts the attention of any stranger visiting Southwold.

The school is now managed by Mr. Voisey, who himself draws most of the designs and teaches the classes on winter evenings. The classes are principally composed of fisher and other lads, who have not yet learnt any special trade; but men are also allowed to come and work when it is too rough for them to go fishing, that being the almost universal occupation of the inhabitants of the place. The boys number about fifty, and take keen interest in their work, and many of them show distinct talent. Mr. Voisey always encourages them to draw their own designs, holding that, when possible, a craftsman should know his craft from the very beginning. They are paid for all their work as soon as it is finished, and when they begin to learn tools are lent to them, until they have earned enough money to enable them to buy their own.



The Southwold School of Industrial Art.

A cabinet-maker is engaged to teach them how to make up their work, so that the more advanced ones can begin and completely finish each article. But besides earning money, the boys are interested in making things for their own homes, and always take pride in making and carving the frames for the certificates of merit that they have gained; and one dares to hope that the better style of ornament thus imported into their cottages may in time oust the bead mats, shell boxes, and artificial flowers that have so long reigned there supreme.

In the hall of the Swan Hotel, at Southwold, stands a handsome oak settle, which was carved at the school last spring. The design is the conventional vine, and the back of the settle is divided into panels, each of which is carved; two brackets for papers have also been carved to match this settle, and the whole is specially appropriate to the pretty old-fashioned style of the hotel. The vine seems one of their most frequently selected and successful designs, together with the Celtic ones, which also seem to find much favour with them.

I greatly admired a billet-chest with a Celtic design of dragons in front, having on the sides an intricate strap pattern; some of the conventional designs were also very good. Many smaller things were on view at the school, such as photograph brackets, carved bellows with long handles, both corner and straight cupboards, and a variety of different-sized caskets and tea-tables, the tops of the latter being only incised; these were arranged in the first or large hall,

where some of the boys were engaged in carving, and it was pleasant to see the lads' intentness in their work and to watch how deftly the design grew under the apparently rough fingers. The school does not only confine itself to teaching wood-carving, but also endeavours to train and educate the boys belonging to it, opening out to them wider horizons and giving them glimpses of the larger life and work going on around them.

A library is attached and also a savings bank, in which during the last eighteen months £100 have been deposited. Outdoor sports are also encouraged, there being a football team as well as a cricket club, and, though perhaps at the present day there is not much need of the warning, yet other countries are so waking up to the necessity of athletics in a nation's training that it is well we should continue to instruct the rising generation in our time-honoured games, lest the day should come when foreigners should beat us in our playing fields too. A piano has been presented to the school by Mrs. Flower, which gives the boys great pleasure, and they annually give a concert, in which all join, the dressing-up and blacking of faces for the comic songs being a great attraction. Mr. Voisey hopes before long to be able to start a club where the lads can have recreation and games, and surely, with such good provision for both work and play, Southwold ought to form a happy little colony of art craftsmen, and we shall expect to hear of its not only continuing its successes, but of meriting them even better than in past days.



Oak Settle in the Swan Hotel, Southwold.
(Southwold School of Industrial Art.)

Anyone who has remarked the great influence for good that the establishment of Essex House has exerted on the public taste will be glad to welcome any fresh effort in a similar direction. This has been done by a guild just formed under the name of the Guild of Art Craftsmen, which embraces, as its name implies, every species of artistic handicraft executed by the members of the guild, who are all craftsmen as well as the actual designers and modellers of their various works. The first exhibition, recently held, presented some very interesting specimens in furniture, silverware and jewellery. My attention was first drawn to an effective oak fireplace, which was further interesting as being the joint work of all the members of the guild. It had copper sides, and there were also medallions let in, and a long panel of copper, which was plated, but giving the appearance of dull silver, representing knights on horseback, in mediæval costume, with the words, "The road to the tourney." On either side of this was a wooden column, with carved capital, to support an iron and coloured-glass lamp for electric light. Some good designs for electric lighting were exhibited by Onslow Whiting, who has given much attention to this branch of work.



Carved Oak Chair.
(Southwold School of Industrial Art.)

A graceful copper figure was holding a festoon of small crystal balls, the first and largest one being of glass, to contain the light. The figure itself was bronzed, and had a background of mother-of-pearl, which looked remarkably well, the mother-of-pearl harmonizing most happily with the crystal balls.

Onslow Whiting was still further represented by a copper-plated door-plate with Medusa's head, and a small goblet of silver and bronze, as well as by a letter-box in copper and steel. Two well-designed leaded stained-glass windows were the work of B. Nelson. An oak writing-table, with iron ornamentation, by G. M. Ellwood, was a solid and satisfactory piece of work, and a small oak table, inlaid with design of copper, which the same artist exhibited, presented a simple and pleasing idea. A silver belt, with carved and stained ivory medallions, was by R. Garbe, as well as a large carved ivory paper-knife, and a pretty spoon, the bowl of mother-of-pearl, and the handle of which was of worked silver. Some well-hammered work was shown by W. A. Steward in two large chalices.



Carved Oak Chest.
(Southwold School of Industrial Art.)

During September the Cumberland and Westmoreland Society of Arts and Crafts held their third annual exhibition of members' work. The pottery section was well represented by the Kirkby Lonsdale class, and there were some good samples of linen and silk weaving from Windermere.

Sir T. D. Gibson Carmichael has recently lent his very valuable collection of Goldsmiths' Work and Jewellery for exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The most important works of Art in the collection are a gold shrine, probably of Flemish or Burgundian work of the fifteenth century; a fine gold pomander, decorated with enamelled work; a very rare gold hat-ornament, probably made at Venice in the fifteenth century, and a magnificent gold pendant in the style of Benvenuto Cellini, composed of elaborate openwork scrolls set with pearls, rubies, emeralds, and a diamond. The case containing this collection is in the South Court.

E. F. V.

PASSING EVENTS.

GLASGOW has been making extensive preparations, as is well known, for a great International Exhibition in 1901, and the prospectus recently issued shows earnest of the affair being in every way a memorable gathering. When the Exhibition opens in May, 1901, the magnificent new buildings in course of erection at the present time will be devoted to a display illustrating Art in its widest sense. It is urged that the beginning of the twentieth century will afford an appropriate occasion for reviewing the Art of the preceding hundred years, and it has accordingly been determined that loans of pictorial works shall be formed to illustrate the progress during the nineteenth century. The famous Bishop's Castle display of 1888, especially relating to Scottish Art, will be extended and improved. With regard to the new buildings, it may be stated that the galleries, twelve in number, average a hundred feet in length and twenty-eight feet in width. Her Majesty the Queen has promised to lend works from the Royal Collections, and the despatch of loans will begin on February 1st, 1901. It may be useful to add that the Exhibition offices are at 270, Sauchiehall Street.

ONE of the earliest donations to the new Bristol Gallery, to be erected by the munificence of Sir W. Wills, will be a collection of works painted by Bristol artists and members of the Society of Fine Arts in that city. This excellent idea emanated from a desire to commemorate the national rejoicings in 1897, and quite recently Her Majesty has expressed her satisfaction at this loyal and practical proposition.

NOTWITHSTANDING the increase of accommodation which is being undertaken at the Tate Gallery at the expense of the generous founder, fears are being expressed that when the new building is completed, little time will elapse before it is again inadequate. For this reason the Government authorities are being urged to provide for this contingency, and to acquire sufficient land for future extensions. Numbers of Londoners have not yet availed themselves of the privilege of a visit to the fine Galleries at Millbank. At present the building seems too much out of the way. Why not establish a Tate Pier as a landing-place from the river, which is really the most convenient approach? Perhaps the Thames Conservancy might see their way to this.

HARDLY a month passes by when some new honour is not being awarded to Professor Herkomer. He can now add the Prussian Order "Pour le Mérite" to his other distinctions. Along with Sir Alma Tadema he possesses this, and these two with Sir Edward Poynter are the only Associates of the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

MR. COLIN HUNTER has been long associated in his art with the Island of Mull. Very appropriately he has offered to design a beacon light to be erected there as a memorial to his great friend William Black. Nearly £600 has been subscribed to further this excellent scheme.

ON returning to Adelaide Mr. H. P. Gill reported on his recent mission to Europe and his expenditure of upwards of £8,600 on works of Art by means of the Elder Bequest. In addition to purchases of water-colours and black-and-white drawings, nineteen works in oils by British artists were bought. These include examples by Edward Stott, Byam Shaw, H. H. La Thangue, George Harcourt, Chevallier Tayler, David Farquharson and Douglas Robinson.

BIRMINGHAM'S enterprise in art work has again to be applauded. Mr. Kenrick, M.P., was the Chairman of a Committee which was energetic enough to secure for public exhibition twelve oils and fifty-eight drawings, which were on loan recently at the Guildhall Exhibition of Turner's works. Mr. Whitworth Wallis' twenty-eight-page catalogue, sold at a penny, shows how well and cheaply such matters can be arranged if necessary.

WE regret to have to record the death, at Aldeburgh, of Mr. Andrew William M'Kay, at the age of seventy-eight. The deceased was for many years head of the well-known firm, P. and D. Colnaghi, of Pall Mall East, and was an eminent authority on all kinds of Prints.



Il Saluto di Beatrice.
From a Drawing by D. G. Rossetti.

In the Collection of George Rae, Esq.

THE SALUTATIONS OF BEATRICE:

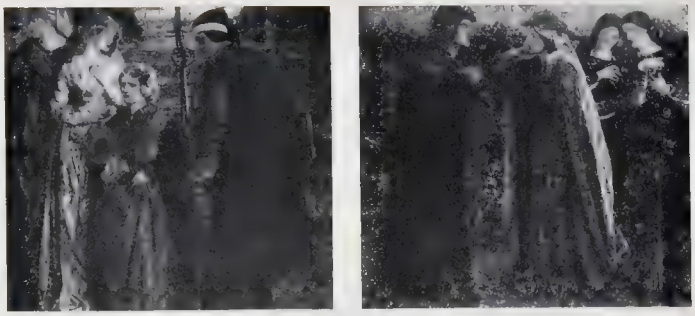
AS TREATED PICTORIALLY BY D. G. ROSSETTI.

HAVING been invited by the Editor of THE ART JOURNAL to contribute a few notes on some point arising out of my work on Rossetti, I choose the subject of Beatrice Portinari, in the "Vita Nuova," one which from earliest manhood to the close of his life had a special charm for Rossetti, and one which he painted or drew in many different ways. To the casual reader of a book on Rossetti's work the various designs entitled 'Salutation of Beatrice' will appear confusing, especially without a clear knowledge of the incidents depicted. There are three separate passages in the "Vita Nuova" dealing with the aforesaid salutation, which was, says Dante, "of such surpassing virtue to him, that when his lady appeared in any place it seemed, by the hope thereof, that no man any longer was his enemy." In the first of these passages, Dante describes how, on a certain day, "the same wonderful lady appeared to me dressed all in pure white, between two gentle ladies elder than she. And passing through a street she turned her eyes thither where I stood sorely abashed; and by her unspeakable courtesy she saluted me with so virtuous a bearing that I seemed then and there to behold the very limits of blessedness." On the second occasion, being taken by a friend to a wedding, he is seized with sudden faintness and premonitions of impending ill, which are fulfilled by his presently espying among the ladies present Beatrice, who, with her companions, whispers and mocks at his distraught appearance, so that he loses the power of speech, and suffers such agony as will scarcely permit him to live.* The third passage I have referred to describes how Beatrice "came at last into such favour with all men that when she passed anywhere folk ran to behold her; and when she drew near unto any, so much truth and simpleness entered into his heart that he dared neither to lift his



Design for Panel, Dantis Amor, 1859.
From a Drawing by D. G. Rossetti.

* Rossetti, in his translation of the "Vita Nuova," suggests that this wedding may have been that of Beatrice herself. It is known that she was married in her twenty-first year to Simone de' Bardi, and although Dante nowhere in the course of the "Vita Nuova" alludes to this fact, his extraordinary emotion on the occasion above mentioned may perhaps be explained by it.



The Salutation of Beatrice, in Florence and in Paradise. Two Panels. By D. G. Rossetti.
Now in the Collection of F. J. Tennant, Esq.

eyes nor to return her salutation. . . . And when she had gone by it was said of many, 'This is not a woman, but one of the beautiful angels of Heaven.'"

Rossetti has painted all three episodes here described, and the following notes, combined with the illustrations, will serve to distinguish clearly between the different versions.

The earliest form in which the subject appears is the pen-and-ink drawing entitled '*Il Saluto di Beatrice*,' in the possession of Mr. George Rae, of Birkenhead. Mr. Rae, who has a very strong objection to his pictures being reproduced, has most kindly given me an exceptional permission to reprint this drawing from my book, in which it figures for the first time. The drawing is in the form of a diptych, with a mystical figure of Love between the two compartments. The compartment to the spectator's left represents the first incident narrated above, in which Beatrice, accompanied by two elder ladies, vouchsafes her salutation to Dante. The scene is in a portico or cloister, with an open doorway, at which Dante is standing. He holds a volume of Virgil in his hand. His attitude, with one arm put out to support himself, denotes the confusion caused by the sweet glance bestowed on him by his lady, who is walking past, with her arms linked in those of her two companions. One of the latter is holding out a handkerchief, to be sprinkled with scent by a pageboy following behind. Through the doorway at which Dante is standing we catch a glimpse of frescoed walls, and at his feet is a sculptured slab bearing the effigy of a mounted knight. This portion of the drawing is dated 1849 (when Rossetti was twenty-one years old) and bears the legend beneath: "*E cui saluta, fa tremar lo core.*" As a pendant to this meeting in Florence, Rossetti drew an incident which, in his mystical mind, he conceived to be associated with it, viz., the meeting of Dante and the spirit of Beatrice in Paradise. This is taken from the "Purgatorio," Canto XXX, where Beatrice, advancing towards the poet, lifts her veil and declaims the lines "*Guardami ben; ben son, ben son Beatrice*," etc.: "Behold me well; I am, I am in sooth Beatrice." She is followed by two maidens, with long flowing hair, playing instruments of music, and in the background, behind a bed of tall lilies, an angel is seen flying across the plains of Heaven. This compartment is dated a year after the other one.

In 1859, just a decade later, Rossetti painted the same pair of subjects in oil as panels for a cabinet in the house which William Morris had built for himself at Upton. For three years previously, after leaving Oxford, Morris and Burne-Jones had been settled in rooms at No. 17, Red Lion Square, where Rossetti had once shared a studio with Walter Deverell. They were "the quaintest rooms in all London," Burne-Jones wrote to a friend, "hung with brasses of old knights and drawings of Albert Dürer," and great difficulty was experienced in furnishing them suitably. At last Morris set his own versatile mind to work and began to design furniture: "intensely mediæval," was Rossetti's description of it, "tables and chairs like incubi and succubi." Out of these experiments in furniture-designing eventually sprang the Morris firm of "decorators and upholders," which may be said to have revolutionised artistic taste in England. With each fresh triumph of the cabinet-maker's art the enthusiasm grew, and by the time that Morris started to build the Red House, which was to eclipse all the beauties of the earth, it had assumed the form of painting pictures upon walls, panels, and every available space that lent itself to decoration. The Dante and Beatrice panels painted by Rossetti are totally different in treatment from the early pen-and-ink designs just described. The scene in Florence represents a flight of steps, up which Dante is ascending on one side while Beatrice and her companions are descending on the other. A balustrade separates them, and as they pass the eyes of Dante and Beatrice are fixed upon one another. Both in this and in the Paradise scene the grouping of the figures is reversed from what it was in the original design.

The image of Love separating the two compartments is generally known by the title *Dantis Amor*. In the early drawing it consists of a simply-draped figure, with wings crossed behind, bearing in one hand a sun-dial, and in the other a down-turned torch. Immediately over the head is the mystical date of the death of Beatrice, "*9 Giugno 1290*," and above, the legend "*Ita n' è Beatrice in alto cielo.*" Below are the words "*Ed ha lasciato Amor meco dolente.*" In the paintings of 1859 this figure had a separate panel assigned to it between the other two, and a pen-and-ink study was made for it. Love here is a slightly more glorified conception, with the sun-dial held vertically so as to show the date. The background is divided diagonally into day and night, the upper corner containing a sun with the face of Christ, and the lower corner, a moon with the face of Beatrice.



Dantis Amor. By D. G. Rossetti. Designed c. 1866 to go between the framed panels.



Beatrice denying her Salutation.
From the Water-colour in the possession of H. T. Wells, Esq., R.A. *By D. G. Rossetti.*

Across the dividing line are the words "*L'Amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle*," and both the sun and the moon have inscriptions of an appropriate character. The after history of these panels is rather complicated, and has never been accurately told. When William Morris, under stress of necessity, gave up the Red House in 1865, and came to London in order to supervise his new firm more effectually, they were removed from the cabinet to which they belonged, and sold. Rossetti resumed possession of the centre-piece, the *Dantis Amor*, and kept it for a considerable time in his studio, with the intention of carrying out certain alterations. Finally it was bought in its original condition by Mr. Gambart, the picture-dealer, who is believed to have it still. The pen-and-ink study for it has passed into the hands of Mr. Fairfax Murray and is reproduced here. The other two panels, representing the salutation of Beatrice in Florence and in Eden, were framed together, and bought by Sir Frederick Burton, the late Director of the National Gallery, who shortly afterwards parted with them to Mr. Leathart, one of Rossetti's earliest patrons and a fine judge of pictures. Either then or previously, a third figure of *Dantis Amor* was designed and painted on the mount between the panels. This was a much simpler conception than the last, representing merely the figure of Love, with the accessories, in a narrow upright oval. Mr. Murray has also the rough pen-and-ink drawing for this. After Mr. Leathart's death, recently, when a number of his pictures were sold, the framed panels passed into the hands of Mr. F. J. Tennant, of North Berwick.

I have given this history somewhat in detail because many writers have made it appear that the Leathart diptych and the Morris panels were distinct versions of different dates, whilst the relationship of the oil *Dantis Amor* to the other panels has never been mentioned at all.

There are various replicas extant, both of the double design and of the Meeting in Paradise; none, so far as I am aware, of the Meeting in Florence. The first of these, a water-colour representing the one compartment only, was painted for Mr. G. P. Boyce in 1852, and given by him to Mr. Philip Webb. It is generally known by the inscription: "*Guardami ben; ben son, ben son Beatrice.*" Another, also a water-colour, was painted for Mr. William Graham in 1864, and a few years since was sold through Messrs. Agnew to a gentleman in Manchester, under the title 'Beatrice in Paradise.' A water-colour replica of the double picture was done in the same year as the last for Lady Ashburton; and being referred to in some letter as a "double Dante," has been handed down under that title in Mr. W. M. Rossetti's list of his brother's works.

The meeting of Dante and Beatrice in Paradise figures once more in Rossetti's work, this time as a predella to the replica of 'Beata Beatrix,' which was painted for Mr. William Graham in 1872. The picture is now in Chicago; but a pencil study for the predella, dated 1872, exists, and has recently come into the possession of Mr. Russell Rea. This bears the initials "D.G.R. to G.G.H.," having been given to George Gordon Hake, son of Dr. Hake, who was for some time the secretary of Rossetti. In the opposite corner it is inscribed, "*Guardami ben; ben son, ben son Beatrice.*" The actual predella, I understand, has a different inscription: "*Veni, Sponsa, de Libano,*" and the date of Beatrice's death. The composition, it will be seen, is quite different, both from that of Mr. Rae's drawing and of the Red House panel.



Predella for Beata Beatrix (1872).
From the Study in the possession of Russell Rea, Esq.

There is little more to say about this first subject, except

that when Rossetti went down to Sevenoaks in 1850, with Mr. Holman Hunt, to study natural scenery in Knole Park, it was the design of the 'Meeting in Paradise' (in Mr. Rae's drawing), according to Mr. F. G. Stephens, that he proposed to paint. The adaptation of pre-Raphaelite principles to practice in this way, however, did not prove a success, and Rossetti abandoned the picture he had intended. Twenty-two years afterwards, being in want of a subject, and finding this old discarded background, he worked into it a very charming group of female figures dancing and playing instruments, and called it 'The Bower Meadow.'

The second incident of the three quoted above, that of 'Beatrice at the Wedding Feast denying her Salutation to Dante,' may have been executed at about the same time as the pen-and-ink design in the possession of Mr. Rae. It is a water-colour, and is usually attributed to 1849. In this Dante is seen leaning, overcome with faintness, against a frescoed wall, with his friend grasping his arm. A procession of young girls, crowned with wreaths of flowers and dressed in vivid greens and blues (a contrast which Rossetti practically invented) is passing by, and in the centre, lending colour to Rossetti's suggestion that she was the principal figure, is Beatrice, looking haughtily towards the poet in the foreground. On the left is a vineyard, with women working in it, and some of the wedding guests are leaning over the wall asking for grapes. Beatrice is a portrait of Miss Siddal. Whether or not this water-colour was painted as early as 1849, it was certainly in existence by 1852, in which year a friend of Rossetti's, Thomas Seddon the artist, brought it, together with an equally fine one of 'Dante painting Giotto's Portrait,' to show to Mr. H. T. Wells, the present Academician. As Rossetti was hard up and wanted to sell them, Mr. Wells bought the 'Beatrice' and Mr. Seddon took the other. They paid about £10 apiece. The 'Giotto' has recently been sold for more than sixty times that amount.

In 1855 Rossetti got the 'Beatrice' drawing back from Mr. Wells, in order to make a copy for Mr. Ruskin, who at this time had commissioned him almost *carte blanche*.



The Salutation of Beatrice. By D. G. Rossetti.
From the Collection of Sir J. C. Holder.

In the little volume published by George Allen, and entitled "Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism," there are frequent references to this drawing, culminating in the following interesting passages from Ruskin's letters to Rossetti:—

(I.) I have sent your 'Beatrice' to-day to somebody who will like to look at it: it will be brought to you on Monday. Please put a dab of Chinese white into the hole in the cheek, and paint it over. People will say that Beatrice has been giving the other bridesmaids a "predestinate scratched face." Also a white-faced bridesmaid behind is very ugly to look at—like a skull or body in corruption. Also please ask Hunt about young fool who wants grapes, and his colour of sleeve. Then—I will tell you where the drawing is to be sent next to be lectured upon, and am affectionately yours . . . . .

(II.) Dear Rossetti, — I suppose the girl who let me in was up to telling you what I had said, and to showing you what I had done. I had told her to tell you that I was in such a passion that I was like to tear everything in the room to pieces at your daubing over the head in that picture; and that it was no use to me until you had painted it in again. . . . How you could think I could care to look at it in that mess, I can't think. *Before*, the whole thing was explained—there was only a white respirator before the mouth. You have deprived me of a great pleasure by your absurdity. I never, so long as I live, will trust you to do anything again out of my sight.

The replica which was thus doctored, and which caused its owner such an outburst of indignation, was parted with later to an old friend of Mr. Ruskin's and Rossetti's, Professor Norton, of Harvard, who still has it. Professor Norton has recently sent me a photograph of it, which shows that in all essentials it is an exact duplicate of Mr. Wells's earlier picture reproduced here. In Mr. Allen's book, just mentioned, the original picture is reproduced to illustrate the above-quoted letters, without any reference to show that it was not the one that was altered in the manner complained of.

The third episode, classed under the title "The Salutation of Beatrice," was not painted until near the close of Rossetti's life. In fact it was left incomplete, and finished off as regards a portion of the background by another hand. It was commissioned by the late Mr. Frederick Leyland, and after his death passed into the hands of Sir J. C. Holder, who lent it to the winter

exhibition of the New Gallery in 1897-8. It belongs to Rossetti's worst period, when his health had broken down finally and he was troubled, besides, by bad eyesight. Along with the large picture Rossetti painted a smaller one, of the same subject, which had reached a similar state of completion at his death. As Mr. Leyland objected to replicas being made of his pictures, he took possession of this as well, and for a time held both. I do not know what has become of the smaller version. The subject represents Beatrice walking in a street of old Florence—photographs of Florentine and Sienese buildings were used for the background—whilst at a little distance, up some steps, is seen Dante, seated on a well, and overshadowed by the protecting wings of a crimson figure of Love. Beatrice carries a missal in her hand, and wears an expression of saintly humility, such as is expressed in the prose passage already quoted from the "Vita Nuova," and in the sonnet which follows it, beginning: -

> My Lady looks so gentle and so pure
> When yielding salutation by the way,
> That the tongue trembles and has nought to say,
> And the eyes, which fain would see, may not endure.
> And still, amid the praise she hears secure,
> She walks with humbleness for her array.

Flowers spring up on either side of her path, symbolising the sweet influence that she dispels around her.

At a considerably earlier date Rossetti painted a water-colour head and shoulders which he apparently intended as a study for this subject. It was sold among the pictures of the late Mr. John Bibby, quite recently, and was described in the sale catalogue as "A Lady in blue dress, her hands folded in front of her; green branch behind her on which is a scroll and Italian inscription." The inscription in question was the sonnet quoted above, in the original, which begins: "Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare." This, it will be seen, is entirely different in treatment from the Leyland picture. For the latter various studies exist, especially of the head, which Rossetti tried from two different sitters before he could make up his mind which to choose. One of these heads has been published as a supplement in some magazine. There is also a study of 'Love and Dante at the Well,' which belongs to Colonel Gillum.

To the best of my knowledge this exhausts the pictures and drawings which are to be found in books on Rossetti classed under the title "The Salutation of Beatrice," sometimes without regard to the fact of their being widely different. It does not, of course, exhaust the subjects which Rossetti drew or painted from the "Vita Nuova." These include: 'Dante drawing an Angel on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death,' 'Beata Beatrix,' 'Dante's Dream,' and 'The Lady of Pity,' generally known as 'La Donna della Finestra.' On all of these a good deal might be said, but nothing that would be relevant to the particular subject here dealt with.

H. C. MARILLIER.



The Salutation of Beatrice. By D. G. Rossetti.
From the Water-colour now in the possession of J. Dixon, Esq.

THE GENIUS OF APPRECIATION.

EMERSON once wrote of a firm of publishers that they had done for literature what railways have done for commerce. Generous acknowledgments of the services rendered by the sound judgment, high ideals, and courageous enterprise of many of our best publishers are not by any means too frequent, though in this respect the book-publisher is at present undoubtedly better treated than the publisher of prints. We question whether the public, or even most artists, have any conception of the rare qualities of discrimination and pluck that go to make the ideal print-publisher. The public—especially a commercial one such as ours—regards both book and print publisher, for the most part, simply as people engaged in a money-making business, and possibly, knowing well enough the ordinary principles of modern commerce, imagine that it is wholly conducted upon the lines with which they are familiar.

We are ready to accept the disinterestedness of the artist and author, to believe it possible that they paint or write because they have something they must express without thought of the reward that their work may bring; but we are not so ready to admit that a publisher can also conceive for himself a lofty mission, and follow it with single purpose, and be ready to make sacrifices and to take risks for it. The genius of original appreciation is as valuable and important in its way as the genius of original creation. One can even go so far as to say that it is, on the whole, the rarer of the two; and it is certain that it is one of those good things of which one can never have too much, seeing that there are few of life's interests in which opinion so sheepishly follows its leaders as in questions of art. The public is too prone to look upon the publisher, however lofty his aim or high his principle, as a mere man of business; while it ignores the fact that the artist and author, how-

ever sincerely disinterested their work, do, after all, accept and receive without apparent unwillingness such financial reward as it brings to them.

It would be easy to cite instances in the world of books, of publishers who possess and delight in the exercise of that rare genius of judgment that can discern merit while it is still obscure, and who have been ready to make heavy sacrifices to back their belief in what they know to be good; but it is not our present purpose. Not very long ago a well-known publisher told the writer that some of the books which he was the proudest to have published represented financially heavy and permanent loss. But the print publisher, with whom we are here concerned, has to rely even more upon his belief in the soundness of his own judgment than the publisher of books. The latter, more often than not, makes the unknown and untried author bear, or at least share, the cost of his first publication. The art publisher, on the other hand, has to select and purchase outright the artistic copyright of the works he proposes to issue, and to commission the engravers to reproduce the same — all at his sole risk and charge.

Thus, in the production of a single plate, which the public may purchase for a guinea or two, several thousands of pounds may be, and often are, involved; and, until the total expenditure has been incurred, and the work issued, the publisher has no means of gauging —save by his judgment—whether or not the speculation will be a total loss. This is serious enough, but more remains behind. Having produced his plate, he has next to *create* a market for it. He knows it is good, and has backed his opinion with substantial stakes; he has now to convince others, to submit the venture to the rough-and-tumble criticism of the world in general. Thus out of his anxieties and difficulties he will carve his triumphs —unless he has mistaken his vocation. He will bring the world to see the beauties that he has discovered, and will render saleable that which he would not have offered if he had not thought it worth buying.

These remarks apply to the careers of all art publishers who have really led and formed opinion, and to none more so than to that of Mr. Arthur Lucas, whose portrait, by Mr. Caswall Smith, we reproduce herewith. It would indeed be difficult to find a man whose early environment was better calculated to fit him for the profession he elected to pursue. Artistic discrimination was born in him, and his early associations with art were singularly fortunate. The son of John Lucas, the well-known portrait-painter, to whom sat nearly all the leading men of the earlier part of the reign, such as the Prince Consort, the Duke of Wellington, the two Stephensons, of railway fame, and many others, Mr. Arthur Lucas was born in St. John's Wood, in the next house to that of Sir Edwin Landseer, his father's life-long friend, who, by the way, was the first artist to build a studio in St. John's Wood. It may be readily imagined that, with such parentage and early art associations, he would approach his vocation with higher ideals than that of solely making money; and to-day he has the satisfaction of being able to look back upon good work done for the cause of art; valuable and highly important engravings, created on his initiative, by which the world is richer; recognition and encouragement extended at the right time to artists who were in need of them; and fine service rendered to the artist by the establishment of the great principle of "copyright value."



The Question. By Marcus Stone, R.A.
From the Mezzotint Plate engraved by Norman Hurst and published by Mr. Arthur Lucas.

No publisher has done more than Mr. Lucas for the practical revival of the beautiful and essentially British art of mezzotint. Commencing business just prior to the close of the career of Samuel Cousins, R.A., he found the younger men somewhat overshadowed—if not discouraged—by the commanding position of that famous mezzotinter. With equal generosity and foresight, he realised that the best talent was only to be attracted to the profession by the hope of liberal reward, and this he provided by increasing the fees to engravers. There is scarcely one of our best engravers who has not received substantial recognition and encouragement at his hands. He commissioned from Mr. Gerald Robinson what is probably the finest mezzotint of the half-century, 'The Passing of Arthur,' after Frank Dicksee, R.A. Mr. Robert S. Clouston produced for him several masterly

reproductions after Reynolds and Gainsborough. Nor has this encouragement been confined to the mezzotinters; both line-engravers and etchers have shared Mr. Lucas's attention. The important plates after John MacWhirter, R.A., executed by Edward Brandard, Arthur Willmore, and John Saddler, mark probably the end of the great school of landscape line-engravers

pense previously obtained for their work will be understood when we say that it has been his good fortune, as a publisher, to be the first to invest with copyright value the works of Lord Leighton (long before he was President of the R.A.), Briton Riviere, Sir William Richmond, Edwin Long, John MacWhirter, Marcus Stone, John Pettie, Seymour Lucas, and Arthur Hacker,



The Armada is in Sight! "There's time to win this game and thrash the Spaniards too."
From the large Plate engraved by Paul Girardet and published by Mr. Arthur Lucas. *By Seymour Lucas, R.A.*

created by Turner. Of figure subjects engraved in line, mention must be made of 'Thisbe,' after Edwin Long, R.A., by Mons. G. Bertinot, Membre de l'Institut, and 'The Armada in Sight' (here reproduced), by Paul Girardet, two "magisterial" works such as the coming century is unlikely to see produced.

Again, amongst the etchers, David Law could tell how much gratified he was—whilst quietly pursuing his art in Scotland, prior to the recognition of his great ability—to receive, unsought, from Mr. Lucas, his first really important commission: to etch, at the fine fee of eight hundred guineas, the grand pair of sea-pieces illustrative of England's triumph over the Spanish Armada. Monsieur E. Gaujean, one of the very greatest of French figure-etchers, owes to Mr. Lucas his first English commission; while Mons. A. Brunet-Debaines' latest masterpiece, 'A Corner of Old England,' of which we are permitted to give a reproduction, is due to the same discriminating initiative.

One of the most important services rendered to artists during the last thirty years has been the recognition of the value of the copyright of a picture, apart from the canvas itself. What has been Mr. Lucas's share in winning for artists this substantial addition to the recom-

amongst members of the R.A.; and amongst "outsiders," Herbert Schmalz, Heywood Hardy, Sir Oswald Brierley, Cecil Lawson, and many another.

We publish with this number a plate of the picture 'Moretta,' after Lord Leighton, the first of his pictures to be engraved. No better illustration of the difficulties and anxieties which specially belong to the business of art-publisher could be given than the following account of Mr. Lucas's experiences in connection with this plate. The picture was hung in the Academy of 1875, at which time Leighton was comparatively unknown. Struck with its beauty and the refinement with which it was treated, Mr. Lucas at once decided to reproduce it if he could secure adequate translation. Having arranged with Samuel Cousins to undertake it if matters could be arranged with Leighton, he next approached the painter. Leighton, naturally pleased at the prospect of his work being worthily engraved, put Mr. Lucas into communication with the purchaser, a northern banker, to whom it had been sold without reservation as to copyright. Artists manage these things differently now! Terms were speedily arranged, the fee paid for the copyright going into the pocket of the banker. Upon the production of the plate, on which he had expended

seven hundred and fifty pounds, Mr. Lucas personally "subscribed" the London "trade," with the result that his total orders amounted to thirty guineas' worth. Disappointed, but not disheartened, he set off for the provinces. At Manchester he saw Mr. (now Sir) William Agnew, who, with that quiet perception characteristic of him, ordered without hesitation six dozen artists' proofs. Within six weeks of the first issue the proof edition was exhausted; within six months copies were selling at three times their publication price, and the copyright value of Leighton's works was established.

One of the causes of the respect with which Mr. Lucas is regarded lies in the fact that he has never touched any works that do not possess permanent and serious artistic value. He has always avoided the ephemeral and the frivolous. The stimulation of a legitimate and worthy patriotism by the production of works illustrating our "Island Story"—as in the set of three plates showing the Setting Out, the Reception, and the Defeat of the Spanish Armada—has also been one of his aims. The centre picture of this "Armada Set" is the work of his cousin, Seymour Lucas, R.A. It is interesting, as showing how the artistic instinct runs in families, to note that this painter received his earliest encouragement and art training at the hands and in the studio of John Lucas. We may add that Mr. Lucas has sought to get this set of Armada pictures on to the walls of as many schools as possible throughout the country, by supplying them upon exceptional terms, provided the three are hung together.



Mr. Arthur Lucas.
From a photograph by Caswall Smith.

In conclusion, we should add that Mr. Lucas has been an active member of the Council of the Printsellers' Association for twenty-six years, and was appointed nominated member of Council to the London Chamber of Commerce. He has also devoted much time to the question of the laws of copyright, giving evidence last year before the House of Lords Committee as the mouthpiece of the British Art Publishers.

H. W. BROMHEAD.



A Corner of Old England.
By C. E. Johnson.

From the large Plate etched by A. Brunet-Debaines and published by Mr. Arthur Lucas.



Remains of Druidical Circle at Croft Moraig.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

ABERFELDY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.*

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.Scot.

THE road from Kenmore to Aberfeldy is one of the most beautiful in the kingdom. It is one continuous avenue all the way, with birches, sycamores, and oak-trees interlacing their branches overhead, casting down doubles of their leaves upon the white ground, and creating a cool, delicious shade in the summer heat. Openings in the dense foliage occur at wide intervals, through which glimpses may be obtained of the surrounding scenery. But they are usually most tantalising, for they frame, within very narrow limits, pictures of river, valley, and hill, which suggest much more than they reveal, and make the spectator long to see them fully disclosed from the open. The ever-varying beauty of the trees along the road is itself, however, a compensation, and satisfies the eye whose range it confines.

* Continued from page 266.



The Lower Falls of Moness, Aberfeldy.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

About two miles eastward from Kenmore there is, close to the road on the upper side, one of the most interesting megalithic monuments on the mainland of Scotland. It is not nearly so large as the Stennis or Callernish circles, but it is complete; nearly all the huge stones being upright and in their original position. It occupies an artificial mound, and consists of three concentric circles. The largest stones are in the inner circle, and the smallest on the outside, forming a kind of boundary wall more than sixty yards in circumference. They range in height from four to nine feet. All the stones, which are of granite, schist, dolerite, and chlorite slate, are smoothed and rounded, bearing distinct evidence of having been transported by glacier action, and deposited at the place where they were erected. A huge lichen-covered recumbent block in the innermost

circle is usually pointed out as the altar on which sacrifices were offered to the sun. But the altars of Baal, like the great altars of ancient Greece, always stood outside the temples, which must not be polluted by the shedding of blood. And accordingly, a few feet beyond the outermost circle of this temple, is a long, rough slab, lying level on the green-sward, with a number of cup-hollows excavated in it, in which libations used to be poured. This, and not the recumbent stone in the centre, which had evidently fallen from its original upright position as a member of the circle, must have been the altar stone of the pre-historic shrine; and a long low mound of loose stones close beside it, half covered over with turf and effaced, which looks like a sepulchral cairn, would, in all likelihood, have something to do with the mysterious rites carried on in the spot.

The effect produced by the sight of this hoary circle of huge monoliths, each casting a well-defined shadow of itself on the sward, with wide open parks stretching around, and half-veiled from the road by umbrageous trees, is exceedingly impressive. It gives to the whole scene the sentiment of vast antiquity. "The foster-child of silence and slow time," it was erected by neolithic men, who by sheer force of straining sinews, aided by wooden levers and rollers, lifted up the great ice-worn blocks that lay scattered upon the ground into an orderly structure. Uncounted centuries old, it must have been the work, not of rude savages, but of a race who were capable of co-operation for an end beyond their mere physical wants, and who had a monumental genius.

A most interesting association with this hoary relic of the past is that Robert Burns, when passing by during his famous visit to Breadalbane, "*said his prayers in it*"; marking the words in his diary in italics. This was so characteristic of the poet, who felt drawn to the forgotten pagan worshippers by a tie of kindred sympathy! There are many old-world associations with the place. Its name of Croft Moraig—which means "the field of Mary"—recalls the Catholic faith which superseded the worship of the Pagan sanctuary. Here, too, are still surviving relics of the old village community; for the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlet of Sticks have the grass of a certain part of the surrounding parks in common, and every summer mark out their individual allotments during the hay-making season by distinctive badges of oak, birch, alder, fir, willow, lime, and sycamore branches; each family having its own tree-symbol, which preserves the rights of proprietorship with a sacred exclusiveness.



The Upper Falls of Moness, Aberfeldy.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

The high embattled wall which encloses the Taymouth policies terminates beyond Croft Moraig, a little below the highway, in a very imposing Gothic arch flanked by a round, ivy-covered tower, which is the principal entrance to the Castle. After this, the road, shaded by fine old trees, leads along the banks of the Tay, whose waters have been augmented by the confluence of the river Lyon, at the end of Drummond Hill. The broad deep river is a most pleasant companion all the rest of the way, mirroring the overhanging trees on its tranquil surface. Ruskin, in his "Præterita," says of his early life beside the Tay: "I passed my days only with perpetual watching of all the ways of running water; a singular awe developing itself in me of the pools of Tay, where the water changed from brown to blue-black." "Pools of pausing," he called such spaces of quiet, deep, motionless water, and many such there are in the course of the river from Loch Tay to Perth.

On the flat extensive haughs on the other side of the river are seen glimpses of rich corn-lands, all the richer because of the shading of the sunshine that falls upon them by the foliage of the intervening trees. One may well apply to them the language which Ruskin uses when speaking

of similar fields in the neighbourhood of the Fair City: "I hesitate in recording as a constant truth for the world, the impression left on me when I went gleaning with Jessie, that Scottish sheaves are more golden than are observed in other lands, and that no harvests elsewhere visible to human eyes are so like the 'corn of heaven' as those of Strathtay and Strathearn." Bolfracks, a fine old baronial mansion, stands out from its surrounding woods on the upper side of the road. It was formerly the residence of the Factor of Lord Breadalbane, but is now a shooting lodge. Through a succession of beautiful woodland scenes, mixed with well-cultivated farms, the road passes on to Aberfeldy; the long-drawn-out avenue of trees from Kenmore terminating only at the farthest west houses.

The river makes a graceful bend from this point, and flows at a considerable distance away from the village in a wide sweep at the other side of the Strath. But so much has Aberfeldy grown of late years, that it has extended its site over the old banks of the river, and along the terraces of the intermediate ground, so that it may be said to be actually situated on the Tay.

I hesitate to describe my native place, for I see it through the tender haze of love; and I cannot tell how it strikes a stranger, who can gaze upon it with hard, critical eyes that are not shaded by the sacred associations of childhood and youth. It is greatly changed since I used to live in it; and all who made it a home for me have long been laid under the daisies. But still the scenes around, glorified by the past, wear the old look and possess the old charm. In my youthful days, Aberfeldy was a truly rural primitive village, with streets of thatched cottages overgrown with moss, and only a few white-washed, slated houses, and two or three old-fashioned shops, principally in the Square. It seemed far removed from the madding crowd of business, and a slumberous repose took possession of it all the year round, undisturbed even in summer by the inroads of visitors and holiday-makers. But now it is a populous and thriving place, a burgh with provost and magistrates, and all the pomp and circumstance of civic life. The houses have been almost entirely rebuilt in the modern style, and scores of new villas and shops cover the sites of the old thatched cottages. The branch railway has made it a great resort of visitors, who flock to it in July and August for the sake of its varied walks and drives, and its dry, bracing air.



The Middle Falls of Moness, Aberfeldy.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

The name of Aberfeldy, or Aberfaldie, according to the old spelling, is supposed to be derived from St. Palladius, who, according to tradition, visited this spot on his return from an unsuccessful mission in Ireland, to which he had been sent by Pope Celestine in 469. He took up his abode in the neighbouring den of Moness, and built a cell and chapel, and ministered to the spiritual wants of the inhabitants; and the memory of his name still clings to a spot in the den which is called *Raghra-na-Eaglais*, the Field of the Church. Round this ecclesiastical site a small hamlet gradually grew; and the constant traffic of the ferry-boat from the north and south across the river added still further to the importance of the place.

We hear first of the village in 1296, in a charter conveying the lands of West Aberfeldy, by the Earl of Athole, as superior, to a scion of the house of Menzies, in whose possession it remained till the beginning of this century. The mansion house of this estate, called the Black House, occupied the site of the present Town Hall. The eastern part of the village, separated by the burn of Moness, belonged to the Earl of Douglas, and was given, in 1414, to his cousin, Alexander Stewart, the proprietor of Grandtully. The whole place passed ultimately into the hands of the



The Village Cowherd—Aberfeldy.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Marquis of Breadalbane; and it is a pity that the opportunity was neglected of making it then what it might easily have been made, situated in the midst of such magnificent scenery, with plenty of space available for the proper laying-out of its streets, and the adorning of its houses with trees and parterres of flowers in front, like Kenmore, one of the most beautiful and picturesque villages in Scotland. Long prior to the visit of St. Palladius, a pre-historic fort guarded the approach to the place. This fort occupied the flat top of a steep mound with terraced sides, and well-marked trenches thrown up as outworks to defend it. It was at one time covered with fir-trees, and though oaks have long superseded them, it still retains its original name of *Tomguitheas*, or firwood. The whole of the wall of the fort at the top, and a large part of the retaining wall below, have been removed to furnish building stones for the houses of the village. In all likelihood the place was used as a moot-hill for the locality.

On the summit of the highest ground, above the village, is another circular, pre-historic fort called the Dun, surrounded by dense pine-woods. On the eastern side it was defended by a precipice, and on the west side by three distinct trenches, or earth-works; while a little loch in a hollow near at hand, now almost filled up with moss and heather, supplied the wants of the occupants. Only the outlines of the walls can now be traced on the ground. But the commanding position of the fort enabled it to communicate with the line of forts extending from Drummond Hill to Glenlyon, and to give warning of the approach of the enemy. There is an old tradition that a treasure is concealed beneath its foundation, which is destined to be discovered some day by a red-haired woman searching for her strayed horse.

On the banks of a little streamlet above the village to the east, the famous Andrea Ferrara is said to have had his smithy in the 16th century. He made his splendid broad-swords which rivalled the blades of Damascus and Toledo, out of iron dug from the surrounding hills, and smelted by the help of the native birch-woods; and he tempered them with the water of the stream, which had qualities for this purpose as rare as those of the Abana and the Tagus. On the side of a high tree-covered hillock, rising up abruptly behind the central part of the village and called the Tullich, there was once a Druidical circle, one of the huge stones of which, called the Clachmore, forms part of a garden wall on the old military road passing up along its base.

On the level plateau of this hillock is Moness House, most beautifully situated, and commanding a most extensive view up and down the Strath. This house has near its western entrance magnificent old firs, said to have been brought as saplings from the famous Black Wood of Rannoch. The estate of Moness belonged for upwards of five hundred years to an old family of the name of Flemyng, which, judging from the name, must have come originally from Holland; and was sold, in 1787, to Lord Breadalbane. It is this portion of the estate which has given celebrity to Aberfeldy; for on it are the Falls of Moness, made famous by Robert Burns.

The ravine in which these falls are situated used to be clothed almost exclusively with graceful birch-trees, whence it received the well-known name of "The



Monument to commemorate the embodiment of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, at Aberfeldy.
From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Birks of Aberfeldy"; but most of the woodland now consists of pines and other trees. There are three falls—Lower, Middle, and Upper; and the winding shady walks to the top of the ravine, up the one side, and down the other, are about three miles in length. Very few waterfalls in Scotland, or anywhere else, excel these. They have a character all their own. It is not their height, or their volume of water, that gives them their peculiar charm, but their idyllic softness, the rich variety of the foliage, and the majesty of the grey rocks that surround them. They contain, as it has been well said, "an epitome of all that is most delightful in waterfalls." Burns, who stood on the rocks beside the Middle Fall, on the 30th August, 1787, describes the features of the scene with the utmost felicity in his familiar song—

> "The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
> The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
> O'erhung with fragrant spreading shaws,
> The Birks of Aberfeldy.
>
> "The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
> White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
> And rising, weets wi' misty showers
> The Birks of Aberfeldy."

Everywhere the voice of the hidden cascades is heard, filling all the air with a dreamy murmur, and luring the visitor on through shady avenues, and swelling into fuller volume as he draws nearer to the mystery in the cloistered heart of the solemn woods. Henry Kingsley, the novelist, brother of the more celebrated Charles, visited the "Birks" in the summer of 1862, and calls the spot "The blessed valley of Avalon." "All of us," he says, "had been in fairyland before on many occasions, but never in so fair a portion of it as this." Describing the Middle Fall, he says, "The black glen, the darkening wood, and the towering cliffs are all lit up and illuminated by a bright, shivering waterfall; and hundreds of feet aloft, and half a mile away, in the dim recesses of the feathering woodlands, we can see cascade beyond cascade, one above another streaming softly away for ever—a broad waving riband of light." A picturesque wooden bridge spans the burn at the top, beneath which it leaps down sixty feet into a black chasm, and far below pursues its course through foaming currents and long dark pools. By the side of the winding paths, and on the sloping banks of the tributary rills, the oak-fern forms large clumps of the most delicate green. Mosses weave on the floor of the shadowy glades the softest carpets, over which the golden sunbeams love to chase each other in long waves of light; and spread on the surface of the rocks dense velvet cushions for the silver footsteps of the descending waters. The pines and firs present a singularly venerable appearance, from the multitude of grey lichens that cover their trunks and branches, looking like "harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

Of wild-flowers, the little wood Melampyrum, with its small orange blossoms hidden among its grass-like leaves, grows all over the place in the utmost profusion; the tall wood-vetch climbs up the rocky banks with its beautiful masses of tender foliage and large white flowers, streaked like those of the wood-sorrel with purple veins; in the shady recesses the stately campanula lifts its authoritative thyrsus of purple bells high above the rank vegetation; and most curious of all, the weird Herb Paris, with its four lurid green leaves and central black berry, forms a thick bed hid behind the lower edge of the pathway over the precipitous rocks of the Upper Fall. Every fern and lichen and flower that grows amid the sweet secrecies of these enchanted woods, has about it a portion of the spell with which the genius of our Scottish bard has invested the whole spot.

One of our illustrations is a sketch of the village



Marshal Wade's Bridge, Aberfeldy. From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

cowherd. This was a public functionary of great importance in my young days. We boys looked up to him with envy, as to a superior being. He had the charge of the cows of the villagers, and summoned them every morning by the blowing of his horn from their respective byres, and led them up to the hill pasturage, where they grazed all day, and brought them down at sunset. It was an interesting sight to see them returning, as in an Alpine village in Switzerland; each cow separating in the end from the herd, and going by an unerring instinct to its own home. In former times the cowboy had a large venerable horn, carved all over with names, which he left in turn in the houses of his employers, to signify where he was to be entertained for the day; and he was entitled to get from each house an egg on the first day of May, with which to make a savoury Beltane feast in some favourite spot on the hill. He brought his companions with him on such occasions, and kindled a fire in his bothy, and roasted the eggs into a custard in a pot. A cake of oatmeal was also prepared and toasted on the embers, and then divided into as many pieces as there were boys present; one of the pieces being made perfectly black with charcoal. The fragments were put into a bonnet, from which each person had to draw a piece; and he who drew the black fragment was the unlucky one, and had to pass three times through the fire. Many a time have I shared in this old-world feast in my boyhood, blissfully ignorant of its pagan associations, and conscious only of its material savouriness to a hungry appetite. The musical summons of the herd-boy in the morning, although the old customs have been all done away with, still awakens sweet memories of the days and friends that are no more.

In a field near Taybridge, the 42nd Regiment, so famous in the annals of British warfare, the Black Watch or Freacadan Dhu, as they were called, from the dark tartan which they wore in contrast with the scarlet uniform of other soldiers, was first mustered in October, 1739. It was easy to raise a regiment in the district in those days. Pennant tells us that in his time the number of inhabitants on Lochtayside, and in the Kenmore and Fortingal parishes, was greater than in any other place in Scotland of equal extent. No fewer than a thousand men, capable of bearing arms, might be found within this area; and they were loyal to their chiefs and ready to fight the battles of their country. Out of this splendid material was embodied the noble Highland Regiment. A lofty cairn to commemorate the interesting event was raised about a dozen years ago on the spot where it took place. It is crowned by the figure of a grand-looking Highlander, in the old uniform of the 42nd, with his right hand in the act of drawing his sword. The expression and attitude of this figure are admirable, and in striking harmony with the magnificent scenery of rock and hill and broad river around. On the panels of the monument are inscribed, in Gaelic and English, the heroic exploits in many lands which have given to this Regiment so large and important a place in the military annals of our Empire.

Close to this unique cairn is one of the most romantic bridges in Scotland, which Marshal Wade built over the Tay in 1733. It consists of five graceful arches, and was built, according to the inscription on a white marble tablet on one of its piers, within a single year. It was the first bridge that ever spanned the Tay; and a Latin inscription on another marble panel, composed by Dr. Friend, the Headmaster of Westminster School, alludes to this circumstance when it speaks of "indignanti Tavo," the indignant Tay; and was reckoned as the greatest architectural wonder of the North in its day. Marshal Wade regarded it as the climax of his ten years' work in the construction of roads and bridges along the main passes of the Highlands from Perth and Crieff to Inverness, which opened up the previously inaccessible country, and did more to settle the disputations of clans and the rebellion of the people, and to produce peace and prosperity, than any other cause. For this noble achievement he well deserved the magnificent monument which commemorates his fame in Westminster Abbey.

Twelve years after the bridge was built it was put to a severe test when the troops and artillery of Sir John Cope passed over it during the rebellion of 1745, and encamped on the haugh on the north side of the river. The followers of Prince Charlie also marched across it in their retreat northwards, the Prince himself accompanying the clans to the fatal field of Culloden; and to guard against their return the Duke of Cumberland sent a detachment of his army to protect the approaches of the bridge. Built of the grey chlorite schist of the neighbouring quarries, in the most solid and substantial manner, which has withstood all the traffic and wear and tear ever since, Taybridge has, besides, an artistic beauty about it which commands the admiration of every spectator. Its graceful middle arch, sixty feet span, frames a most beautiful picture of river and wooded heights seen through it; and the tall, tapering obelisks which stand above it, on each side of the parapets, give a wonderful picturesqueness to the structure. Altogether, the bridge is a great ornament to the locality, and the broad, deep, even flow of the river through its arches, breaking into a rushing, foaming stream as it emerges on the lower side, finally finding rest in a long sweep of magnificent swirling pools, is a sight on which the eye lingers with fascinated enjoyment. It animates the whole scenery, and fills the soul with buoyant excitement.

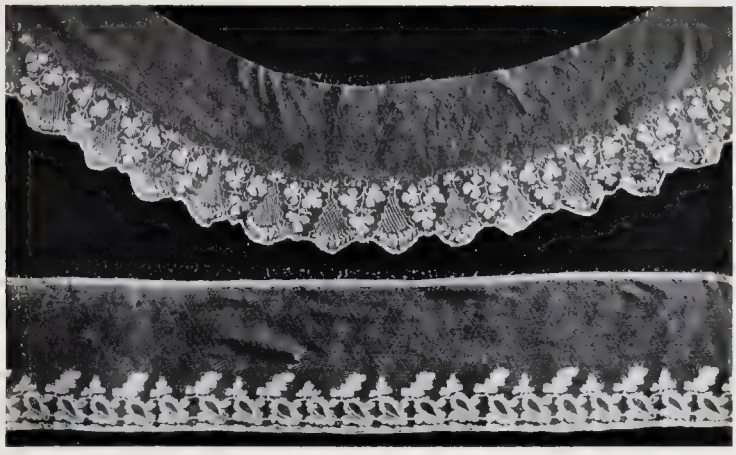
AMATEUR LACE OF OLDEN DAYS.

BLEST be the blood of one's Berterker forbears! Did they not sally forth to fight on the smallest provocation, and shall their progeny be backward in the fray? No! These be the days *par excellence* for taking up the cudgels in defence of somebody or something which may have lain for ages under the ban of criticism of all sorts. In defence, then, of the "mere amateur" whose talents, artistic and otherwise, have been so often called in question, I call upon that blood to aid and abet me to-day.

Firstly as to facts—with a digression to start with on the spent meaning of the word amateur. Few of us remember in using it, perchance with ill-concealed contempt, its original meaning of the "lover"—he who learnt and worked from love alone, unmixed with baser motives, for the art and craft he loved. The "lover," whose task was the working of the man's soul, his very self into his treasure, on which he never spared, not pains alone, but the richest and quaintest materials unattainable by him who works—with love possibly—but for other things besides.

But my facts—what *locus standi* has the amateur? What has he done to deserve consideration?

Few of us know that it was to amateurs that we owe so much of the exquisite jeweller's art of bygone ages. "Even the amateur" of to-day, having time for reflection, feels this could scarcely have been otherwise in days when ships were few and journeys far. Then he took that which, owing to his walk in life, "just before him lay in his way," and fashioned therefrom that which his soul loved. Very specially is this true with regard to watches and clocks wrought by the man with the mechanic's brain, and who was able in maturity to realise what must have been his childhood's longing, "wants to see the wheels go wound." The interior of many old watches shows a lavish expenditure of labour and material which one can account for in no other way. For the old eight-day clocks, too, that we are so busy carting from our kitchens to our more or less baronial halls, we are indebted to the amateur.



No. 1.—Needle-run on Machine Net.

Now it was our great-grandames' fingers, fragile and unathletic though they may have been, which formed the solid mountains and figures of their pseudo-Japanesque cabinets and clockcases.

Of the reckless waste of pure gold-leaf at such a date, those only who have felt and studied these works can have the slightest idea. This, again, attainable only by a purse which was practically bottomless.

St. Dunstan, 'tis said, was bred up a goldsmith. Still it must have been *en amateur* that he chose in his monkish days to "indulge in a little *orfèvrerie*," plying tasks which we remember involved the use of pincers in cloistered cell.

And the exquisite iron-work of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries? This was also a labour of love rather than profession; then no architect, properly so-called, existed, all worked together in one common cause, "To the Praise and Glory of God." Each man doing that which in him lay, which he loved in fact, and offered as his contribution to the growing fane in which he could never hope to worship. So that the return to those times, to which one is often pathetically urged, would mean a further development of individual talent rather than dominion of one mind alone.

Who knows that the very "lay brother Peter," whose imitations of part of his saintly master's proceedings were so fatal, may not himself have been the author of lovely hinges, keys, and doorlocks? So that one sympathises with the lamentations which filled the air that—so skilled a workman, by straying from his proper trade, should, through "beer with an e," find his "bier with an i"! Indeed, methinks I have said enough for safety; and yet, for one would fain be of the latest date in these matters, I will turn me to the critics for corroboration.



No. 2.—Veil, Needle run.

Very soothing are Mr. Courthope's conclusions to the self-love of the amateur, and helpful in that they answer the catechist whom it is my wont to dispose of at the outset. Doubtless he will, in this case, question my capacity, as "Lover" only, for dealing with my "Loves." Of course, I can refer him to the Editor, but I will also quote Mr. Courthope when lecturing on "Taste" *in extenso*: "Moreover, these forms (of Art) did not spring out of the isolated conception of the (individual) artist, but were very largely the product of the common perceptions of society, reacting on the imagination of the artist who had the gift of representative expression."



No. 3.—Carrickmacross method.

Thank you, Professor, my sentiments to a T, although without such an authority I should have hesitated to present them thus boldly to the perceptions of Society as it is to-day. And as one should in duty bound back one's backer, so will I corroborate my critic.

The lover longing for the thing he loves is by no means always tame, neither is it well that he should be so. Take a tame illustration—the growth in design in modern furniture alone during the last twenty years—what is the cause thereof? It is that "Society" has perceived that the red rep, satin, or leather suites of the middle age of the century are, as that age ever is, by no means beautiful, and that they have, to put it back into nursery parlance, "thrown their hobby horses into the river, and want live ponies instead."

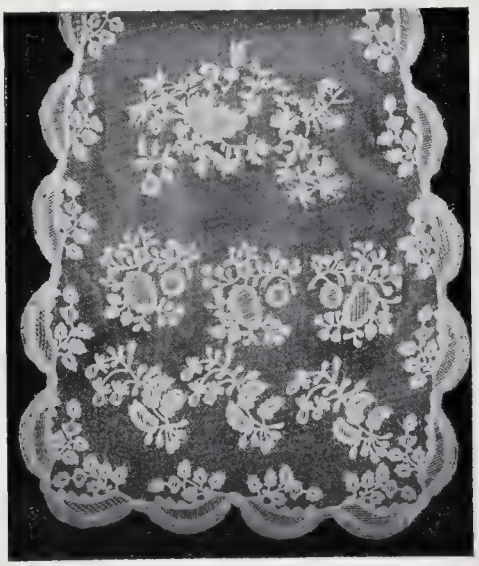
It may be that this special effort is but a reversion to old design, but this reverting after a period of decay is ever the safest foundation for fresh building.

Here also I will even venture to assert that the very artist himself is at heart but an amateur. No matter what the public purchase, no matter how, Fame's zenith reached, even his "pot-boilers" are sought after and unburied, I would wager my laces that his heart, untravelled, still returns to some treasure, some hidden darling of which the world knows nought, and at which it will "glance, and nod, and hurry by" when it turns up at Christie's, after the artist-amateur has carried the secret of his love to his grave. One thing I should like to add, and it may soften the severity of some of my assertions, and that is that to-day there is no one so kindly, no one so ready to recognise the merits of the amateur, as he who is, in his own special sphere of art or craft, a real, live, successful artist himself.

Seeing, then, that we, *nous autres amateurs*, are proven to be in possession of certain perceptions worthy of consideration, I turn me lightheartedly to Lace labours, which are all from love alone.

Would that I could show—for was it not love's labour in more senses than one?—the lovely bit of Point Tresse sent by Lord Darnley's mother to Mary of Scotland; made by her own fingers, and from her own silvery hair. What more touching token not only of reconciliation but of reinstated faith, could have been sent to the ill-fated Queen? I have not seen this, I cannot find if it exists; but I would own that, for the knowledge of it, I am indebted to the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott's "Makers of Abbotsford." The only remnant which remains to-day of laces made with hair are somewhat terrible ornaments made for millinery in horse-hair. Of old there was, of course, the horse-hair always used to stiffen the edge of Point d'Alençon, and which is so terrible a prevention to its cleansing.

Literature helps one largely in lace lore, and whoever would look at this as a feminine, not to say *borné* pursuit, is very much mistaken. For instance, these veils and scarves, which, like Grace, count their century. It is possible that Miss Edgworth's "Barbara or Bab," Attorney Case's daughter, might have worn one, though the veil is rather long for that so moral person, "Harry and Lucy's" mamma! or the so heartless person who gave Rosamond her purple Jar!



No. 4.—Scarf, Needle-run.

As for the scarves they must certainly have held place in the box of the man-milliner, so celebrated in "Parent's Assistant," who supplied the costumes for that now half-forgotten office of saltbearers at Eton Montem.

The veil No. 2, I discovered in Lincolnshire, a county utterly unconnected with lace-making, and yet I know now that it is 'midst the farming families of this our English "Low Country," that one comes across exquisite specimens of *point de l'aiguille*.



No. 6.—Point d Alençon method.

Certainly *la belle fermière* of a century ago cultivated other arts side by side with that of butter-making. Alas! that to-day the truthful pen must tell that both these arts are dead.

The length—or, to put it into the Lincoln language, where they find g's a difficulty, *lenth*—of the veil dates it very early in this century, even if one did not know that to be its date. Though enormously enlarged, one notes at once the Mechlin Spray which, with absolute regularity, edges the veil; and this is not the only specimen that I wot of in the same district, though it is the best.

It is curious that in our own "Low Countries" these treasures should be found, pointing possibly to the fact that it was but "across the water" that their patterns came.

Certain it is that our Fen-land has seen better days in many ways. We who know and love them, mind us of their magnificent churches, relics of a rich and art-loving population. Crowland and Thorney are of this locality; and given Abbeys, nuns and needles followed without saying; and so religion is responsible for much; even so frivolous a matter as the making of laces, "with grace." Coming down to my own time, on a specially wild March morning, I saw the blacksmith's bride drive home from her wedding in a tax-cart and white muslin, this being trimmed with exquisite needle-run lace of ancestral make. Naturally, the birth of machine net late in the last century, upon which all these specimens are made, keeps one down hard and fast as to date. Still, there is satisfaction in showing that a century so often called over the coals for failure in the Fine Arts, produced at least 'mongst amateurs, in a now so generally degenerate art, much work which is absolutely irreproachable.



No. 5.—Corner of a Shawl.

In No. 1 we have again specimens of the deft-fingeredness of our own grandames; the spray of leaves copied, perchance, from their own Wedgwood tea-cup—for he loved a tendrilled grape-vine.

Talking of tea-cups and amateurs, my own forbears (*not* the Berterkers!) designed and painted these themselves, as well as dainty borderings to their window-blinds, which shaded their ancestors, painted by Angelica, with lovely lace-edged cuffs, from the sun. Again, the undulating leaf-bordering, the Vandyked edge of this lace, was taken possibly from the "bow and swag" decoration of their tall mantelshelf, or the mouldings of their Adam's ceilings. The whole is needle-run on the very fine machine net so difficult to get to-day. The thicker parts, *e.g.*, those in the Leaf Spray being darned in the same fashion as No. 2, although this is much more finely worked than the veil. The modes or fillings of the triangles are not only very clever in themselves, but their arrangement is specially cute; this making the distance between the two filled with quatrefoils of French knots appear just double that which it really is.

Many of these *modes* can be found again in the fillings of No. 6, and were probably copied by these skilled amateurs from some scrap of their sisters' more elaborate handiwork of the Point d'Alençon age.

By the second of these needle-run laces hangs a tale. I always wore it as a bride when we "made believe" a wedding, so it is probably like the tea-cups aforesaid, the work of my own flesh and blood. But in that nursery used to be toys that I sigh to think of now, since that lace is the only relic. Lovely old tortoise-shell watch-cases, our bread-and-milk bowls of Crown Derby, to say nothing of figures of that ilk given to soothe us did we strive or cry! Sad, but true; and yet the art of the "casting of pearls" may have worked this time the wrong way round, and familiarity, instead of breeding contempt, made me the lover and chronicler of art treasures that I am.

From No. 3 downwards I have a perfectly unique set of laces from a family, the fineness of whose finger-ends could only have been equalled by the strength of their eyesight.

Nothing in life is so delightful as the finding that one's theories work out in practice, and I can at last finally quench the querist in the matter of injury to eyesight from lace-making by the astounding assertion that they were all but one made by a lady who lost the sight of one eye very early in life. Neither did her labours injure the remaining organ, for she was an active lover of her art almost to the end.

This end, at the age of seventy-seven in the year 1854, gives an exponent of the art several working years in the last century, and farther back one does not find reasonable records of hobbies carried on for so long with system and regularity. This so true lover drew her patterns herself; but her work proves how conversant she was with numberless methods.

No. 3 shows fillings which date from the days of Colbert; the *Œil de Perdrix* rivalling the *Point de Chant* —which last, were it not for the bibulous connection of the name, I am inclined to call "the chequers!"

This stitch of Chantilly origin appears also in the old bit of trolly lace, which edges the tippet, made probably in Devonshire, since these treasures hail from that county, and it was as much made there as in "Bucks." This appearance of the same stitch pillow and needle-wrought together, is most interesting, proving my oft-repeated theory of what copyists these two methods were. The lace to the lover's eye—for is he not the real connoisseur as well?—gives one the pomegranate of one's affections perfect, that is right way up and *au naturel* with its segments proper, *i.e.*, showing the seed.

But from botany I must turn for a moment to heredity; the lines down which these laces lead one being quite remarkable in their diversity and as far removed from lace as possible.

The inventor of the Berthon boat was a son of this lady. His talents must certainly have come to him through "the female line." A line from which, in spite of the law of entail, very many valuable things *do* come. She was also an accomplished carpenter—a craft one would scarcely have coupled with lace-making.

The scarf and shawl have a certain similarity of method and design. The same spray, evidently a favourite with the worker, appears in both, alike and yet different —deceiving momentarily the eye by some sleight of needle. Here, again, the Mechlin daisy is turned down to form the border, though it is a beautified edition.

Indeed, the charm of these works is the general "go-as-you-please sort of air" about them which comes of absolute power in one's craft; that which "arrives" without effort, and which is so often described as—dare I whisper a word which sometimes spells obloquy?—I mean, *amateurish*. Yes, 'tis but a whisper; but to-day that word is beginning to wear an aspect of respect.

Lastly, the Limerick (No. 7), with, one *almost* says, a *new* departure in the border-land. But stay! it is the daisy still, just the corolla parted and ranged scroll fashion to form an edge. This scarf is of later date, both as to worker and method, than its relations, and shows this rather markedly in the "open boods" (buds) made by our English pillow-workers of to-day.

That word pillow reminds me of what my so gentle critics may be tempted to call an omission. No pillow-laces shown? Yet that is scarcely odd, because I've found no single one! That they *were* made by amateurs of old I know, since I have 'mongst my lace treasures lovely little bobbins turned by "a gentleman of Norfolk," early in the present century. I've these and nothing more. Perhaps, like Lady Darnley's so pathetic gift, I may discover both by saying that they are "wanted."

"And so to bed," wrote Pepys when he'd finished. "I'm through!" says the modern American. "Yet stay awhile," says Slow, of nursery fame, for I would have the right of my sex—a last word.

The first folio of Shakespeare was edited by two honest men, Hemming and Condell. Said they, in their Preface to this mighty work, "We have but collected them" (his works) "and done an office to the dead to procure his orphans guardians; without ambition either of self, profit, or fame, only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare."

I have to-day been editing the laces of the dead lover with the same motive. "Collecting" these "orphans," though, alack! I am not "guardian" of them all; still, I would fain give to the world of art a *new* "memory to keep alive" that of my amateurs.

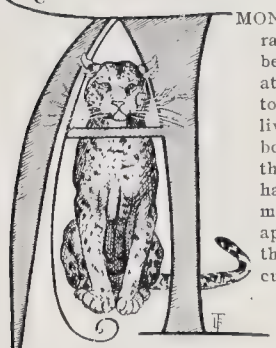
EFFIE BRUCE CLARKE.



No. 7.—Limerick method.

THE GREAT CATS IN SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

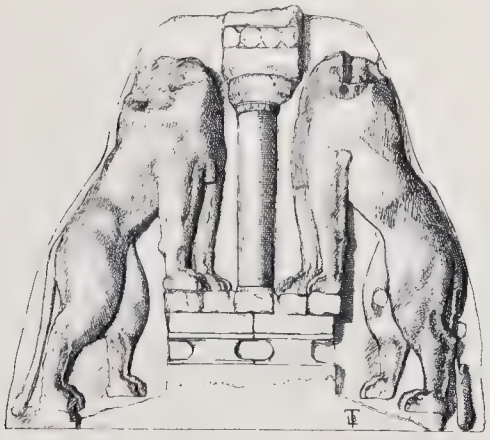


AMONG the more intelligent races of mankind there have been but few who have not, at some period of their history, associated with their lives, either actually or symbolically, some member of the feline tribe. The Felidæ have many qualities in common, but most Aryan nations appear to have agreed that the noblest of these have culminated in the lion, which became the emblem of strength and bravery even among northern peoples, such as the Early English and Normans, who can have had only rare opportunities for a personal acquaintance, possibly owing their respect for him to tradition from the Romans, or incidentally to Christian missionaries, and later to the Crusades.

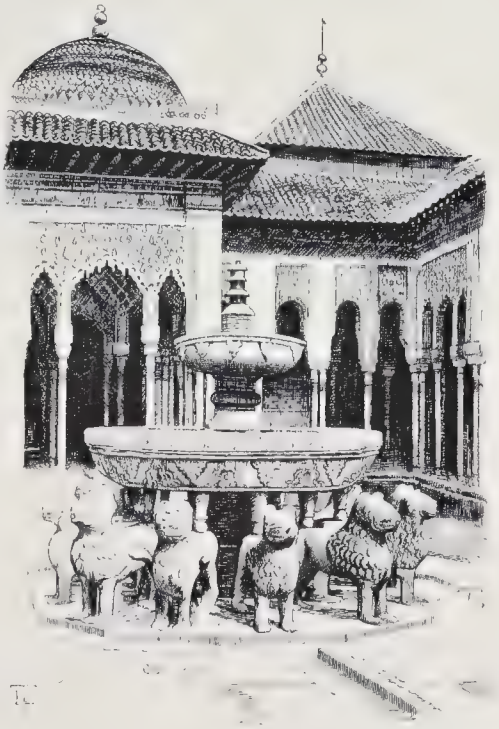
Hence it is obvious that the lion should play an important part in the art of the Old World. We propose especially to note his place in sculpture, where alone he reigns supreme, for the great masters did not make him the hero in their paintings, but only an accessory.

The treatment of the lion in sculpture may be considered in four groups of ideas. I.– Adaptation to architectural or other designs. II.—Symbolic of strength, or commemorative of victory. III.—Natural movements. IV.—Illustrative of a story, or present in hunting scenes.

I.—One of the earliest prehistoric monuments at present known to us is the "Lion Gate" of Mycenæ,



The Lion Gate of Mycenæ.

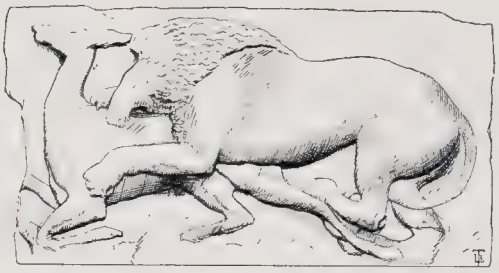


The Lion Fountain of the Alhambra.

which conveys a splendid presentment of stability and power in the firm, clean-cut limbs of the mighty monsters, in spite of the destruction of their faces.

The enormous block from the side of a doorway in the Palace in Nimroud of Assur-nasir-pal, who was King of Assyria from B.C. 885 to 860, is more imposing in size than the Mycenæ gateway, but notwithstanding the yawning jaws and stalwart pose of the fore-legs seen from the front, on account of the rounded modelling of the bulky torso and limbs of the Assyrian lion, it fails to suggest such a complete sense of strength as does the work of the more ancient sculptor. The most remarkable peculiarity of this colossal statue is that it has five legs, making it seem to be standing still judging by the front aspect, but walking when looked at on its left side, owing to its possession of two right fore-legs.

The more Oriental was the sculptor, by nationality or education, the more conventional was his treatment of his subject, especially as regards the mane, which was always arranged in stiff locks, as is the case with the lion of the northern peribolos wall of the Mausoleum, the heads in the cornice of the same building, and the two animals from the Nereid monument of Xanthos in



Archaic Frieze (about B.C. 560).

Lycia, but in a less degree in the head from the Pediment of the Parthenon. The same characteristics may be traced in all works of the Byzantine school, such as the specimens of Italian work of the eleventh or twelfth century at South Kensington.

Akin to these, and yet more to the sculpture of the Mausoleum, is the Moorish fountain of the Court of Lions in the Alhambra reproduced on the previous page.

To our first group also belong the sphynx and the Assyrian man-headed lions.

II.—In the foremost rank in our second group we find the statues of Pasht, the fierce lion-headed goddess of the ancient Egyptians, who, in contrast with the milder cat-headed goddess, whatever were their other respective qualities, may be said roughly to personify the malevolent, and Bast the benevolent, rays of the sun.



From an Egyptian Engraving on Ivory.

In the Archaic Room at the British Museum is a carving from the Sacred Way at Branchidæ, of about B.C. 570. It has suffered much with time, but when perfect could never have borne comparison with the pair of Egyptian granite statues from Mount Barkal, inscribed with the names of Amenophis III., and two other Kings of the Eighteenth Dynasty, about B.C. 1500. The lion on the right is reclining, the hind legs with the under side of the right paw turned up in a pose similar to that of the well-known Dying Lion sculptured in the rock at Lucerne in 1821 by Ahorn, of Constance, from Thorwaldsen's model, in memory of the gallant death of the Swiss Guards of Louis XVI. The ribs and wrinkles of skin in the bend of the hind leg are marked, but the mane is not much in evidence, except the long hair falling in front of the ears, and the profile is like that of the best type of lioness.

As emblems of victory or power, such statues were frequently placed high, like the mutilated one which Sir C. T. Newton found on a headland at Knidos, at the foot of a Doric tomb, "anciently surmounted by a pyramid, on the apex of which the lion rested," and the winged lion of St. Mark, high on its column at Venice.

Grander, in the threatening aspect and impression of unconquerable might, than Sir Edwin Landseer's lions in Trafalgar Square, is the grim tenth-century Byzantine bronze lion of Brunswick, brought from Constantinople by Henry the Lion. It stands roaring, with the fore-legs upright, and the hind legs stretched backwards, and the tail end curled up and resting on the ground. It is entirely conventional, but defiant and expressive of great strength, notwithstanding the curious indication of ribs in the too-rounded torso and a mane like sheep's wool.

III.—The Archaic period (B.C. 500-400) of Greek art is richest in sculptures of most animals except horses, and though play of muscles was dispensed with and all due regard for proportion lacking, there is evidence of a keen observation of the grace of wild nature.

The frieze of the Akropolis of Xanthos is composed mainly of wild beasts, three of them being a lion seizing a deer, and two lionesses. From Xanthos also comes the remains of a sepulchral chest, decorated on one side with a subject which was also the emblem of Tarsus, a lion devouring a preposterously small bull, about the size of its face; on another side with a man stabbing a lion; and on a third with a lioness playing with cubs.



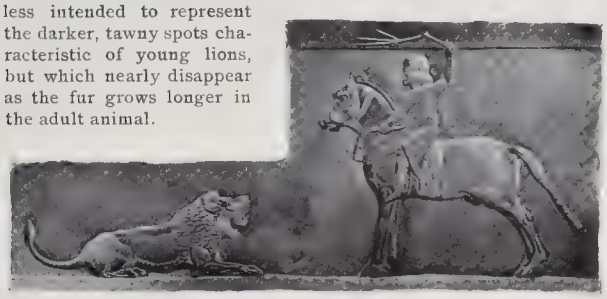
From an Egyptian Engraving on Ivory.

Case I. in the Fourth Egyptian Room at the British Museum contains, besides many ivories dating from B.C. 1500 to the Roman period, two flat, curved objects, the one ornamented, among various devices incised in outline, with a beautiful lioness walking; the other with three lions, two seated, the other walking, but striped like a tiger. Had the artist ever journeyed in Asia, or seen a captive tiger in Egypt, or even a skin, or had he only heard the tale of one from a traveller as much inspired with awe for its terrible majesty as was the little poem by William Blake, that it was drawn with mythological emblems on the ivory? Or did a striped lion ever exist? Plate 8A, in the first volume of Charles D'Orbigny's antiquated "Dictionnaire Universel D'Histoire Naturelle," is a coloured engraving by Madame Fournier, from a painting by Edouard Traviès, representing a lioness with her three cubs, born at the menagerie of the Museum of Natural History in Paris, all the cubs having dark spots on the head, and stripes on back, sides, and legs. In the "Papyrus of Ani" the lions symbolizing "Yesterday" and "The Morrow" are sandy-coloured, but covered with black spots, doubt-



St. Jerome finding a Thorn in the Lion's Foot.
From the Predella beneath the Picture by C. Rosselli in the National Gallery.

less intended to represent the darker, tawny spots characteristic of young lions, but which nearly disappear as the fur grows longer in the adult animal.



Assyrian Bas-relief (B.C. 645).

In the nineteenth century perhaps the best specimen illustrating our third group is Louis Antoine Barye's bronze "Lion crushing a Serpent," in the Tuileries Gardens in Paris.

IV.—For a record in stone of a hunting scene we must turn to the magnificent Assyrian bas-reliefs of B.C. 645. For Assur-banipal, Assyria's mightiest King, whom the Greeks called Sardanapalus, lions were snared, and kept, with other wild animals, in a Royal park on the eastern side of Nineveh. At the great hunt he drove in his chariot, while his nobles and attendants followed on horseback, armed with spears, and on foot with bows and arrows; and the slaughter was great, both of lions and lionesses, the poor beasts being first let out of cages. Our sketches are from the finest representation of these in the British Museum, in which the lion, regardless of the man who draws up the door of his cage, and seeing only a chance of escape, creeps stealthily out; and that of a lion crouching to spring, while a horseman cracks a three-thonged whip in vain, for his steed seems rooted to the ground with fear; this approaching duel being the only hint that a huntsman ever got the worst of the usually unequal contest.

These most interesting reliefs are sculptured on a kind of alabaster, six inches thick, and were originally coloured, probably with a red pigment.

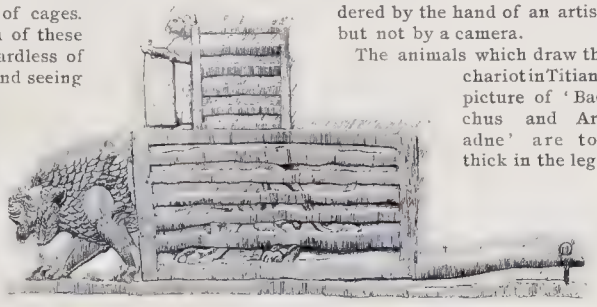
In curious and ignoble contrast to these, is one of the friezes which have formed risers of steps to the tope at Jamal-Garhi, in the Yusufzai district of Afghanistan. Here the scale is small, but the relief much higher, and the artist was apparently unfettered by a preordained convention. Our sketch shows half of the composition, four lions being in the original.

Four seated lions are inevitably present in the stone carvings of Indian topes, and one is the so-called "vehicle" of the terrible "inaccessible one," Durga, the wife of Siva, and encouragingly licks the foot of his horrible mistress, or bites her enemy Mahishasura, while she slays him.

In the paintings of the Old Masters the lion appears chiefly as the symbol of St. Mark, or the companion of St. Jerome, appropriately suggesting his ardent nature and his sojourns in the wilderness. Later a legend grew up concerning the first meeting and lifelong friendship of the saint and the formidable beast. Once upon a time the monks in the monastery at Bethlehem were surprised and alarmed to hear a lion roar under their very walls, but St. Jerome, becoming aware of the fact, and knowing that he was moaning as if in pain, mercifully and bravely went forth to meet him, and lifting up his lame paw pulled out a thorn. This scene is the subject of the first of the four compartments of the predella beneath Cosimo Rosselli's picture of St. Jerome and other saints in the National Gallery.

The great cats have received more attention from painters during the nineteenth century than ever before, but of the nine or ten most eminent of our contemporaries, Mr. J. M. Swan, A.R.A., excels in uniting beauty of colour, drawing, and truth to nature (especially in his delightful smaller studies), the kind of truth that can be rendered by the hand of an artist, but not by a camera.

The animals which draw the chariot in Titian's picture of 'Bacchus and Ariadne' are too thick in the legs,

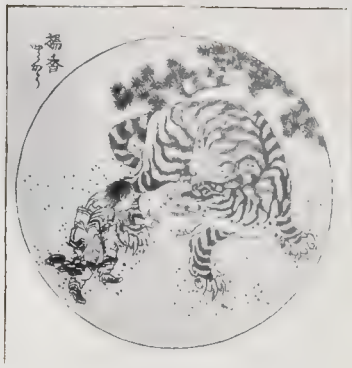


Assyrian Bas-relief (B.C. 645).

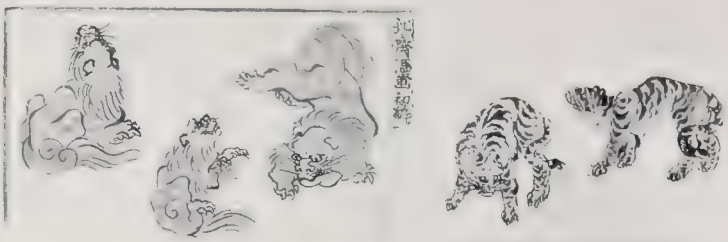
but the form of their spots, and the long, black marking, from the inner corner of the eyes, covering the nasal furrows, prove them to be cheetahs, or hunting leopards (Cynœlurus jubatus); but in the Gold Room, a stone cut in an oval is exquisitely engraved in intaglio with Bacchus seated on a chariot drawn by true leopards, each ridden by a winged boy.



Part of a Frieze forming the Riser of a Step to the Tope at Jamal-Garhi, Afghanistan.



Rikuzoku and the Tiger.



Lions and Tigers from Hokusai's Sketch-book.

We have now to consider the grim lord of the Indian jungle, the mysterious and treacherous prowler, who dreads to face man in the open, but is capable of springing on his prey unawares; the inspirer of such fear in the lonely wayfarer as, in some Eastern lands, to give rise to the uncanny idea that whoso sees the Lame Tiger will shortly die.

Owing to the rich contrasts in the colour of the fur, longer than that of the lion and tending less to display the muscles and limbs, the tiger has been more attractive to painters than sculptors; but although Augustus brought the first tigers into Europe, and the chariot of Heliogabalus was drawn by two in Rome, it is not familiar in art till the nineteenth century.

The tiger, called Ko, or Tora, by the Japanese, though not a native of Japan, is a favourite subject with artists of that country. The Chinese call it Hu, and consider it as the king of beasts, and have an immense veneration for it, ascribing to it an existence of a thousand years, after which it is supposed to become white. It is one of the Buddhist symbols, emblematic of the power of faith.

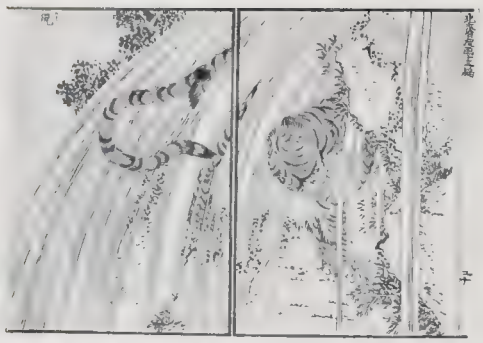
The Print Room collection of Kakemonos, in several of which the tiger forms the subject, includes a beautiful painting on silk (No. 2345), by Kikuchi, or Takéyasu, of 'Hadésu killing the Korean Tiger.' The artist, who belonged to the Shijō Naturalistic School, was born in A.D. 1787 and died in 1878. This most artistic painting reveals the head and lashing tail of the tiger, on which Hadésu in armour kneels, and twelve spots suggest a snow-storm.

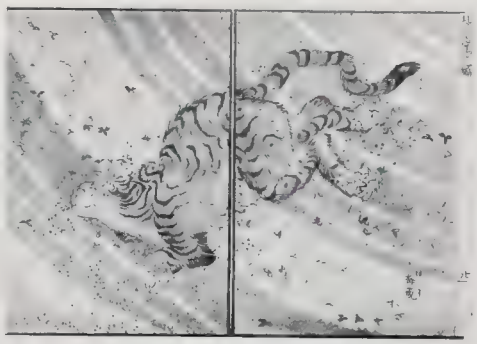
Now it happened that, like Beniah, who went down "and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow," Kashiwa-dêno Omi Hadésu went forth to seek a tiger, for his little daughter had disappeared one wintry night, bloody footprints betraying but too clearly the circumstance. This grievous loss occurred when Hadésu was sojourning with his family in Korea, whither the Emperor Kimmei had sent him as Ambassador in A.D. 545. Anxiety to rescue his child, or to avenge her death, soon brought him face to face with her ravisher, who met him boldly with open jaws. Without hesitation Hadésu seized the beast by its tongue, and slew it with his sword.

Hokusai, the clever and well-known draughtsman of the popular school, who was born in 1759, dying in 1848, sketched a boy, Rikuzoku, and a gigantic tiger, among his twenty-four 'Paragons of Filial Piety.' He also made a weird tinted drawing of an infuriated monster with horns galloping through space, and another lashing its tail as it crosses rocks under a waterfall, besides two small studies of tigers and three amusing ones of lions in one of his sketch-books. We give copies of each of these except 'Rikuzoku,' our version being a reversed variation on Hokusai's subject.

The year 1427, which saw the birth of Giovanni Bellini, the possible painter of 'St. Jerome with his Lion' (in the National Gallery), saw the death of the Japanese artist Meichō, or Chō Densu, who was born in 1351, and became a priest of the temple of Tō-fukuji, in Kioto. Meichō also painted a picture, now in the British Museum, of an anchorite with a lion, the Buddhist Arhat Bhadra and Panthaku. We see the lion, with mane and tail like those of a horse, turning and conversing with Bhadra, rocks and a waterfall forming the background, and one might almost take it to be a mediæval painting of the Christian saint in the wilderness.

L. BEATRICE THOMPSON.

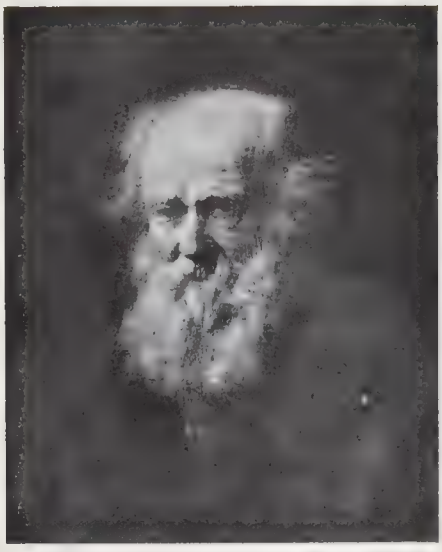




Two Drawings by Hokusai.



A Portrait. By Jules Valadon.



On Views. By Jules Valadon.
From the Picture in the Luxembourg.

JULES VALADON, PAINTER.

IN one of the quietest streets of the remote Vaugirard quarter, in a little apartment adorned with beautiful things of his own creation, Jules Valadon, having at last withdrawn himself from the turmoil of artistic strife, is living out the remainder of his days in the serene enjoyment of the remembrance of artistic triumphs won, of the high esteem of all those to whom art is dear, and of the consciousness that never once during the whole of his long career has he ever failed in that dignity of reserve and self-effacement which is the first qualification of the true artist.

In the little bedroom of the apartment in the Rue Blomet one notices a fine portrait of the master as a young man, painted by Henner. As one looks at it one remembers the words in which Henner described his model. "Valadon," he wrote, "is a veritable artist in the true sense of the word, and has the painter's temperament. That is my opinion." Less well-known among the general public than he deserves to be—for the simple reason that he has always avoided self-advertisement with horror—Valadon enjoys amongst his brother artists in Paris as high a place as any ambition could covet. He was born in that city seventy-three years ago, belonging to that generation of painters amongst whom may be numbered, his fellow-students at the École des Beaux Arts, such men as Puvis de Chavannes,



Mater Dolorosa.
By Jules Valadon.

Baudry, Henner, and Breton. He studied under Drolling and Cogniet, and afterwards Henry Lehmann, and his first picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1857. It was called 'La Bohème Artiste.' But Valadon does not like to speak of his earlier pictures. "It took me thirty years," he said, "to forget all that I had learnt at the schools of art." From 1859 to 1890 he exhibited at the Salon a number of portraits, of which, perhaps, that of M. Etienne Arago, which was exhibited in 1882, was the most remarkable. Other very famous portraits of his are those of Paul Verlaine, a portrait of himself, and a portrait of his great friend and admirer, François Coppée. His picture 'Un Vieux,' which hangs in the Luxembourg Museum, will be familiar to most lovers of art. Valadon has always preferred to paint men, just as Carolus Duran's preference has always been for women. His portraits — this is the opinion of most critics in Paris —are masterpieces of the art. Few painters better know than Valadon how to indicate in the portrait the character of the model.



M. Jules Valadon

But where he is incontestably in the foremost rank amongst living painters is in the *nature morte*. His *natures mortes* all tell the story; and this branch of art, which does not enjoy as high an esteem as other branches, comes in under his hand for as much idealisation as many of his portraits. Amongst his treasures in the Rue Blomet is a small picture of this kind, which he entitles 'An Artist's Household Removal.' One does not need to know the name of the picture to be impressed—after one has admired the richness of the tones and the exquisite draughtsmanship — with the pathos and with the irony of the subject. On some ragged mattresses are flung a few shabby clothes, a hat, a palette and other implements of the artist. Here is told the too-frequent story of starving genius or of a mistaken vocation—and deep human pity and a great compassion for all who suffer are the instincts which seem to guide Valadon in the choice of his subjects. One of his finest pictures, the one by which he will perhaps be best remembered, is a 'Vision Douloureuse,' which represents an old woman whose face is covered with her hands. A similar pose was selected by the artist for his equally well-known picture 'Ame Inquiète.' Valadon knows well how to express by the position and aspect of a hand, such feelings as may be supposed to animate the subject of his picture. For, as the poet Paul Verlaine has said, "Hands have their character. . . . The meteors of the head, just as the tempests of the heart, are all repeated and reflected in them."

And is there anything which appeals more strongly to pity than a withered, labour-stricken hand convulsed in sorrow?

Pity, as I have said, is the keynote of Valadon's character. It betrays itself in many of his pictures; it is the constant explanation of his life. One of the pictures in his apartment—the one, perhaps, of which he is most proud—is one which he calls 'La Lutte.' It represents the face of an old priest or monk, portrayed in the midst of some terrible inner struggle. Rarely has an artist reached, by such simple means, such a height of pathos. In this connection I must refer also to his picture 'L'Eternel Repos,' which he painted by the bedside of his dying wife, representing her as she soon was to be when the struggle was over and she had entered into eternal rest. What is most significant in Valadon's talent is referred to by the critic, Auguste Dorchain, where, writing of the subjects chosen by the artist, he describes his "Emaciated Christs, his sorrowful mothers, noble old women broken down by life, girls with anxiety and fever in their eyes, widows in mourning, hiding their eyes behind hands full of eloquence, a whole world of vibrating and suffering folk."

As the artist, so the man. Pity is the thread by which he guides his steps in life. He is idolised by the poor of his quarter. Every child in Vaugirard looks upon him as a friend; his compassion extends itself to wandering and lost dogs, who find food and shelter at his house. "I do not think," wrote M. Jean de Rougé about him, "that there ever lived a man who carried further than this artist the feelings of honour, of delicacy and of disinterestedness." He goes on to relate how one day Valadon hearing that a gentleman for whom he had painted the portrait of his wife had suddenly been ruined, he went round to his house and insisted on returning the fee which had been paid him for the picture, and which, like all the sums that Valadon has ever asked for his work, was far below the real value of the painting.

Although he has drawn for the most part his inspiration in his art from human sufferings, there is no artist living, perhaps, who hankers in his heart of hearts more after the beauties of life. "It is so good, my children," he often says, "to put a little blue into one's sky," and it was Valadon who, on a memorable occasion addressing himself to Monsieur Leon Bourgeois, then Minister of Fine Arts, exhorted him to "let us all intoxicate ourselves with blue."

Such may be his aspirations, but in his execution he shows a constant predilection for sombre colours and dark shadows. Some of his pictures, recently painted, have the appearance of some of Rembrandt's most sombre pictures. The beautiful little still-life, 'An Artist's Household Removal,' to which I have referred, might have been painted two hundred years ago. There are many of Valadon's admirers who regret this, for, as Jules Christophe puts it, "Jules Valadon should live long in the memory of the ages, unless the *bitume* of his pictures brings down premature night upon him." And, indeed, one is forced to wonder how some of these portraits and many of these *natures mortes* will show, say in fifty years from now, when Jules Valadon will at last have taken his proper place amongst French artists of the nineteenth century.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

SOME PICTURES AT THE R.B.A. AND THE INSTITUTE.

THERE is at least one picture at the 112th Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists towards which, half unconsciously it may be, one is drawn again and again—Mr. F. Caley Robinson's 'A Winter Evening,' here reproduced. The nature of its appeal eludes analysis. We see the interior of a simply-furnished room with three figures. Through the green-curtained window, high up in the wall to the left, filters the grey light of an afternoon, when, outside, snow is falling silently, and this light touches to greyness the top of the mahogany chest of drawers, runs down their front indeed, until merged towards the base in the mellow fire glow, from an unseen hearth in the foreground.

Markedly dissimilar is the portrait of 'Mons. B.,' by Mr. J. W. T. Manuel, of whose early death we learn with much regret. It is audaciously clever and eminently successful from a pictorial point of view.

Despite all the care that Sir Wyke Bayliss has expended on the rich carving of the interior of Sienna Cathedral, particularly its famous pulpit, on the scarlet and white robed choir-boys, and the incensed atmosphere of the building, his rendering of this "Beautiful Savage" fails to move. Of the four large and ambitious studies of the nude in the central gallery, that of Mr. Rupert Bunny, representing 'Venus and Cupid,' is, conceptively and technically, the most satisfactory; the others being Mr. N. Prescott Davies' 'First Sign of the Cross,' made unconsciously, it would appear, by Adam and Eve beneath the apple-tree; an incident suggested by lines in Keats' "Lamia," by Mr. Abbey Altson; and Mr. Leonard Watts' "Solâmbo," round whose nude figure the serpent is twined.



A Winter Evening.
By Caley Robinson.

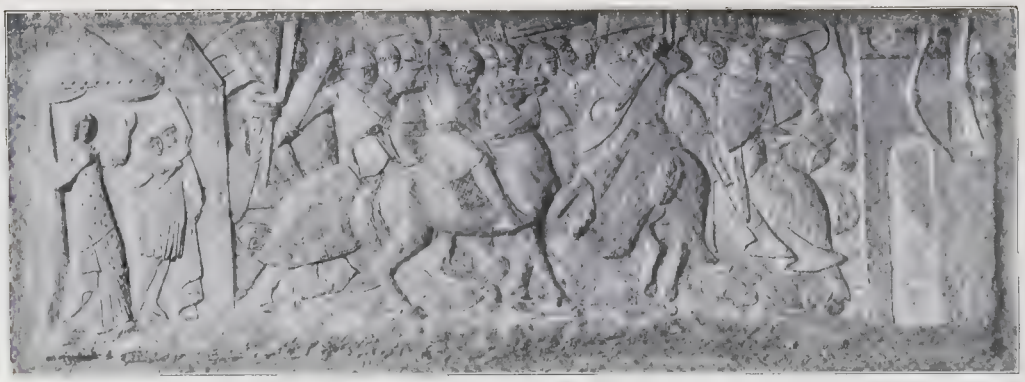


"A Protest."
By Byam Shaw

Of the 519 pictures, large and small, clamant and quiet, purposeful and purposeless, which go to make up the 17th exhibition of the Institute, or, as it is now called, the Society of Oil Painters, the small seascape by Mr. Peppercorn possesses qualities that link it to the memory.

Close by hangs Mr. Byam Shaw's 'A Protest,' reproduced on this page. It will doubtless be provocative of almost as much discussion as was the larger 'Love, the Conqueror,' from the same hand, seen at this year's Royal Academy. Some superficial resemblances, at any rate, connect it with Mr. Caley Robinson's picture in Suffolk Street. In a sense, both men are here primitives, Mr. Robinson almost certainly by force of temperament, Mr. Shaw rather, perhaps, because in this manner his 'Protest' is more effective. In the background, a lady in mauve dress, seated in front of a dressing-table strewn with silver-mounted brushes and the like, is putting the last artificial touch to her toilet, rouging her cheeks, in fact, before setting forth in large hat to be complimented on her youthful appearance. In front kneels a blue-frocked child, with light hair, painting red a bunch of roses. Exception might be taken to several points, infelicities in drawing, crudeness of colour—which many will justify on the score of actuality—and lack of atmosphere. But, when all is said, 'A Protest' bids one pause, and it is undoubtedly the work of a clever, if sometimes perverse, artist. In portraiture, Sir George Reid's 'Old Master of the Edinburgh Merchant Company' stands out because of its firmness, self-evident sincerity, and total freedom from triviality, as the most notable exhibit in Piccadilly.

FRANK RINDER.



Gesso Panel—"The Battle of the Kings." By A. J. Gaskin.
(Birmingham Municipal School of Art.)

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.



Electric Bracket.
(Birmingham School of Art.)

ON entering the New Gallery Exhibition of Arts and Crafts, the visitor's first feeling is that he will never be able to come to an end of all the beautiful and interesting things presented for his consideration. The South Gallery has been exclusively set aside for the works of William Morris. The series of drawings and designs are particularly interesting as being the actual handiwork of the poet-painter; and in this room, also, hangs the one oil-painting that this artist ever executed, 'La Belle Iseult.' For full notice we refer our readers to the 1899 Easter number of THE ART JOURNAL, which describes fully the career of William Morris, and renders many illustrations of his work. In the other rooms one cannot fail but notice how much enamelling is now employed, both in jewellery and for decorative purposes. At the head of the enamellers stands, of course, Mr. Alexander Fisher, and the brilliancy and finish of his exhibits are such as to make competition in this field hard work, even for the extremely good artists who have taken up the same line as himself. Mr. Walter Crane's drawings for children's books are charming, as are also the designs for costumes for the Art Workers' Guild Masque.



Metal-work.
(From Essex House.)

Mr. Anning Bell sends a Triptych and Panel in coloured relief, where both the modelling and colour are excellent. The furniture as a whole is unsuccessful, with some few exceptions, such as Mr. W. A. S. Benson's rosewood cabinet, with old silver mounts; and Mr. Ashbee exhibits some pieces of furniture in which a very happy result is obtained by inlaying white polished



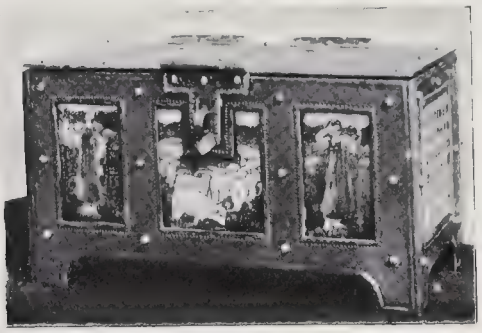
Wall-paper designed by Allan F. Vigers.
(Jeffrey & Co.)

hollywood with natural-coloured foreign woods; but in one case, at least, the grained oak outside is not successful, and would hardly be effective in a room. Of the fabrics I specially noticed some of Mr. Alex. Morton & Co.'s exhibits of silk tapestry, designed by Mr. C. F. A. Voysey, which are particularly pleasing in texture and colour. The Birmingham Guild of Handicraft, besides a case of beaten silver, have a well-proportioned and elegant electric bracket to reflect light down.

Mr. Ashbee's cases of jewellery were very delicate and elegant in design, and another case deserving of attention is the one containing work by Miss Hallé and Miss Noufflard; the association of colour in a set of ornamental buttons is very striking, yellow cairngorms rising from a groundwork of a full transparent blue, and the design and colour of several pendants is also good; the belts are less happy in their combination of tints. The crocus casket of wrought steel and silver, set with enamels by Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson, was



Tea Set in Silver and Electro-plated Hot-Water Kettle. (Birmingham Guild of Handicraft.)



Casket in Silver, Copper and Enamel. By E. L. Ward. (Birmingham Municipal School of Art.)

remarkably fine. Mr. Cockerell is also to be congratulated on his bookbindings, and Mr. and Miss McColl's work is as excellent as ever.

Knowing that the Society has to its credit not only graceful revivals of ancient methods such as the bead necklaces of the Misses Morris, but the very latest efforts in original design of our own day, it is therefore not safe to leave even the remotest recesses of the balcony unexplored. Here one finds what is perhaps, as far as originality goes, one of the best departures of the day in the Art of Lacemaking. It is almost impossible to say what length of time has elapsed since pillow lace has received such attention as to have been designed, arranged so far as technique is concerned (this being a matter of difficulty and a subject of which the ordinary designer knows nothing), and finally handed to the worker, who pricks her parchment and proceeds to its completion.

Mrs. Bruce Clarke has herself designed two of the laces, the rest coming from the hands of students of the Lincoln School of Art; and in every case she arranged the technical parts before sending the designs to the tender mercies of the pillow and bobbins. First attempts are often somewhat crude, and we should single out as the best specimen the Hop Pattern designed by Miss G. Spyvee, inasmuch as it most nearly approaches the style and method of the old English work. From her pencil comes also a small valenciennes pattern, the making of which is a rare talent in an English worker. There is also an effective design by Miss K. Williamson of a conventionalised snowdrop.

Somewhat floored beneath the pillow laces is a very satisfactory specimen of the superior art of needle lace, by Miss Margaret Dixon. True, this is but needle-run on machine-net, still the design, which is her own, as well as the execution, are both alike excellent.

Those who remember what native talent had to show in the Exhibition three years ago, will best appreciate the advances made, not only in design, but in the execution of the many wide laces shown in other frames, one of which we are able to reproduce.



A Frame of English Lace.



Early Morning.
From a photograph by John Bushby.

CAMERA CRAFT.

THE two great photographic exhibitions—The Royal Photographic Society's, and The Photographic Salon—may be summed up this year, as last, in the statement that the Salon shows less eccentricity, and the Royal less mediocrity, than ever before. It is fortunate that each party seems well satisfied. The Salonites rejoice in being saved from mere respectability, while the Royalists are proud of their successful resistance of revolutionary views.

To the painter, the Salon is the more interesting exhibition. Its smaller number of frames, and greater definiteness of intention, are both in its favour. Most of its pictures give evidence of thought and study, though many of them, in common with many at the other exhibition, betray lack of training and want of critical faculty. An inability to appreciate "tone" is as visible in the portraiture of to-day as it was in the landscapes of the recent past. We no longer see much of the coal-black grass and white-paper sky which were so common a few years ago, but we have heads which float in air against a black background, with no supporting shoulders; fronts of heads well and softly lighted, while the backs thereof are masses of black invisibility; and other wonderful but not admirable curiosities. This sacrifice of tone in the effort for concentration is probably a passing phase, principally noticeable in the work of some of the most advanced Americans, but also to be found in certain British and French works. On the two sides of the Atlantic it has arisen independently, though simultaneously; in America, through an effort to copy in photography certain results obtained by "the old masters."

Frederick H. Evans, with his 'Dr. John Todhunter' at the Salon, and his 'G. A. Storey, A.R.A.,' at the Royal, has placed his portraiture on quite as high a level as his architectural work, and thus takes the unique position of a man who stands amongst the foremost in landscape (of the woodland type), in architecture, and in portraiture. Of portraiture well above any ordinary standard, we



Close of a Stormy Day.
From a photograph by Chas. Job.



Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A.
From a photograph by F. H. Evans.

have the couple of examples by R. W. Craigie, three by Frederick Hollyer, three or four by Histed, one by H. H Hay Cameron, 'Lady Warwick' by Harold Baker, a couple by the Baron von Meyer, and the character-study, 'A Norfolk Farmer,' by George Davison, all at the Salon; while at the Royal two strongly contrasted examples from W. M. Warneuke, a portrait of 'Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.,' by R. S. Webster, some charming miniature-like portraits by Ralph W. Robinson, 'Dorothy,' by Miss Mathilde Weil, and an unusually fine work, 'After Romney's Lady Hamilton,'' by L. Walker Munro, are amongst the good things. These omit the mention of a 'Head of an Old Man,' the sole contribution from Dudley Hoyt, of Rochester, N.Y., which secures a medal at the Royal.

The work of the American school needs a paragraph to itself, and any such paragraph must open with a regret that 'The Seven Last Words,' by F. Holland Day, were not accepted at the Salon; on account (presumably) of the discussion likely to arise from the exhibition of such examples of "Sacred Art by the Camera." 'The Tree of Life' and 'The Entombment,' which are hung, do not afford the same ground for discussion of the legitimacy, or otherwise, of such work. Of other Americans, Mrs. Käsebier, Miss Ben Yusuf, Mrs. E. Cabot, Miss Mary Devens, Miss Eva L. Watson, Miss Mathilde Weil, and Messrs. W. E. Carlin, Frank Eugene, Francis Watts Lee, and Clarence H. White, are all of the new school of portraiture, and all are workers of great promise. Genre is but little in evidence this year. The examples attracting most attention are H. P. Robinson's 'Must he be sold?' at the Royal, and 'Old Dapple' at the Salon. Mr. Robinson's return to the walls of the older show, after an absence of several years, is appreciated as a sign of the healing of an old breach.



The Countess of Warwick.
From a photograph by Harold Baker.

In landscape, this year has produced great store of good things, none better than 'Wind and Rain,' by Charles Moss, George Davison's 'Pond at Weston Green' and 'Hayling Island,' Karl Greger's 'Isle of Purbeck,' Charles Job's 'Close of a Stormy Day,' John H. Gash's 'Summer Shades,' and 'Early Morning,' by John Bushby, and pictures by John H. Gear and B. C. Wickison. A Horsley Hinton also challenges admiration.



"Old Dapple."
From a photograph by H. P. Robinson.

H. S. W.

PASSING EVENTS.

A REMARKABLY interesting collection of the studio works of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones has been arranged in the garden studio of the house where the illustrious painter found a home in London. Each Saturday and Sunday, from two o'clock till dusk, the collection is open to visitors on signing their names. The entrance is in Lisgar Terrace, West Kensington.

AT the Crystal Palace the Picture Gallery is being entirely reorganized to harmonize with the extensive improvements already made at the Sydenham resort.

DURING the past year the chief picture purchased for the National Gallery of Ireland, Sir Walter Armstrong reports, was 'Les Tours de Cartes,' by J. B. S. Chardin. For this work £750 was paid.

MR. A. G. TEMPLE states that the 1900 Guildhall Exhibition will consist of works by living British artists. Having regard to the fact that British art will, of necessity, be inadequately represented at the great Paris Exhibition, the project seems sound. There are many persons who will consider the idea very courageous as well. Mr. Gow's picture of the Diamond Jubilee, presented by Mr. Henry Clarke, is now added to the permanent collection.

A WAVE of art enthusiasm is passing over the West Country. Bristol, as we have already announced, is to have a permanent gallery worthy of the many conscientious artists settled there. In the meantime Cheltenham has become enriched through the generosity of Baron de Ferrières. The two galleries presented by him to the town have lately been opened, and the donor has crowned his act of munificence by placing in these about forty pictures, mostly of Dutch and Belgian artists, valued at a considerable sum.

IN the 1900 volume of THE ART JOURNAL, an article, with illustrations in colours, will be published on the Interior Decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral, now in progress by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A. This should be of timely assistance to the Decoration Committee, who, through the Dean of St. Paul's, make an earnest request for additional funds to carry on the work. £50,000 is now required for this purpose, and it is confidently expected that the money will be raised.

YORK MINSTER, it appears, is in a perilous state, and an urgent appeal is being made for funds to avert the dilapidation which threatens the west front. It is stated that over £100,000 has been spent during the last seventy years in repairing the structure; but a special effort must now be made if a disaster is to be averted. All kinds of generous funds are now worked by newspapers, so that one would not be surprised to find the Yorkshire press starting some scheme which would make a direct appeal to all classes of Yorkshiremen, to help in raising the £50,000 now required to put in order the finest architectural example in the county.

ONE of the features in "The Year's Art, 1900," will be the inclusion of a series of portraits representative of the numerous distinguished workers in the arts and crafts.

THE Christmas number of THE ART JOURNAL is an account of the Life and Work of Peter Graham, R.A., by W. Matthews Gilbert, of Edinburgh. Three separately printed plates and over fifty other illustrations accompany the text.

DURING this year the Jubilee Series of THE ART JOURNAL has been in progress, and the last of the twelve numbers will appear at the end of December. It may be pointed out to recent subscribers to THE ART JOURNAL that this Jubilee Series forms a key to the publication since its beginning, fifty years ago. A complete series of THE ART JOURNAL is not always obtainable, so that the Jubilee Volume, being the cream of THE ART JOURNAL since 1849, will form an admirable indicator of the Arts during the last half-century, and thus, to some extent, take the place of the many volumes already published.

GIOVANNI SEGANTINI, one of the best known of modern Italian painters, and a member of the Committee of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, died recently in the Engadine. He found many admirers in this country for his sincere work. Along with Mr. Whistler he was one of the principal prize-winners in the Venice Exhibition of 1895.

THE collection of pictures formed by Dr. M. Schubart was sold in Munich on October 23rd. Great preparations had been made for the auction, and well-illustrated catalogues were widely distributed. But the pictures themselves were extremely disappointing, and it says a great deal as to the scarcity of really fine works for such poor examples to be so much valued. The Hobbema, 'Water Mill under Trees,' was vastly inferior to even the poorest specimen in the National Gallery, and how the Dresden Public Gallery could give £4,300 for it is quite inexplicable.

SUBSCRIBERS to THE ART JOURNAL for 1899 are reminded that with this number is issued the last of the twelve coupons for the Premium Plate. This Premium is an Etching by Mr. W. Heydemann, from the picture 'Helena and Hermia,' by Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A. This picture was specially commissioned by the Proprietors of THE ART JOURNAL, and it was arranged with the President that the work should be completed early in the year. The exacting duties of Sir Edward Poynter's official position have prevented him completing the picture until the autumn. The work is, however, now finished, and we think our subscribers will find it one of the artist's most beautiful compositions. The Publishers wish to say that for the reasons above stated, there may be some extra time required in the supply of subscribers' copies, but it is hoped the delay will not be lengthy.

ART BOOKS AND CHRISTMAS PUBLICATIONS.

THE great number of important publications, which are appearing from month to month, makes it impossible to do more than notice briefly the many excellent volumes named in the following article.

The most serious publication is Lady Dilke's *"FRENCH PAINTERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY" (Bell). It is only the beginning of what, we hope, will be an important contribution in several volumes, covering the studies on which Lady Dilke has been engaged for a number of years. The artists who are dealt with in this volume are chiefly Boucher, Fragonard, Greuze, Lancret, Pater, and Watteau. Beginning with a brilliant essay on the story of the French Royal Academy, the writer takes up the great decorative painters, then the painters of fêtes galantes, of familiar scenes, of portraits, and of landscapes. Each master is amply illustrated, and the whole concludes with an excellent list of works produced by the painters. Lady Dilke's work is strikingly successful, as was to be expected from the brilliant lady who made her reputation as Mrs. Mark Pattison.

Mr. Malcolm Bell demonstrates, in his well-arranged and well-written *"REMBRANDT AND HIS WORK" Bell), that his now well-known "LIFE OF BURNE-JONES" was not the work of a writer with only a single idea. Notwithstanding the number of publications on Rembrandt, Mr. Bell's volume possesses a place of its own; and as it is written for those who wish to know, rather than for those who already know, it is to be recommended for those who are a little tired of the many technical details, recently introduced into Rembrandt literature.

In the second volume of "DUTCH PAINTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY" (Sampson Low), the omissions of the first volume are repaired to some extent. An excellent account of J. Maris, by G. H. Marius, is rendered with twelve illustrations; and adequate notices also appear of Neuhuys, Mesdag, W. Maris, and Blommers. No doubt in a succeeding volume Mauve will be discussed, and Tholen, and the most interesting of all, Matthew Maris. But it may be said that many critics have wished to write on this mysterious artist who lives in our own St. John's Wood, but he steadily refuses to give any assistance in the matter.

Although the Poussins are not much in favour at the present moment, a careful biography, with good illustrations, by Dr. Elizabeth Denis, entitled "NICHOLAS POUSSIN, HIS LIFE AND WORK" (Sampson Low), fills a vacancy in artistic literature.

Mr. William Nicholson is, undoubtedly, the most individual artist in printed portraits we possess, and his success is a satisfactory sign of the times. Mr. Heinemann has published *"TWELVE PORTRAITS" by him in a small folio, and the series includes the homely, yet noble, portrait of the Queen and her terrier dog. Mr. Kipling, Mr. Rhodes, and Mr. Whistler. Each one is a great work of Art.



La Belle Blanchisseuse. By Greuze.
From Lady Dilke's "French Painters of the Eighteenth Century" (Bell).

Mr. Henty has been as well occupied as ever, and in his volumes "NO SURRENDER," "WON BY THE SWORD," and "A ROVING COMMISSION" (Blackie), he produces stirring tales of the Rising in La Vendée, of the Thirty Years' War, and of the Insurrection of Hayti. The work of illustrating such works as these is an excellent school for training artists; and Mr. William Rainey is particularly successful with his drawings for "A ROVING COMMISSION."

* The Editor recommends the purchase of these publications.

Mr. Andrew Lang's series of "ANIMAL STORIES" (Longmans) is illustrated by Mr. H. J. Ford: but this clever artist seems to have found the drawing of animals a little less congenial than the designs of fairy books of previous years.

Of Messrs. Tuck's numerous Christmas publications, "FATHER TUCK'S ANNUAL" is the most striking. It is full of admirably illustrated tales and rhymes for children. In their Christmas Cards, Messrs. Tuck have striven, and not unsuccessfully, to obtain novelties, the chief being a charming series of cards printed after the manner of Wedgwood china. We think this style of prints on varied tones, both dark and light, with envelopes to match, would be a welcome change to the somewhat cold, or at least monotonous, tones of white and cream at present prevailing.



Mr. James McNeill Whistler.
From "Twelve Portraits," by William Nicholson (Heinemann).

A very successful plate, 'The Banks of the Upper Wye,' has been etched for the Art Union of London by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., from the picture by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A. The etcher has been specially happy in his manner of treating the cows, and the variety of texture he displays in the plate throughout is very noteworthy. The picture being agreeable and the etching good, the combination ought to bring many new subscribers to the Art Union.



"The Banks of the Upper Wye."
By H. W. B. Davis, R.A.

By permission of the Art Union of London, 112, Strand.

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"FLORA."—Sketch design for Tapestry executed by Morris & Co.

Figure by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Ornament by William Morris. 1886.

WILLIAM MORRIS AND HIS ART.

NO one in the least interested in Decorative Art—and who is there does not profess that much?—wants to be told at this time of day who William Morris was. His name is prominent among the few true poets of the age; it heads the list of those who in our days have wrought and fought for the lesser arts—for art, that is to say, in the larger sense of the word. He it was snatched from the hand of Ruskin the torch which Pugin earlier in the century had kindled, and fired the love of beauty in us. He was the staunchest defender of our ancient monuments. He stamped the mark of his personality upon the design of his generation. There seemed no limit to his enterprise, no end to his endeavour—but death, which came too soon.



ammersmith' rpet Weav- at Merton bey Works p. 6 and 21).

The very variety, however, of his activity, the many forms in which his vitality found vent, tend in a measure to create confusion as to what he did precisely. Enquiry into the order of his work and the date at which it was done, goes far to dissipate such confusion, and to show, not only what he did, but how it was possible for him to do so much.

The circumstances of his early youth do not seem to have been such as to implant or encourage in him any care for art. His old friend Mr. F. S. Ellis tells (in a paper read before the Society of Arts, May 10th, 1898) how he went to the Exhibition of 1851—he was then seventeen years old—and how he sat himself down on a seat, and steadily refused to go over the building, declining to see anything more wonderful in this wonder of the world than that it was "wonderfully ugly." He never got over that prejudice against the Great Fair, which he accused of giving the death-stroke to traditional design in this country. Nevertheless, he owed something, if not to that event, to the awakened interest in artistic production of which it was the outward and visible sign.

For Morris was born just at the right moment: the way was prepared for him. Walter Scott, without really appreciating Gothic art, had called popular attention to its romance, Rickman had long since "discriminated" the "styles of English Architecture," Pugin had published his "True Principles of Gothic Architecture," and was designing all manner of mediæval furniture; and, by the time he came to take any heed of art, Gothic architecture was the fashion. Winston had written his Essay on Stained Glass, Shaw and others had published books on mediæval antiquities, and Viollet le Duc his famous dictionary; even Owen Jones, the orientalist, had cleared the ground, by creating a reaction of taste against mere naturalism in pretending to be design. Fergusson, Freeman, Semper, Wornum, Digby Wyatt, and above all, Ruskin, had been writing about art until people were beginning to listen. Men like William Burges and E. W. Godwin were hard at work already: there was reaction in the air: the times were ready for the man—and the man was William Morris.

He seems to have gone to Oxford with a quite open mind on the subject of Art; but there the spirit of Mediævalism was abroad, and he promptly caught the infection. Ruskin was an influence there; it was later that Rossetti went down to decorate the walls of the Union, and there he became almost at once close friends with Edward Burne-Jones, his life-long fellow worker, who, by a strange coincidence, matriculated on the same day with himself. That was in 1852. But it was at literature that he first began to work, establishing the "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine." Mr. Ellis tells us that for the year of its existence he found the necessary funds. That was an early instance of a liberality characteristic of him to the last. A short year in the office of George Edmund Street when he left Oxford, in 1856, was enough to sicken him of professional architecture, which seemed at first, and was in those days thought to be, the entrance-gate to all the arts not claiming to be fine. He may at one

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Morris's Works at Merton Abbey, Surrey (p. 5).



time have contemplated painting; but the publication in 1858 of the "Defence of Guinevere" seems to show that for a while he devoted himself to poetry. And as a poet he first became known.

It was, perhaps, the difficulty which he has told us he experienced in getting decent furniture and fittings for his own house, when he married in 1859, which irritated him into artistic activity once more. At all events, in 1861 he set to work in earnest to produce beautiful things for the house, and, with his friends, started business in Red Lion Square. The idea of reviving art in everything about us was not entirely new. So long before as 1847 "Felix Summerly," to whom we owe South Kensington Museum, had organised a combination of artists, including Creswick, Dyce, Maclise (who ought to have been a designer), Mulready, Bell, and Westmacott, for the production of "Art Manufactures." It is true they called them manufactures, and they did not do great things; but it was set forth in the prospectus that "Beauty of Form and Colour and poetic invention were (once) associated with everything. So it ought to be still, and, we will say, shall be again." Morris put it better; but that is in effect what he said; and he managed to bring it about.

Vine pattern Wall-paper (pp. 18 and 21). Working drawing by William Morris. 1874.



The venture of the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co., was itself a protest against what was already being done, and was resented accordingly by the trades. It was in 1866, I remember, that the name of the firm first came to my ears, and I asked an old hand at design who they were. The answer was: "A set of amateurs who are going to teach us our trade." Amateurs in a sense they were, no doubt; that is to say, they set to work at many a trade about which they knew very little, and worried out the secret of it for themselves, distrusting the knowledge which was to be acquired from men who had served their apprenticeship to it; but the wonderful thing is that they did teach the trade its business; and it was practically Morris who did it.

Others before them had started with high artistic ideals, but had lacked the courage to go on, or had been drawn by hard circumstances, or driven perhaps by necessity, into the ways of trade; he had not only convictions of his own and the courage of them, but was in a position to hold fast to them. He was in every sense of the word independent: his father was dead, and he could go his own way, and from the time of his coming of age he was what most of us would call well-off. He never knew what it was to lack the means of livelihood or to fear for them. He was free to



Merton Abbey Works, from the bridge (p. 5).

carry out his artistic ideal. He had no occasion to bow to the demands of trade or fashion. This gave him a splendid chance—and he took it.

The earlier work of the firm was of course pronouncedly Gothic in style; so much so that the medals awarded to them at the exhibition of 1862 were given for "exactness of imitation" of mediæval work. The wording of the award may express more nearly the point of view of the judges than the aim of the exhibitors; but it was inevitable that the new firm, starting when it did, and as it did, should begin by working very much in the old way.

However, Morris soon made Gothic his own, and used it to express himself. His mediævalism was in the end distinctly modern; but he boasted himself always a Goth. "The age is ugly," he said; "if a man wants to do anything, he must just choose the epoch which suits him and identify himself with that; he must be a thirteenth-century man, for instance." That is very much what he would fain have been—"intrepidly retrograde," as a French critic said. The logic of his argument is not convincing; but his sympathies were all with mediævalism, and he harked back to the time when, as he was firmly persuaded, art got off the track. He did all he could to forget six centuries or so and make-believe we were living in the Middle Ages—a feat impossible for most of us, but all of a piece with the childlike simple-mindedness of the man. So convinced was he of the goodness of all things Gothic, and mainly of Gothic things, that if a thing seemed good to him, it almost followed that it was Gothic; thus, appreciating the value of continuous growth in pattern, he puts it down as a matter of course to the time "when young Gothic Art took the place of old Classic," quite forgetting that the ancients had ever perfected the continuous scroll, and that the only new departure of the Middle Ages was, to put scrolls of flowing ornament side by side and make "all-over" patterns of them.



Rose pattern Wilton Pile Carpet p. 22). First design and working drawing by William Morris. Ca. 1877.



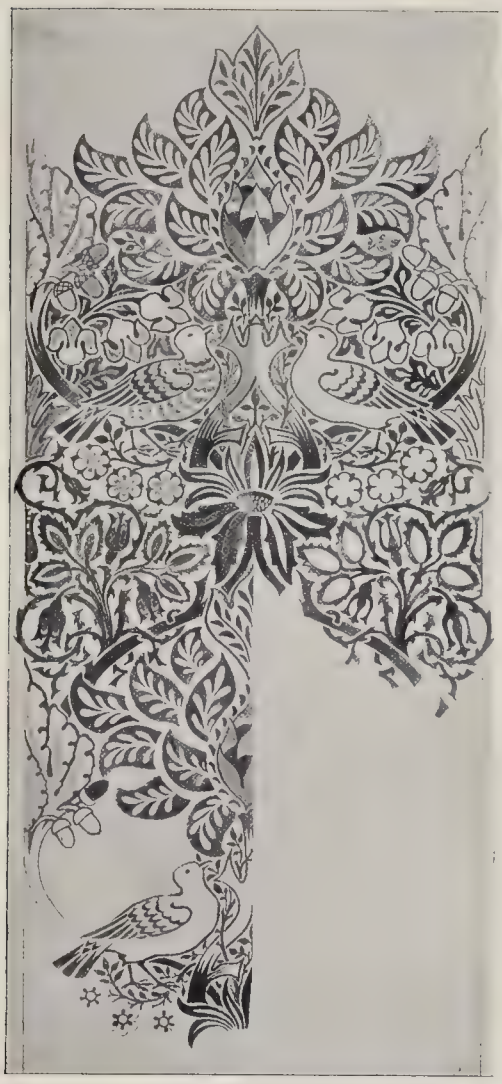
Peacock pattern (p. 22). Coarse Wool Hangings. Working drawing by William Morris. 1878.

The early work of the firm embraced the greater part of what goes to house decoration, including the production of stained glass, painted tiles, embroidery, cabinet-work, and, presently, woven and printed stuffs; and it may be gathered from the fact of its removal, in 1865, to Queen Square, that it soon began to flourish; at all events, from that time it became generally known.

A year later Morris had a chance of showing what he could do at South Kensington Museum, where he decorated the small dining-room known as the green room, a very typical example of his work at that time. The distribution of the walls, their modelled surface (painted too!), the fruit and figure panels on a gold ground, the lively frieze, the colour scheme—all of which to-day do not much stir the curiosity of the casual diner—were new and rather startling innovations in decoration more than thirty years ago.

From that time he took up one branch of industry after another, his appetite for such work increasing, one may say, abnormally in eating. He did not make quite all the things he designed and brought out; his wall-papers were printed, and continue to be printed, by Mr. Metford Warner (better known as Jeffrey and Co.); and his first chintzes were printed by Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Wardle. But, like all real workers, he preferred to do his own work, and would rather do it himself than be at the bother to tell someone else how it could be done; and before long he was printing his own cotton stuffs, and weaving his own textiles; and, by the middle of the seventies, he was dyeing his own wools for weaving. You might have met him any day in the street with dye-stained hands; for he was a born workman, never afraid of soiling their whiteness; and he was far too much alive to stand by and see anyone bungling over what he himself could do better, and not set to work to show him how to do better.

In the midst of his artistic activity, or in the lulls between, he found time to write the poems which soon made him famous. Of these it is not here the place, nor is the present writer the person, to speak, further than to point out how the poet helped naturally to make the artist known. The mere fact that a poet of repute, near friend of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, was devoting himself to the lesser arts, made them of more account, in the eyes of the literate at all events. The younger generation of artists and amateurs, accustomed to the fashionable gush about "arts and crafts," have no idea of what a very obscure



Dove and Rose pattern (p. 21). Silk and Wool Damask. Working drawing by William Morris. 1879.

person the decorative artist was a quarter of a century ago. The meanest craftsman is now ranked as an artist; then the master of his craft, unless he painted pictures or carved statues, was put down as a mere artisan. The author of "The Earthly Paradise" could not be relegated to that position; what such a man thought worth doing was clearly worth taking seriously; and decorative art began to be taken at his valuation—that is to say, at something like its true worth, as the root and stock of all art, of which fine art is only the flower.

His personal repute made it possible for him to pursue his ideal, and to fulfil it; and in 1877 he opened the premises still occupied by the firm of Morris and Co. in Oxford Street—sure sign of further prosperity—and by the year 1881 he had finally quitted the old quarters in Queen Square, and established his unique workshops at Merton Abbey. Morris himself would probably never have dreamt of turning the ruins of an old Norman monastery into workshops; he would have preserved them piously, as ancient monuments, to be held in trust for posterity; but he found manufacture already established there, and so long established (that is, since the Reformation) that it was itself an institution worth preservation. And there he carried on the crafts he cared for, in the way he thought they should be carried on, the only way in which it seemed to him they were worth continuing, by the traditional methods of handicraft, with as little resort to machinery as possible, with a view always to the artistic worth of the thing done, and to the reasonable satisfaction of the workman in doing it.

A visit to the works at Merton Abbey gives one a peep, as it were, into the past he loved so dearly he must needs continually fall out with the present, so far short of his ideal. The primitive methods of dyeing, printing and weaving, still in work there, just suited his notion of design, which was indeed shaped according to the traditions of craftsmanship. There is nothing of the modern "factory" about his "mills"; an old-world air clings to the place, an atmosphere of quiet, and of some leisure, in which the workers, not harried to death, have space to breathe, and to enjoy something of the repose and beauty of the



Bird and Vine pattern (p. 21. Wool Damask. Working drawing by William Morris. 1881.

Cotton Printing at Merton Abbey Works (p. 5).



world. Imagine, by the Wandle's side, an old walled garden. On the banks, long, low-roofed worksheds, and a waterwheel revolving at its ease; long strips of printed cotton a-rinsing in the stream; great hanks of yarn, fresh from the indigo vat, hung drying in the air; dyers and printers moving quietly about—in all, a sunlit picture of most peaceful work.

Morris expected work of his workpeople: work was no hardship to him; and he did to his workmen always as he would have been done by. At Merton he began carpet-weaving and there presently he set up his tapestry looms, having first mastered the craft for himself. It was characteristic of him that he should have put up a loom in his bedroom at home, and there taught himself tapestry weaving in the early hours of the morning, when the rest of the household were abed—you see the workman there. Each separate enterprise on which he entered seems, for a time, to have moved him to extraordinary energy. He thought it out, installed it, set it going, designed for it, trained men and women in the work to be done; and then, by degrees, as things began to run smoothly and could be trusted to go on without him, his interest became less active; a new idea germinated in his mind, or an old one burst into bud, and his energies broke out afresh in some new doing.

He had attended less and less to the business in Oxford Street whilst he was organising experimental industries at Merton. When these were flourishing, he left them, as he had left the shop, very much to his partners, furnishing such designs as were required of him, or as occurred to him, and satisfying himself that the work was being done as he would wish, but making his visits to the works rarer and rarer as he became more deeply absorbed in the subject of typography and printing. It was in 1891 that the first volume was issued from the Kelmscott Press, and from that time he became very much the master-printer, his invention finding fresh scope in the design of title-pages, initials, borders, and book ornaments innumerable, superficially in one mediæval style of his own, but showing in their detail all the fancy and resourcefulness which belonged to him to the last. Had he but lived another ten years, he would certainly have made himself master of yet a craft or two before he died. It is interesting, in connection with his type printing, to remember, that in his youth he illuminated for his wife and friends precious volumes of poetry, penned by his own hand. The pages which, a little further on, by Lady Burne-Jones's great kindness we are enabled to illustrate, show him to have been no less careful as a calligrapher than cunning as a designer, and expert as a painter in miniature.

The current of his poetical writing, which all his life long never ran dry, flowed in his later years into the channel of prose stories told in beautiful, if somewhat archaic, language of his own, not unrelated to the mediævalism pervading his design. But the writings which concern us are his writings upon art. It is often said that an artist should say what he has to say in his art, and not talk about it. That is an admirable theory—for the inarticulate; but there are many things an artist may wish to say which cannot properly be expressed in his art, and which he may well want to put into words, more especially if he chance to be, as Morris was, a master of words also. He is a standing protest against any narrow dictum which would gag an artist. He had more to say than could be put into ornament, or even into poetry; and he said it not merely admirably, but with a delightful sincerity, straight from his heart. It was in 1877 that he first set forth the Principles of the Society for the

Protection of Ancient Buildings, of which society he was a foremost founder and a bulwark to the last; and between that time and 1881 he delivered every year at least a lecture or two upon art. Five of these were printed under the title of "Hopes and Fears for Art." Others live only in newspaper reports.

Strictly speaking, he did not often write about art, but printed his lectures—just as he gave them; and you read the accent into them as you peruse the book; you seem to hear him speak; and in his speech there was none of the deliberate artificiality of his prose story-telling; he was as simple as could be, as frank and as downright, so obviously convinced of the unanswerable truth of what he said, that he carried conviction with him—at least for the while you heard him. We all of us think we are in the right, Morris knew he was—even when he was most mistaken. His logic, as a great French critic said *apropos* of a brother critic, was "ardently combative." He had a way of talking and writing as if he were opposing some one, and must bear his adversary down. The fact is, probably, that he felt himself so much in opposition to the normal habit of philistine thought, that he looked for resistance, and made haste to get in the first blow.

The second series of his lectures, which appeared in 1888 under the title of "Signs of Change," were confessedly "Socialist"—he devoted, about this time and before, an enormous amount of his time and energy to socialistic work—but some of them at least deal directly with things artistic, which, as he thought, and as Ruskin, his friend and master, as he called him, thought, cannot be separated from social life; Pugin thought it bound up with religious life. Many of us recognise, of course, the intimate relationship of art to life, without arguing from that the necessity of socialism. Morris did; and there is no shadow of doubt as to his sincerity and enthusiasm.

Those who, agreeing in the main with his diagnosis of the social anemia of the century-end, have no very great faith in his remedy, are tempted to regret the precious time he gave to the diffusion of the socialistic idea. There is some consolation in the reflection that most of his lectures, having been delivered with a purpose more or less socialistic, he might very possibly, but for "the cause," never have delivered himself upon the subject on which we wanted him to speak. In his last years he naturally delivered himself oftener on the subject most on his mind, printing, woodcuts, "the Ideal Book"—to which he more nearly than any modern printer himself attained. There is probably no one of the various branches of art which he in turn took up, on which he did not say his say; and, so outspoken was he, that no serious student of his work could fail to understand just what he meant to do, even if he had not succeeded in doing it, which he almost invariably did.



Painted Decoration of soffits of arches on staircase in St. James's Palace (p. 27). Designed by William Morris 1881.

Morris was inspired by a passionate love of beauty, and had a corresponding hatred of the ugliness he saw about him. He set himself to mend that state of things. Impossible! they said. No matter, he would try. But he did not covet beauty for his own selfish enjoyment merely, least of all did he desire it at the



Washing the Cloth at Merton Abbey Works (p. 6).

expense of others. He protested vehemently against the supposition that art was for the privileged few, for the "upper classes," whom he would have liked to abolish, and who, curiously enough, bought his work and gave him his repute. Art, he said, was meant to raise man's life above the daily tangle of small things that weary him; and he adopted, without reserve, the theory that the first step towards art worth having was to make the life of the worker worth living. "Let me say it, that either I have erred in the aim of my whole life, or that the welfare of these lesser arts involves the question of the content and self-respect of all craftsmen." He believed that if only life were easier, and men had time to look about them, they would learn to love art. Whether that be so or not, it was a noble thought of his; and noble thoughts go to make great art possible. The converse certainly is true, that mean and sordid surroundings deaden the sense of beauty, and degrade alike the poor folk who make ugly things and the rich ones who live amidst them.

He was never weary of protesting against the ugliness of life. Life should be beautiful! For himself he was in a position to shape things about him as he would have them; but that was not enough for him, was nothing to him. Hungry as he was for beauty, he had no stomach for a feast of art whilst others were starving; rather coarse food which all could share, than dainties denied to them. It is seldom that a high ideal is so perfectly expressed as his aspiration towards "*an art made by the people, and for the people, as a happiness to the maker and user*." If it seems to us that his splendid ideal is impractical, his hope never to be realised—and it is to be feared it does—that is perhaps because we are less nobly minded; it takes a big man to have great hopes, tne least of us can reach pessimism.

The sight of such a man spending his great gifts and wondrous energies in holding forth to a dozen or so of "comrades" leagues away from any right understanding of him, was grotesque enough almost to make one doubt his sense of humour. In reality he had a keen sense of fun, as no one who ever heard him read "Brer Rabbit" could doubt; but his mind was too sternly fixed upon one serious end for him to see things as onlookers saw them, or in their true proportion.

Nevertheless, the least sympathetic of his audience could hardly see him on the platform and not be impressed by his wonderful personality; he looked the man he was, powerfully built, thickset, stalwart and sturdy, without any swagger, but with the air of a conqueror as he stood up to speak; an open face of fresh complexion, unshaven and rather rugged beard; his hair, grizzled and curly, upstanding like a mane from his broad forehead in a way that gave him the look of a lion; good grey eyes which could twinkle with merriment, light up with enthusiasm, or flash with indignation; a voice that deepened as he spoke; action and speech so sudden, it seemed it must be spontaneous.

To see him was to know him for a rebel born. He was inclined, at times at all events, to divide men into two classes, flunkies and rebels; and he was not content to be a rebel himself, but professed his desire to stir up rebellion in others against what to him was intolerable. The law? What law? Who made it law? Conformity, to him, was slavery. He would follow no custom. Usage? that was a reason for not doing likewise. His behaviour



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Axminster Carpet 1873.

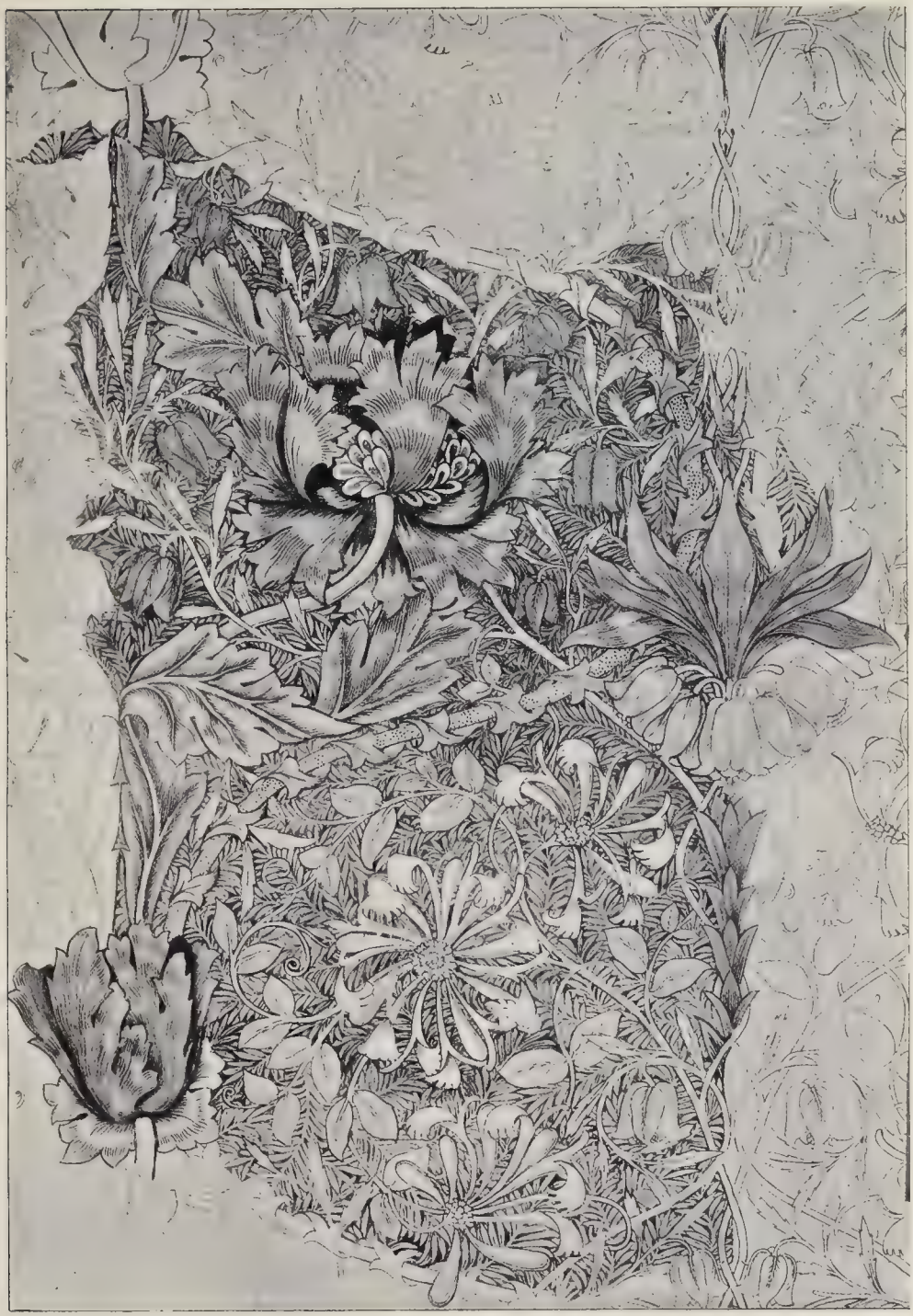


"Anemone" Pattern Silk and Wool Curtain Material– 1874.



Painted Wall Decoration ca. 1877.

Working Drawings by William Morris.



Honeysuckle pattern printed on Linen (p. 29). Working drawing by William Morris, 1883.

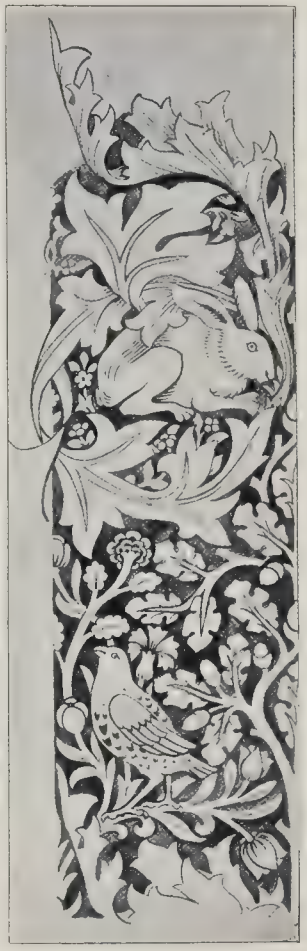


"The Strawberry Thief" pattern. Cotton print (p. 20). Working drawing by William Morris. 1883.

was individualistic, absolutely; he dressed, spoke, did, as pleased himself, and had nothing but contempt for orthodoxy of whatever kind. And with all this he was a socialist, and a militant one, convinced that he saw in socialism a way out of the degradation unto which society, and modern art and workmanship accordingly, had fallen. He never seemed to suspect that socialism (as understood by his political brethren) would leave less room than ever for the free action of a man—of a man, that is to say, as distinguished from a sheep!

Some stress is here laid upon Morris's socialism because it so greatly influenced his art. He would not, for the worker's sake, have made things by machinery even had he found it serviceable to art; he hated and distrusted it too much to make the best of it, or, for that matter, of science. He produced things which are indeed a happiness to the user, and were a happiness to the maker—if he was an artist (which not all workmen are), and things which were made by the people: that they were made for the people can hardly be contended, since it is not possible for any but the very few to pay the price for handwork in these days.

Employing, as he did, handwork, or the simplest and most primitive of mechanical aids to handwork, he was free to design as it pleased him. That suited him best. The fight then was between him and the material; and he was a fighter by instinct, never so happy as in the thick of the strife. I have heard him say he liked being heckled; and he looked like it: he was at home on the platform. And in art, it was as much as anything the fight which interested him, the pleasure of attacking a problem, the joy of solving it.



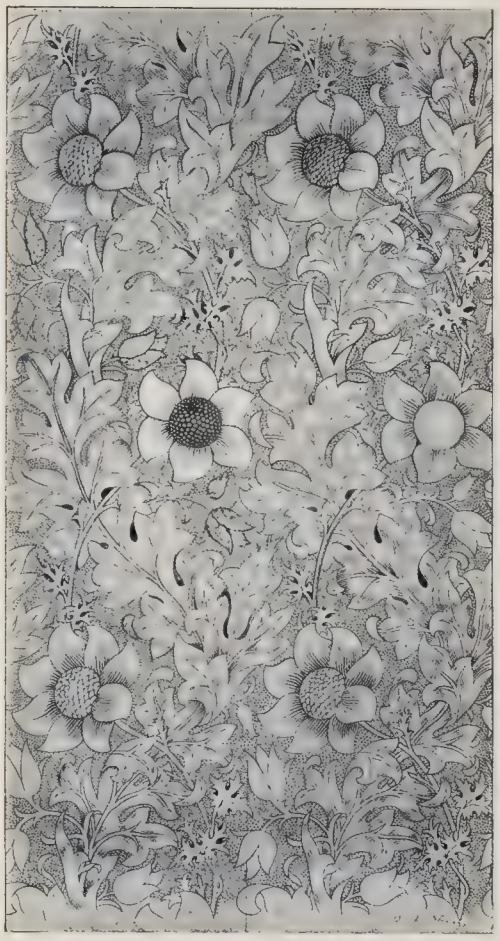
"Brer Rabbi pattern. Cotton print (p. 20). Working drawing by William Mor 1883.

In that way his career explains itself. The mystery of his wonderful versatility is cleared up. It was wonderful indeed, but it was not versatility — rather the reverse, steadfastness in one progressive purpose. He did not veer about, but moved straight on in quick steps, each step a craft. Impatient, he plunged into work and fought his way through. Once he had mastered it, he ceased to be passionately interested in it; but, though his ardour was assuaged, it had not burnt itself out. At the first contact with some new difficulty it burst out anew, fiery as ever, to be quenched only by accomplishment. No! not quenched, but smothered, presently to flare up at the breath of some fresh opposition, at the hint of some new work to do; *to do*—that was it—accomplished, it was done and ended.

Mr. Ellis has put it on record that Morris was less satisfied with his achievement in stained glass than in any other branch of his work. That seems, at first thought, hard to explain, when we remember the splendid colour of his glass, for which, even when Burne-Jones designed the cartoons, he was invariably responsible. Perhaps he cared less for the work because it was not all his own, perhaps because for a long while the technique of glass painting had the better of him. He mastered it at last; but he had never the



The "Wandle" pattern. Printed Cotton (p. 20). Working drawing by William Morris. 1884.



"Fritillary" pattern Wall-paper (p. 21). Working drawing by William Morris. 1885.

he did the thing he was moved to do, and did it in the way it came to him to do it. He did not ask himself, is this thing in demand? he did not stop to think if anyone wanted it; but took it for granted that what he had to give would be acceptable, and gave it with all the confidence of his perpetual youth.

He passed on the sooner from one trade to another because he was satisfied always by the simplest effects, and preferred to produce them by the simplest means. The simple thing was the natural thing to do, and the workmanlike, as well as being a protest against the ultra-elaboration and false finish which is called refinement. It was not difficult for a man of his capacity to master, for example, the processes of old-fashioned dyeing, or of cotton printing by hand-blocks. If he had entered into the wider, the never-ending, fields of chemical dyeing and complicated roller printing, he might have worked on in them to the end of his days without satisfactory results. Happily for him, he abhorred machine-printing, and chemically-produced dyestuffs.

It was not in his nature to linger over a trade, to think how he could carry it a little further towards perfection; he did not want perfection, did not care for it. Mr. Ellis, from whose closely sympathetic paper I have so often quoted, tells us that the French proverb, "The better is the enemy of the good," was constantly on his lips. Furbishing was not in his way; he wanted more substantial work to do, something on which he could employ all his might—and he was a mighty worker. He said himself that if he were unable to work, he would die of weariness and despair. He would a thousand



"Kennett" ... pattern Chin... (p. 20). Working drawing by W... liam Morris. Ca. 1889.

triumphant sense of having carried it to the very furthest point. In the technique of glass painting he had something to learn from men like Mr. John Clayton, who were before him in the field. His was not the temperament patiently to study the chemistry of glass colour; or to prove by long experiment the dependence to be placed upon a flux. The disappointments of the kiln were of a kind he was least of the temper to bear; and at one time (a scruple as to the right of putting new windows into old churches aiding), he nearly gave up glass painting altogether—fighting is not such fun when you don't win—and turned his thoughts to processes which he could more easily overcome. This was the only one which seemed to baffle him for long; the rest he mastered and passed on—only to seek new trades to conquer.

And this progressiveness of his activity accounts for the continual renewal of his energy. He never worked on at what tired him, as craftsmen and producers less happily placed are bound to do, but turned to something in which he could take pleasure; hence the spontaneity of his design; it was done rapidly, at a white heat, and the warmth remains in it. Working from impulse, never from outward pressure (to which he had no occasion to yield),



Window at Christchurch, Oxford (p. 25). Ornament by William Morris. Figures by Sir E. Burne-Jones. From the glass executed by Morris and Co.

Photo. W. H. Wheeler, Oxford.

1899.

times rather have died, as he did, before his time, but with his hands full of work, than linger a helpless onlooker upon life.

He had not the patience to stand by. And his impatience was deliberate and wilful. He valued impulse more highly than any accomplishment; he did not care for polish; rudeness did not offend him. "I suspect I like things rougher than most men," he once said; and when someone complained of Dickens that he was not a gentleman, his quick retort was, "So much the better!" He makes clear to us the impatience of his temperament in those lines of his on Death:—

> "Will it not be soft and kind,
> That rest from life, from *patience*, and from pain,
> That rest from bliss we know not when we find,
> That rest from Love that ne'er the end can gain?"

The restlessness of life, the gnawing of pain, the emptiness of happiness, the impotence of Love—these are the common property of the poets, but patience hitherto has been identified with rest.



Detail of painted decoration (p. 27). Working drawing by William Morris.

His characteristic combativeness, and its relation to his work, are exemplified in the way he set about the various arts and crafts he took up: he did not learn a trade in the natural way from those who knew it, and seek then to better the teaching of his masters; but, acknowledging no master, except perhaps the ancients, he would worry it out always for himself. He had a wonderful knack of learning in that way. It is a pity if his example should mislead (as it seems to be doing) the younger generation of designers. He succeeded; but who knows how much time he wasted by re-inventing, as it were, what others could have told him? His brilliant achievement seems to have encouraged the illusion, lying usually at the bottom of a man's self-consciousness, that everything depends only upon the individual and what is innate in him—genius in our case, of course—that accumulated experience counts for nothing, and education does no good. It is of the essence of amateurishness to think you can do without learning your trade, or that you can somehow worry through. Morris came out with flying colours only because he happened to be endowed as only one man in a century is likely to be. There are many ways to success; but, as a method of proceeding, his was emphatically the most unlikely way—except for Morris. No doubt there is a charm always about experimental work, but it is a charm more highly prized by the artist than by the purchaser of it, who is perhaps the loser by its half-success.

Morris had not only an immense capacity for work, but was himself a master workman, doing always what he meant to do, and doing it about as well as it could be done. "Delight in skill," he said, "lies at the root of all art." It was because he liked it just so, that he would violate what some of us accept as laws binding on the designer, as when he made an acorn grow from two stalks, or gave a lily five petals, or when he cut a scroll abruptly short at the margin of the panel instead of designing it in the orthodox way within the space he had to fill. In this the brusquer side of his nature showed itself, as it was apt to do in his work; but in spite of it his art was essentially ornamental. "All real art is ornamental," was a dictum of his; and his own art was essentially beautiful. For his artistic ideal was beauty. The words which Browning put into the mouth of Fra Lippo Lippi, would have come as properly from his lips:

> "If you get simple beauty and nought else,
> You get about the best thing God invents."

An artist is bound to think it one of the best at all events, most of all the artist in ornament. Certainly Morris thought so, and all his striving was in that direction, his very socialism, as has been said, being an aspiration towards the beautiful life. The beauty of his design was preserved from anything like sickly sweetness by a certain ruggedness of treatment. There is much talk nowadays about healthy realism: Morris was an absolutely healthy idealist. Æsthetic he might be called; but there is nothing faint about the atmosphere of his art, nothing of the unwholesomeness which neurotic persons would have us believe proper to the century-end.

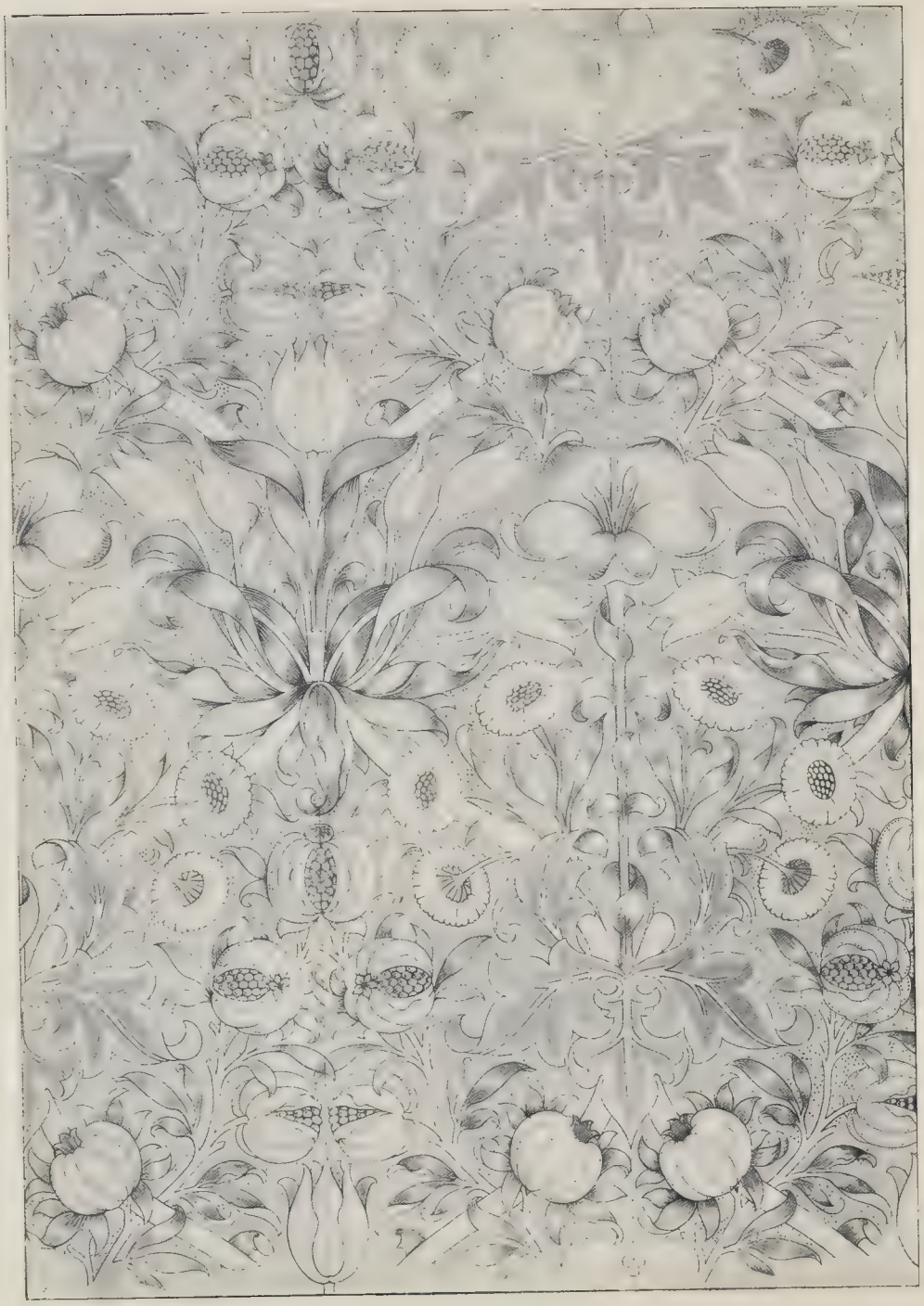
As to his preaching on art, it is like a breath of fresh air always; in fact there is a bracing quality about his speech which made it too keen for some—constitutions less than robust could not stand it. In his case the natural man was not absorbed in the artist. He loved beauty indeed, believed in it and in its humanising influence, and cordially hated the puritanism which made for barren ugliness; but he loved nature more, to



Interior at Stanmore Hall (p. 27). Decorated by Morris and Co. from designs by William Morris.

Photo. Bedford Lemere & Co.

Lily and Pomegranate pattern Wall-paper (p. 21). Working drawing by William Morris 1887.





"THE VISION OF THE HOLY GRAIL."

Coloured Drawing by H. Dearle, for Tapestry executed by Morris & Co. for W. K. D'Arcy, Esq.
Figures designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. 1891.

the extent, that is to say, even of sacrificing artistic considerations to it, if need were. He was of those who allow themselves to be led at times along the path of naturalism, no matter what the artistic consequences. For he had more delight in design reminding him of the woods, the fields, the cottage garden, than in any triumph of craftsmanship. These are his own words:—"Beauty mingled with invention, founded on the observation of nature, is the mainspring of decorative design. If it is not beautiful it has no right to exist; if it is not invention it becomes wearisome; if it is not founded on observation of nature it can hardly be either beautiful or inventive. It is apt to become merely strange and monstrous when it departs far from nature." And again:—"I have said that it is good and reasonable for us to ask for obviously natural flowers in embroidery; one might have said the same about all ornamental work, and further, that those natural forms which are at once familiar and most delightful to us, as well from association as from beauty, are the best for our purpose." This is not very wide of Ruskin's doctrine, that the most familiar in nature is the most natural, and the most natural the most beautiful in ornament.

Morris, it is true, admitted in so many words, that in surface decoration it was not necessary to tell a story, and that "you may have decoration, as in some Arab art,



Lily pattern. "Walton pile" stair-carpet (p. 22). Designed by William Morris. Ca. 1881.

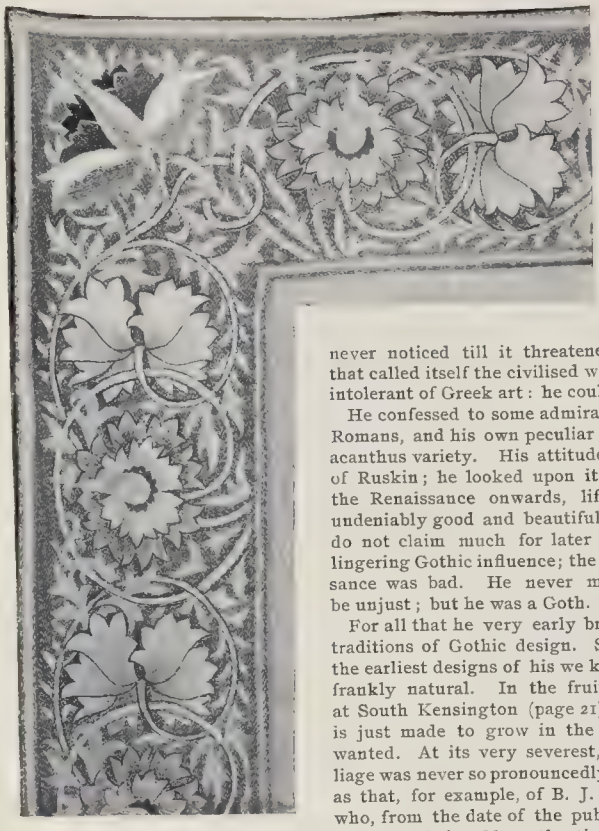


Loddon pattern printed Cotton (p. 20). Working drawing by William Morris. Ca. 1884.

which simply aims at pleasing the eye by the repetition of certain arrangements of lines, spaces, and colours that do not recall to the mind any forms or events of nature," but he did not care himself for that kind of ornament. "No schools of art," he says—rather without his book—"have ever been contented to use abstract lines and forms and colours—that is, lines, &c., without any meaning." He allows, however, that "the more intractable the material is, the less we should attempt direct imitation of nature; yet, on the other hand, the more beautiful in themselves the lines of the design should be, and the design the more thoughtful and inventive." That is spoken like an ornamentist; but, in the main, he thought abstract ornament—that is, pattern pure and simple, not reminding him of nature—something "outlandish." Perhaps it is—and more's the pity! It would be a stout form of patriotism which should contend that it was necessarily the worse for that.

We need not mourn the narrowness of Morris. There is strength in concentration: and the intensity of his conviction was at the root of his success. He himself believed in narrowness, and had some scorn for any one whose love of art was more diffuse than his. He used to say, he had rather a man did not appreciate many and various forms of art, suspecting him probably, if he did, of not loving any one of them truly. Catholicity was obnoxious to his temperament. He was not by nature critically inclined, if we assume criticism to imply weighing and soberly judging. What he did not like he disliked; that was all, and there was an end of it. Once when we were acting as judges together, I suggested that our personal feeling ought not to count for too much, and said that our disliking a thing did not make it bad. "Oh, don't it though," he answered; "what we don't like *is* bad."

Greek art was quite beyond his sympathy; "he was not blind to its limitations," is the way it has been put. Surely the limitations were his. His coldness towards Greek ornament (which he found so cold) might be accounted for, perhaps, by the absence in it of natural forms; but, as it happens, he denied "decorative



Poppy pattern. Embroidery (p. 25). Designed by William Morris. 1875.

instinct" to the Japanese, whose art errs on the side of the naturalistic. True, it was also "blankly individualistic." The solution of the matter is probably to be found in the fact that the qualities of refinement characteristic of Greek art were just those he could best spare. And then, there was so much subordination in it, and he was an insubordinate; moreover, it was not art of the people nor yet for them. There was the rub. "The whole art of the classical ancients, while it was alive and growing, was the art of a society made up of a narrow aristocracy of citizens, waited upon by a large body of slaves, and surrounded by a world of barbarism, which was always despised, and never noticed till it threatened to overwhelm the self-sufficient aristocracy that called itself the civilised world." That was enough to make William Morris intolerant of Greek art: he could not and would not like it.

He confessed to some admiration for the mosaic pavement patterns of the Romans, and his own peculiar scroll was not remotely related to the familiar acanthus variety. His attitude towards the Renaissance was very much that of Ruskin; he looked upon it as "a period of blight." "From the time of the Renaissance onwards, life, growth, and hope are gone." What was undeniably good and beautiful in early Renaissance art (its sincerest admirers do not claim much for later Renaissance design) he placidly attributed to lingering Gothic influence; the bad in it was of the Renaissance, and the Renaissance was bad. He never meant to be unjust; but he was a Goth.



Artichoke pattern. Embroidery (p. 2 Working drawing by William Mor Presented by Mrs. Morris South Kensi ton Museum

For all that he very early broke the traditions of Gothic design. Some of the earliest designs of his we know are frankly natural. In the fruit panels at South Kensington (page 21) nature is just made to grow in the way he wanted. At its very severest, his foliage was never so pronouncedly Gothic as that, for example, of B. J. Talbert, who, from the date of the publication of his book in 1867 to the time of his death in 1881, was perhaps more than Morris the model upon whom the designers of the period founded themselves. A comparatively early instance of Morris's more naturalistic manner occurs in the "Vine" wall-paper (page 2) sufficiently removed from nature by the artful distribution of the alternating patches of leafage, and by the artificial lines of the "boldly circular" vine stocks.

He could be more severe, Byzantine indeed in his severity (page 4), but, throughout, his work is based on nature, more or less under restraint, as the occasion might demand, but always there. His silks show influence of Sicilian and early Italian design; from the time of his interest in carpets, we note the influence, even in his wall-papers and cottons, of Persian forms—notably in the use of the "inhabited leaf," as he very prettily called it; but he was always very much himself, and, moreover, thoroughly English. By the way, he was something of a stay-at-home, not much given to foreign travel and never seriously swayed by foreign art, though in the later form of his scroll, as in the "Bachelor's Button" (page 30), one may trace the influence of the illuminated choir-books at Siena. It would be far-fetched perhaps to see in the intricate interlacings of his initial letter and the like, something of Scandinavian or Icelandic influence.

It was his opinion that "ornamental pattern-work, to be raised above the contempt of reasonable men, must possess three qualities—beauty, imagination, and order." It followed that he was for conventional treatment—with the proviso that the convention must be the artist's own—otherwise, he thought, you had almost better just copy nature; you would not produce ornament that way, but you might learn something in the process of copying. For the rest he subscribed to the axiom that, other things being equal, the more mechanical the process, the less direct should be the imitation of natural forms. Unfitness in ornament was to him an offence against nature. "What we call decoration is, in many cases, but

a device or way we have learned for making necessary things reasonable as well as pleasant to us. The pattern becomes a part of the thing we make, its exponent, or mode of expressing itself to us; and by it we often form our opinions, not only of the shape, but of the strength and uses of a thing."

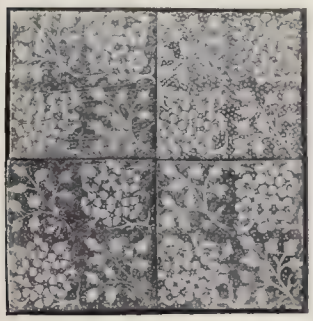
He preferred pattern which did not hide its structure; much ingenuity, he thought, was wasted in masking the constructional lines of design; they gave largeness and nobility to it; and "the obvious presence of geometric order" prevented the effect of restlessness.

Above all things he disliked vagueness. "Run any risk of failure rather than involve yourself in a tangle of poor, weak lines that people can't make out. Definite form bounded by firm outline is a necessity for all ornament. You ought always to go for positive patterns when they may be had." Personally, he was no more inclined to over intricate patterns than to metrical gymnastics; it was natural to him to plan "frank" patterns; but it was part of his romance to love mystery —and that he got by interweaving two or more separate growths (pages 2 and 24, etc.) into one pattern. He showed his art in doing this without losing, as it were, the thread of the design—which, in the coloured stuffs or what not, was easier to follow than in the rendering of them here in black and white. His floral growth was not seldom entwined with his favourite scroll, readily distinguished always by the contrast of its conventionality with relatively natural plant forms.



Tile Panel (p. 27). Designed by William Morris, and executed by William de Morgan. 1876.

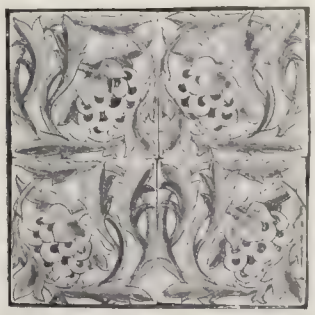
Frank colour also he insisted upon always. It was the sign, according to him, of a "right-minded" colourist to make his work as bright as possible, and as "full of colour" as he could get it, and if he did not get it "pure and clear," he had not learnt the trade. To have a prejudice against any particular colour he took to be indicative of "disease" in an artist. But he himself found yellow "not a colour that can be used in masses," red a "difficult" one, and purple a colour "no one in his senses would think of using in bright masses." Green, on the other hand, he described as being "so useful, and so restful to the eyes, that in this matter also we are bound to follow Nature, and make large use of that work-a-day colour." Most of all he loved blue, the "holiday" colour, as he calls it by way of distinction from "work-a-day green." In small masses he found all colours useful except muddy or dirty ones, which he could not endure. He was against all rules of colour. His experience taught him "the paler the colour is, the purer it may be." Pale, pure colour he found "the best tone for wall-papers, or flat painted ornament"; the richer



Hawthorn pattern. Enamelled tiles (p. 27). Designed by Miss Faulkner for Morris & Co. Ca. 1886.



Scroll pattern Painted tiles (p. 27). Designed by William Morris. Ca. 1870.





"Bough" pattern. Painted tiles (p. 27). Designed by William Morris Ca. 1870.

Artichoke pattern. Painted tiles p. 27. Designed by William Morris. Ca. 1870.



The Green Dining-room at South Kensington Museum (p. 25). Decoration designed by William Morris. The figures in stained glass designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

and deeper colours he preferred to keep for rich materials, or for small and confined spaces; but he was too good a colourist to attempt to explain what can only be felt.

His colour schemes were not the result of theory. They came out of the crafts in which he was engaged. Combinations which we attribute to his individuality are often, strictly speaking, not so much his choice as what the conditions imposed upon him: he was master enough to obey the dictates of technique. Thus, given his hatred of dyes derived from coal-tar or other chemical substances, it was almost a matter of compulsion that he should use for his cotton printing the blue of indigo or woad, the red of madder, the yellow of weld or Persian berry, the brown of walnut juice (getting his green and purple and black by combinations of these) and so work practically with the chintz-palette of the early Oriental cotton printers, which he certainly revived. He could no more have got out of his block-printing in vegetable dyes, the effects obtained by roller-printing in what he called "chemical dyes," than the commercial printer can get by machine-printing a range of pure, fresh colours. He was wrong in his contention that the dyes due to modern science are more fugitive than vegetable dyes. That may have been true when he began to find fault with them; but it is true no longer. He was right, however, as to the pleasant fading of his favourite stains: "They are not eternal; the sun, in lighting them and beautifying them, consumes them, yet gradually and for the most part kindly." He followed his artistic sense in having nothing to do with the colours of which he did not see his way to make use. As to making the best of the colours most readily available (and sure to be used by the many), that was a problem which did not provoke his attack. It is one, however, that is nearer solution to-day than it was when Morris first took to the dye vat. His own designs for cotton prints, etc., are rather fully illustrated on pages 9, 10, 11, 12, 17, 25, 31, and on Plate IV. (opposite page 24).

A cotton print he conceived as something gay, something made up of "the naivest flowers (and birds, too, or animals), with which you may do anything that is not ugly." He would tell designers they could not well go wrong so long as they avoided commonplace and kept "somewhat on the daylight side of nightmare." The spooks and ghouls haunting a certain form of "up-to-date" design he could not endure.

Without insisting upon a hard flat treatment of surface design he objected to all simulation of modelling, protesting that shading should never be employed with the purpose of making an object look round, but that "whatever shading you use should be used for explanation only, to show what you mean by such and such a piece of drawing; and even that you had better



Details of Painted Decoration at South Kensington (pp. 18 and 27). Designed by William Morris, 1866.

be sparing of." Recognising that cotton printing gave occasion for "hatching and dotting," he used eventually, both for cotton and wall-paper printing, a system of enrichment by means of dotting, which greatly enhanced the otherwise flat colour of the printer. This was a device arising really out of the old-fashioned method by which brass pins are driven into a wooden block, to print-off as dots, and was employed early in this century by cotton printers, who used what was called a "pinning roller," a hand-roller which Morris himself would not have despised.

It would be interesting to show the plans on which Morris designed his surface patterns, but space does not allow it: they may be traced by the curious in such matters in the patterns herein illustrated, which are arranged as nearly as can be in the order of their production, so as to show as far as possible the course of his artistic development. He does not seem ever to have designed a "drop" repeat, preferring, characteristically, the more obvious lines of construction.

In the design for wall-papers, to be stretched out flat on the wall, and about which there was no special beauty of execution, he allowed that the designer might be "driven" to do more than he otherwise would in the way of masking the construction of his pattern; but he was never at the pains to do much in that way himself, not being of those who are easily driven. He spoke habitually of wall-paper as a "makeshift"; and would rather always have used for wall-hangings, silks or other textiles—the sanitarians notwithstanding. For all that, he was not satisfied with mere pattern, even in a paper. "Is it not better," he said, "to be reminded, however simply, of the close vine trellis that keeps out the sun by the Nile side, or of the wild woods and their streams with the dogs panting beside them; or of the swallows sweeping above the garden boughs towards the house eaves where their nestlings are, while the sun breaks the clouds on them; or of the many-flowered summer meadows of Picardy?" Perhaps it is. At all events it sounds inviting, as he words it. But his question might be answered by another: does anyone really get that sort of enjoyment out of the paper he lives with? It may reasonably be contended that the more important thing for the artist to remember is that it is only a background he is designing. He spoke more as a poet than as a practical designer when he protested, as he did, that the decoration which did not remind one of something beyond itself was futile; and it strikes one as rather odd that though he must have meaning in his wall-papers, he did not want it in the ornament of his books; odder still that, not content with abstract ornament there, he must have natural forms bearing no relation to the text. The character of his wall-paper designs is to be seen on pages 2, 12, 16, 24, 25, 26, and Plate IV. (opposite page 24).

When it came to designs for weaving, he considered dots and suchlike, which were all very well to enrich poor materials, quite beneath the dignity of silk or wool. There the web was worth showing, and his native honesty led him to prefer a broad pattern which compelled the use of good stuff. You need only look at his designs on page 5, to see that he was a devout admirer of old Sicilian and Palermitan patterns. The simplicity of their lines (they were manifestly weavers'



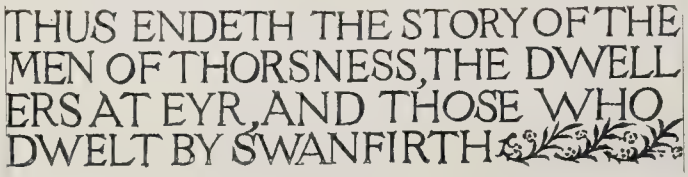
Painted Wall Decoration. Side of window recess at Swan House, Chelsea (p. 27). Designed by William Morris. 1861.

patterns), no less than the rich invention shown in them (they were brimful of symbolism), appealed strongly to him, and it is obvious that in his silks he to some extent founded himself upon them. In the coarse woollen hanging on page 4, he seems to have gone back to Byzantium for inspiration, adopting the early weaver's barbaric but effective trick of shooting colours across the curtain in bands, with only half regard to the forms of the design. This was designed for heavy curtains and for use as wall hangings in churches and the like. It was hung in his own room to within a couple of feet of the ceiling, almost flat, with only just enough undulation of the surface to break the evenness of the pattern. The manliness of a pattern like this helps us to understand how it was he could see no redeeming feature in the brocades of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There was nothing to be learnt from such "meaningless tormenting of the web" but a warning; and, again, they represented "the drudgery of the operative," as opposed to the free work of the mediæval craftsman. But for that, he must have recognised often very beautiful colour in the work even of the "vile Pompadour period."

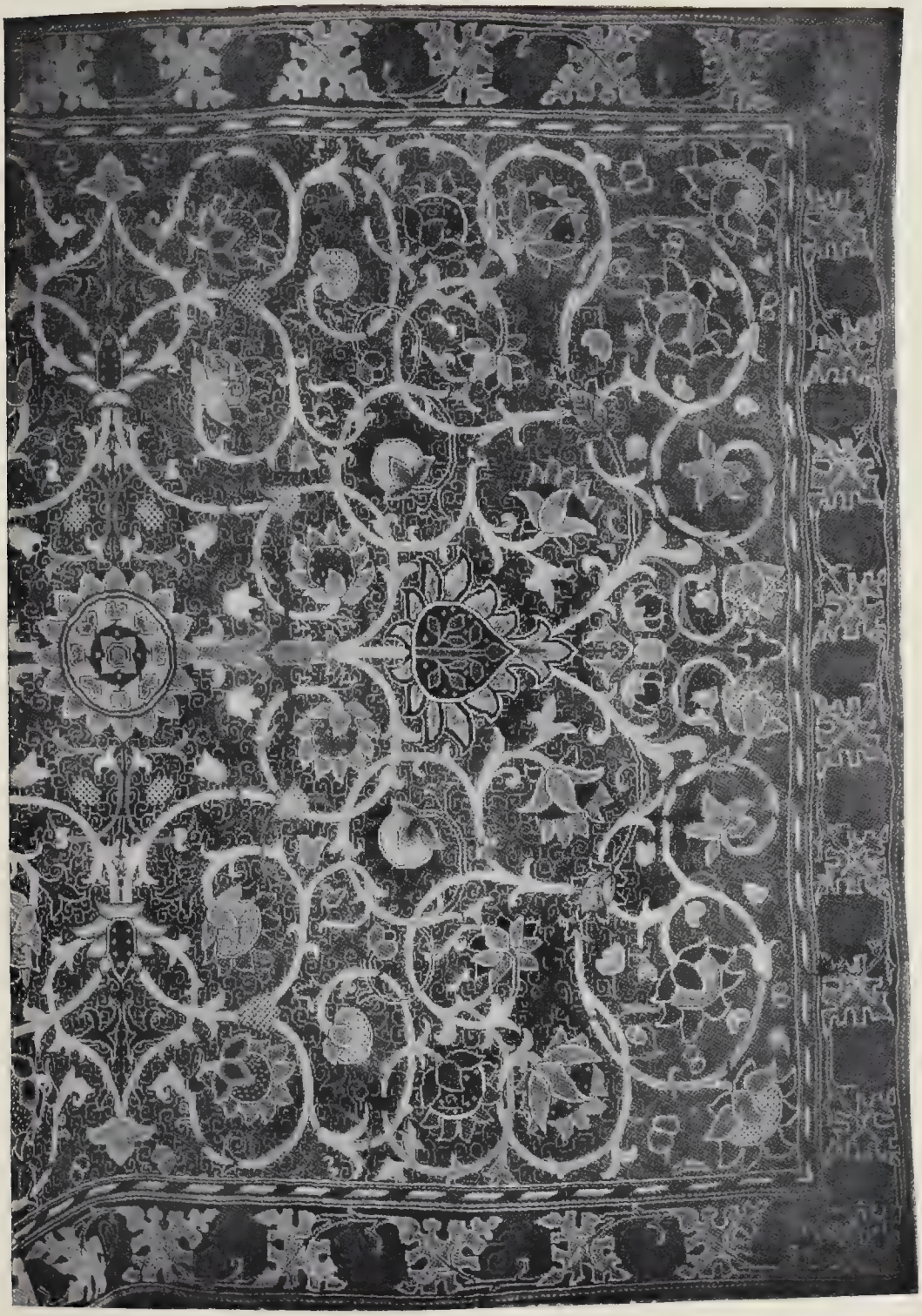


Detail of Painted Decoration (p. 27). Working drawing by William Morris.

With carpets he began modestly, by designing cheap Kidderminster, Brussels, Wilton pile (pages 3, 17), and patent Axminster (Plate II., opposite page 8), machine-made varieties all, not produced in his own workshops, but woven for him. But apart from the objection that these were machine-made, the conditions of the loom were irksome to him as a designer; he did not like being restrained; and, the beauty of the old Oriental carpets imported into this country inciting him, he eventually set about weaving "real" Axminster, *i.e.*, carpets of soft close pile, all in one piece, after the Eastern fashion. These were at first woven at Hammersmith, whence the name "Hammersmith carpets," but were afterwards made at Merton Abbey. The process is pictured on the first page of this number, as it is still carried on by Mr. Morris's partners and successors—who are not merely still executing his designs, but are vigorously carrying on the traditions he established. Carpet weaving of this description he himself describes as a "mosaic" of small, woollen squares; the



Last words of "Story of the Dwellers at Eyr" (p. 28). Written by William Morris. 1871. By permission of Lady Burne-Jones.



Portion of a "Hammersmith Carpet" (p. 24). Designed by William Morris. 1883.

designer has only to observe the size of the squares, and he is free to let his fancy spread itself over the carpet. Morris naturally found this kind of thing less difficult than working within the lines given by narrow strips of machine-made material. He founded himself very deliberately upon Persian models, adopting from the East the very doubtful practice of introducing animal forms, which were as likely as not to be seen upside down on the floor; but he produced beautiful carpets, very much his own. The illustration on page 23, lacking colour, does scant justice to his work. He did not approve of the gradation of tint so much sought after in modern carpets, preferring a pattern which lay "absolutely flat upon the ground"; and he contrived to get wonderful variety and beauty of tint by juxtaposition of contrasting colours (red and blue by preference), bounded by judiciously chosen outlines. A carpet, he held, should be not only a passable but an exquisite piece of colour. And, of course, it should have something to say for itself. Such was his appreciation of Oriental carpet weaving, that he half doubted whether we had any business to make a carpet in the West. He knew we were not in the least likely to beat Persian work in the matter of colour, and so thought we were bound "to get enough of form and meaning into it to justify our making it at all."



Pink and R pattern Wa paper (p. 21 Working drawing by William Mo 1891.

Tapestry was but a step beyond carpet weaving as Morris understood it. His tapestry is made on the *haute lisse*, worked, that is to say, on the warp standing *upright* in front of the weaver, who has only to hold apart the threads with his left hand whilst he works his bobbins in and out amongst them, and so builds up his coloured woollen picture, a sort of embroidery with the shuttle upon stretched threads. The *basse-lisse* or *low-warp* loom, so contrived that the warp threads lie horizontally over the cartoon below, he held in small respect, as a cheap and relatively mechanical time-saving contrivance, which did a good deal to degrade the noble art of tapestry weaving, and cause it to be neglected.

Morris ranked tapestry as "the noblest of the weaving arts" because there was nothing mechanical about it, next to mosaic the most lasting form of decoration, and next to painting the most desirable. The Merton tapestries have more the quality of old Arras than any other modern work. What is pictorial in them is the picture of Sir E. Burne-Jones, which is always decorative. They owe much of their beauty to the figure work, but, harmonious as that is with Morris's own work, it cannot quite be said that the effect is always absolutely one. This would not be surprising in the work of two separate men (friends though they were), except for the fact that Morris was responsible, not only for the details, such as the "verdure" diapering and so on, but for the colour of the figures also; Sir E. Burne-Jones's designs were made, if not in monochrome, in a sort of tinting of his own not related to the effect sought in the tapestry.

The qualities sought in the Merton tapestries are purity



"Pimpernel" Pattern Wall Paper ca. 1873.



"Acanthus" Pattern Wall Paper ca. 1873.



"African Marigold" Pattern Cotton Print ca. 1874.

Working Drawings by William Morris.

and distinction of silhouette, depth of tone, richness of colour, gradation of tint and abundance of "crisp" detail. The principles proper to the art of the modern weaver he describes as follows: "the figures are arranged in planes close to one another, and the cloth is pretty much filled with them, a manner which gives a peculiar richness to the designs of the first years of the sixteenth century, the opposing fault to this being the arrangement of figures and landscape as in a picture proper, with foreground, middle distance, and distance"—which, at great expense, gave only, he thought, "a poor filled-up look." The late Gobelins work he despised as "no longer a fine art, but as an upholsterer's toy." It will be seen in our frontispiece and Plate III. (opposite page 16) how far these principles of ancient Arras weaving were carried into modern practice.

Embroidery he loved because it stands outside the limits imposed by weaving, even in the relatively free tapestry looms, and no mechanical process could therefore touch it on its own ground. He considered it, accordingly, the first business of the embroidress to *occupy* that post of vantage, and never to forsake it, or wander off in the direction of mechanical accuracy or cheap production, where the driver of the loom has the advantage all on his side. It was not worth while to do laboriously by hand what the loom could do better. To justify the time spent on it, embroidery should do something which could not be so well done in any other way. What was the use of freedom if you did not take advantage of it? And so a thing to seek in embroidery was perfect gradation of colour. His own embroidery designs (page 18) gave always scope for such gradation. On the other hand he



Autumn Flower pattern. Wall-paper p. 21. Working drawing by William Morris. 1888



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did not invariably take full advantage of the scope afforded for design in embroidery. The "Artichoke pattern" (page 18) for example, is more a pattern than it need have been for its purpose; and, large as it is in style, and admirably as it is designed for stitching, there is an element of economy in the planning it to repeat as it does, which is more in accordance with the necessities of mechanical manufacture than with the freedom possible in handwork. An obvious repeat is suggestive rather of the loom than of the needle. It is only by its delicate gradation of colour, and by the direction of the threads or strokes, that the pattern proclaims itself designed for the needle. The designer was not sparing of the needle; embroidery, he thought, was not worth doing unless either very copious and rich, or very delicate, or both. The use an embroidress made of her needle was the test of her understanding and appreciation of the art she followed; her needle strokes should be judicious, the stitches so laid as at once to explain the form, and, by the difference of their direction, to give play of colour to the silk, and do justice to its lustrousness. There was "no excuse" in embroidery for anything short of great beauty.

Morris was never more a colourist than in his Stained Glass (pages 13 and 20), advisedly "his," for, though here again Sir E. Burne-Jones designed the figures, he coloured them. It is strange that a painter, himself something of a magician in the handling of jewel-like colour, a man born, one would have said, to work in coloured light, should have been content to let even his most sympathetic

Norwich pattern. Wallpaper (p. 21). Working drawing by William Morris. 1889.





Tooled binding of an illuminated MS. of the Rubaiyat of Omar-Khayyam (p. 28). By permission of Lady Burne-Jones. Designed by William Morris. 1872.

friend invent the colour for his cartoons; but so it was, although, except for a certain preponderance of green in the ornament, which speaks of Morris, the glass does not betray the fact. That it does not is proof of Morris's claims to be a colourist. In glass his theory of frank colour works out perfectly. There is an evasiveness about the quality of glass colour which makes it never too positive, whereas in distemper-painting, for example, frank colour may easily be too outspoken. The first conditions of good glass, according to Morris, were "well-balanced and shapely figures, pure and simple drawing, and a minimum of light and shade." After that he insisted upon beautiful colour, not necessarily strong, but pure and sweet, holding it only natural and becoming "that the light we stain should not be changed to dirt or ugliness." That is most rational doctrine.

In the matter of tile-painting, Morris contented himself, for the most part, with work more strictly on a par with glass-painting than with ceramics. Latterly some of his more important tile designs, such as the panel on page 19, were executed by Mr. De Morgan. The hawthorn pattern on the same page was designed by the late Miss Faulkner, the sister of his friend and partner. It is sometimes questioned whether Morris really designed all the work published in his name—practically he did. Now and then one of his assistants produced a design of his own, which was published by Morris and Co., but these were very few indeed; and in a sense they too were the work of the master, who so inspired his pupils that their work might easily be taken for his: he was the last man to lay claim to what he did not do.

Of his work in house decoration it is impossible to speak adequately in the short space possible here to devote to it. It will be seen from the picture of Stanmore Hall (page 15) that he was never afraid of pattern, indulging in it to an extent which, in the case of an artist less expert, would have been dangerous; but out of elaboration he managed, like the Orientals, to get repose, owing largely to his command of colour. The result of decoration, he said, must be colour not colours; and he lived up to his principle. Decoration was to him not so much a luxury as a necessity. He could hardly imagine a puritan preference for bare walls, but he was quite sure that whoever had such a preference must be "in an unhealthy state of mind, and probably of body also." One of the chief reasons of art, he held, was to make our houses at once beautiful and restful. He preferred hand-painting, but if not that, let us have the next best thing to it—tapestry, silk, printed cotton, wall-paper—anyway, "something that can be done by a great many people without too much difficulty and with pleasure." Stencilling was too mechanical a process to find favour in his eyes; he never used it except for the most insignificant diaper work; and with him, therefore, painting was necessarily rather a costly business. Examples of his painted detail occur on pages 7, 14, 21, 22, and on Plate II. (opposite page 8). The handsome scrollwork on page 7 was designed for the soffits of the open arches on the staircase of St. James's Palace (1881) to go with one of his most sumptuous wall-papers, first used there. By way of exception to his almost invariable practice of employing only his own patterns, he there also made use of two of Jeffrey and Co.'s leather papers, the one by Walter Crane, the other by B. J. Talbert, both of them curiously enough including *amorini* in their design—*amorini* were not much in Morris's way. A favourite plan of his was, where it was possible, to use oak wainscoting for the lower walls and Arras tapestry above.

The idea of printing according to his own notion of what a book should be, arose in the mind of Morris as early as 1865; for about that time he not only contemplated an edition of "The Earthly Paradise" (p. 27) illustrated by Burne-Jones, but began to work at it. Many



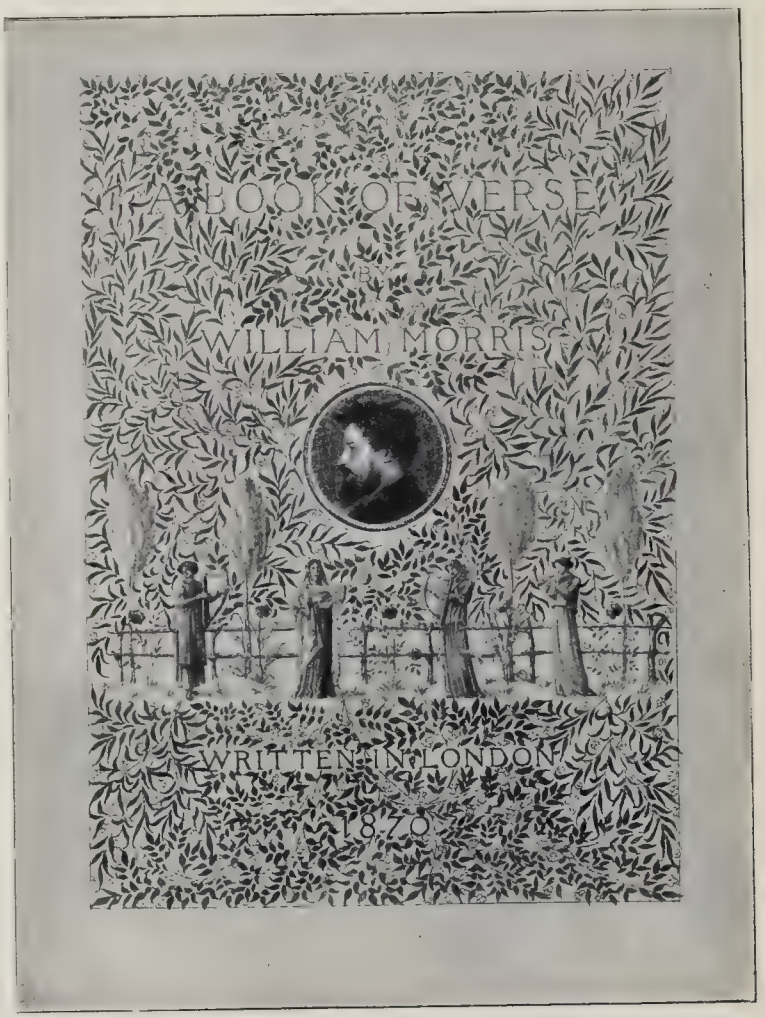
Cloth binding of "The Earthly Paradise" (p. 27). Designed by William Morris. Published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

designs appear to have been made, and one or two of these at least he cut on wood with his own hand, very much after the manner, it need hardly be said, of the early Gothic wood-cuts. The project came to naught, and the idea of printing seems to have lain half torpid in his mind, occasionally stirring as if it were about to take active shape, but not doing so to any very serious purpose until, after producing a trial book or two with the Chiswick Press, he set up, during 1890, his own hand-presses, and at the beginning of the following year began to issue the famous publications of the Kelmscott press.

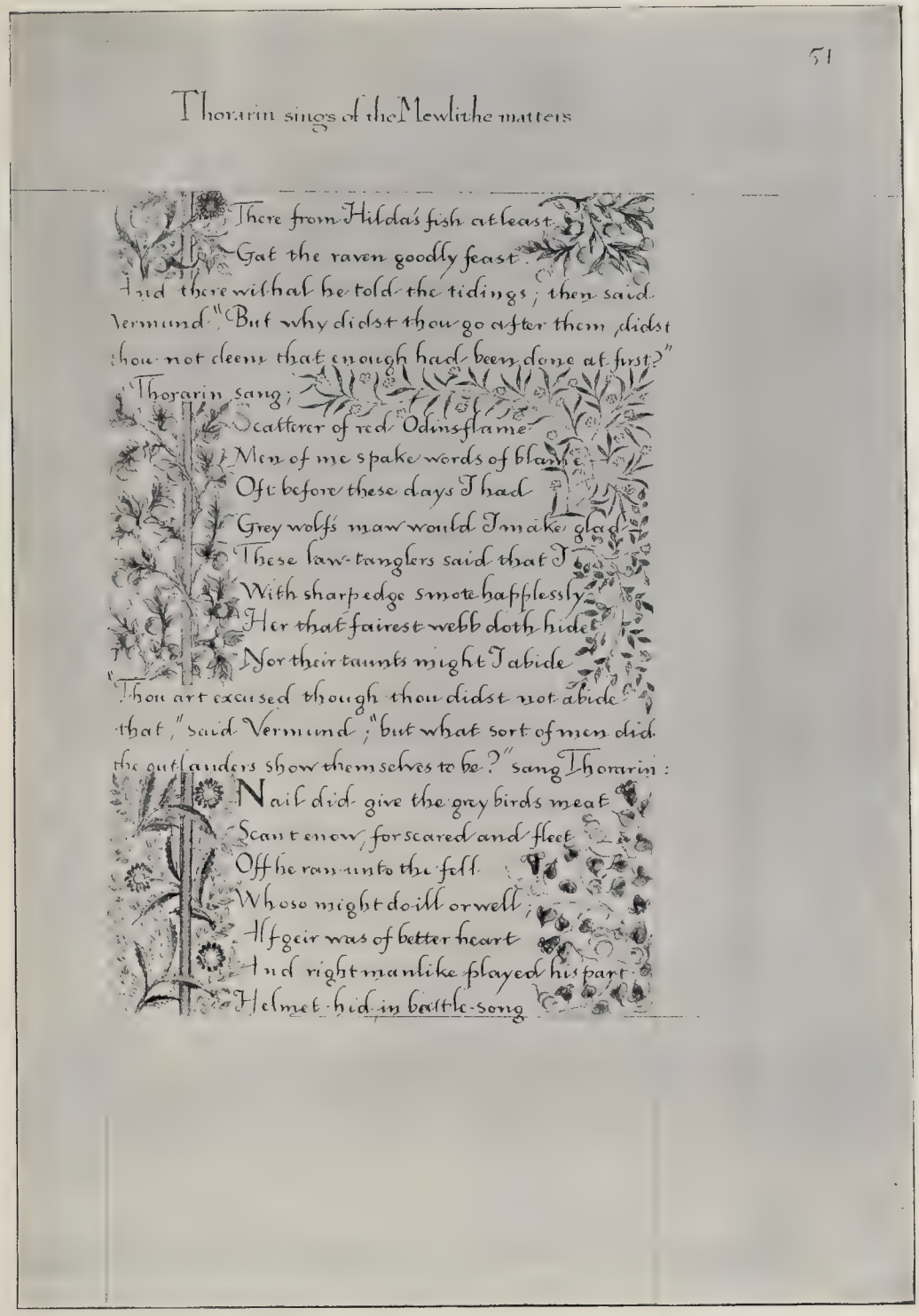
Here once more by a sort of irony of fate he laboured for the few. He had not faith enough in the public to bring out anything but limited editions; which, of course, got into the hands of bibliophiles, and speculators who bought for a rise in price, and not of lovers of the book beautiful. It seems more than ever unfortunate that in this matter of book-printing, probably the very easiest way in which the intellectual life of the million can be made fuller, the socialist should have fallen so far short of his ideal of art for the people. And it is a question whether his books would not have gained by less luxurious ornamentation. His page is sometimes overladen, and the repetition even of the beautiful borders in the Chaucer begins to weary you before you get to the end of the volume. One feels too that some of the brush-drawn detail of the ornament, nobly as it is designed, is not delicate enough for the pages of a book, even when the type is as manly as the printer's own.

In devising his types Morris did a real service to typography. Printers generally will no doubt persist in wanting rather lighter type than his; but they cannot help learning from him: he has demonstrated, not only the poverty of modern type, but how much better it can easily be made. It is matter of regret that this side of Morris's art is not here illustrated, his trustees having resolutely declined to lend any of the blocks. They are apparently under the impression that Morris would not have countenanced the reproduction of any of his book ornaments by a photographic process. Certainly he was no great friend to photography. But it was a friend to him, assisting him, as it happened, materially in the design of his very type; for it was by the examination of numerous specimens of old printing, enlarged by photography to a size convenient to be studied, that he convinced himself as to what had best be done in the way of new types.

Some amends for this gap in our illustrations are made by the reproductions on pages 22, 27, 28, 29, and 30, from his illuminations, which, by the kindness of Lady Burne-Jones and Sir Philip Burne-Jones, we are enabled to give. They contrast rather strangely by the extreme delicacy of their workmanship, with the roughness of his printed ornaments. The caligraphy is beautiful. Even the fair copy of some of his MSS. is remarkable; but the engrossing of these illuminated volumes shows the artist proficient in yet another craft. It is interesting to note that the illuminated ornament is not, as a rule, strongly influenced by mediæval workmanship—being often freely and even sketchily drawn, never with a precise line. It looks almost as if the leafage on pages 28 and 29 might have been first sketched with the brush in colour, and the pen outline added



Title-page to "A Book of Verse," by William Morris. Written in London p. 28). 1870. By permission of Lady Burne-Jones.

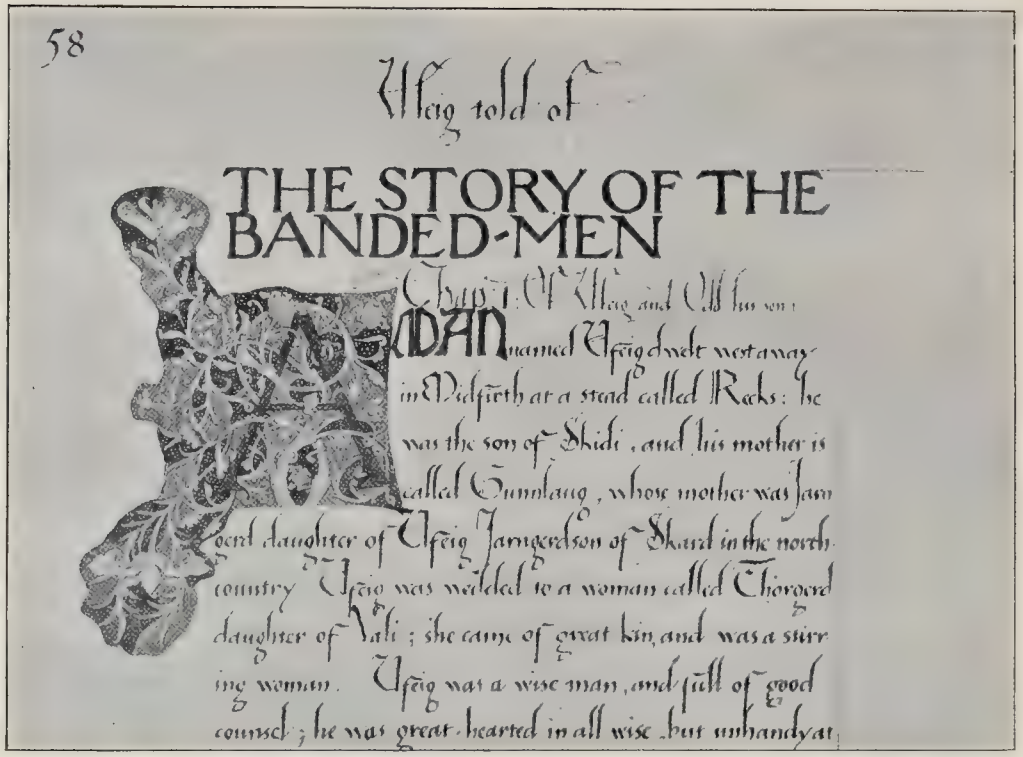


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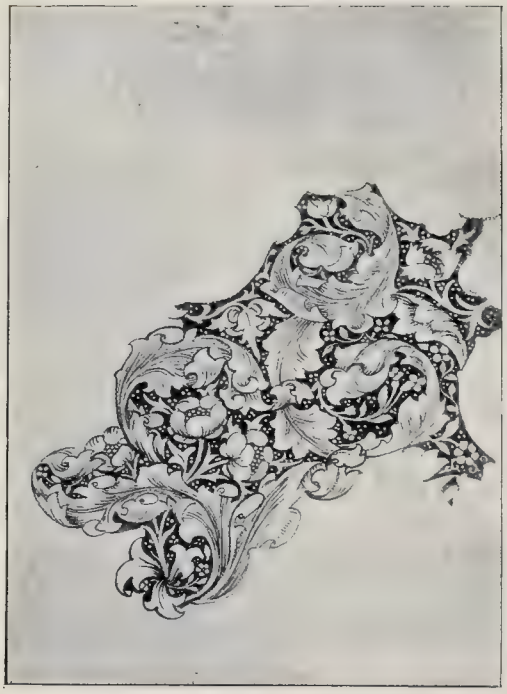
Thorarin sings of the Mewlithe matters

There from Hilda's fish at least
Gat the raven goodly feast.
And there with hat he told the tidings; then said
Vermund "But why didst thou go after them, didst
thou not deem that enough had been done at first?"
Thorarin sang;
Scatterer of red Odinsflame
Men of me spake words of blame;
Oft before these days I had
Grey wolfs maw would I make glad
These law-tanglers said that I
With sharp edge smote haplessly
Her that fairest webb doth hide
Nor their taunts might I abide
"Thou art excused though thou didst not abide
that," said Vermund; "but what sort of men did
the outlanders show themselves to be?" sang Thorarin:
Nail did give the grey birds meat
Scant enow, for scared and fleet
Off he ran into the fell
Whoso might do ill or well;
Ufgeir was of better heart
And right manlike played his part
Helmet hid in battle-song

Page from "The Story of the Dwellers of Eyr" p. 28. Translated from the Icelandic, and engrossed by William Morris. 1871 By permission of Lady Burne-Jones.



Part of a page from "Icelandic Stories" (p 28). Translated and engrossed by William Morris. By permission of Lady Burne-Jones.



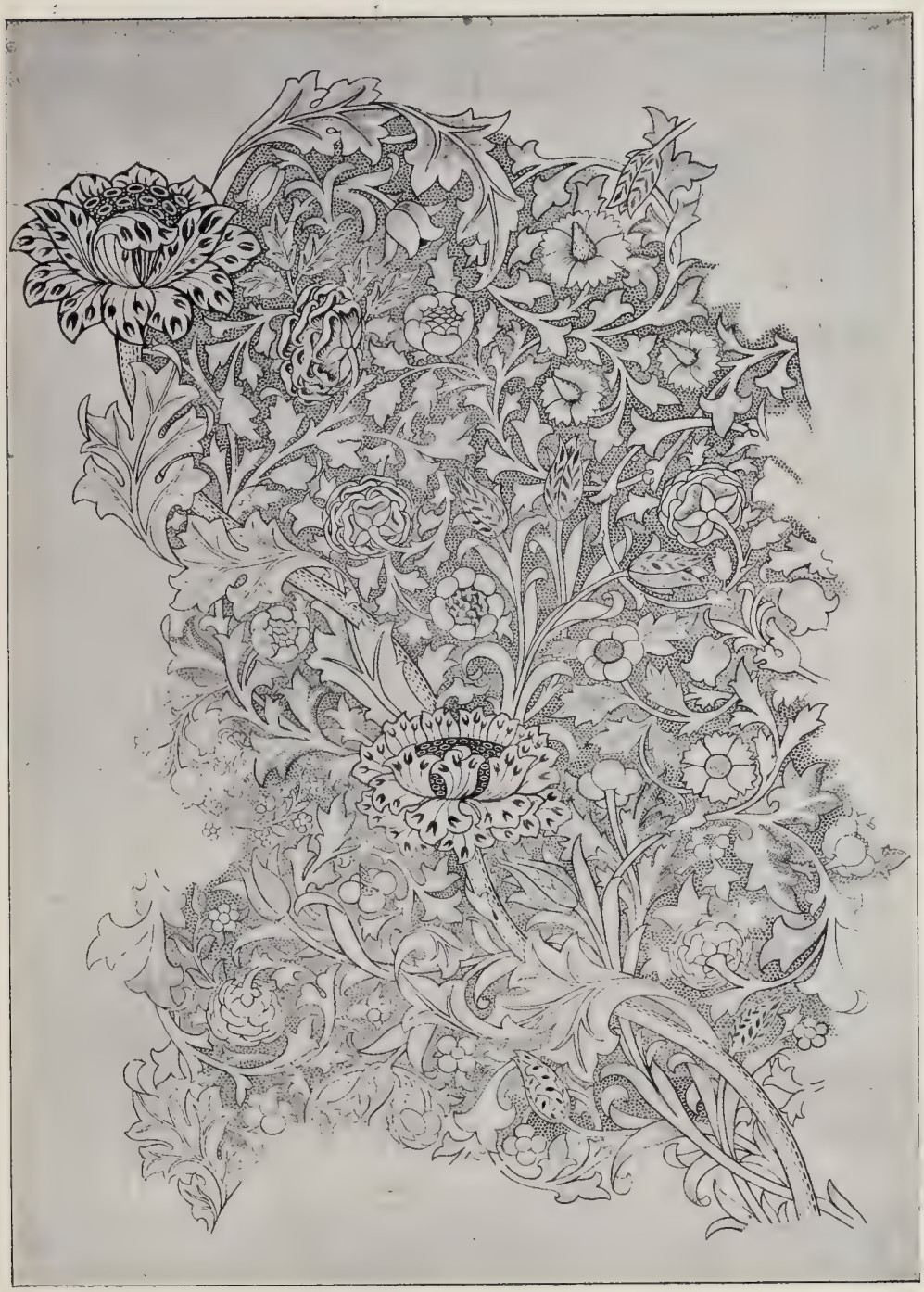
Bachelor's button pattern (p. 18). Small sketch-design by William Morris. 1892.

afterwards. The colour again is the artist's own, inclining more to natural green than to the primary tints employed in old missals.

Among the few branches of design Morris does not seem to have touched is metal-work—perhaps because it gave no opportunity for colour, perhaps because smithing had been revived before his time. He, or his firm, was responsible for a great deal of furniture, but it was designed mainly by his friend, Mr. Philip Webb, and carved or inlaid from designs by Mr. Jack.

It will be seen from the account of Morris's work here given, short as it is, and inadequate as it must necessarily be, that it was only by, in turn, pursuing one craft after another that a man, whatever his natural energy, could ever have brought so many to success.

The various trades in which he was engaged were all, it is true, going on at the same time, but mostly without any very active part being taken in them by him. He had trained men to work in his way, and the work went on in many cases with only very occasional reference to him for help or advice. Mr. H. Dearle, for example, who has designed the wrapper for this Annual, learnt to work so like him that the design of the pupil may well be mistaken, even by the experienced in design, for that of the master. As a matter of fact great part of the floral and other detail in the tapestries woven at Merton is entirely his. He, too, has of late years overlooked the tapestry weavers. In the same way Morris's partner, Mr. Frank Smith, has for many years past virtually controlled the decoration for which he was nominally responsible. The truth is, Morris acted latterly more as consulting adviser to



"Trent" pattern. Printed linen. (p. 20). Working drawing by William Morris. Ca. 1892.

the firm bearing his name than as designer of decoration, though he from time to time designed certain details of decoration as well as new patterns for fabrics. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the work of the firm of Morris & Co. (to whom, by the way, we are indebted for great part of our illustrations) is going on to this day much as it did in his lifetime. And so it may be said he founded a school of art which survives him.



Photo Fred Hollyer

William Morris

It would have been impossible to discuss the art of William Morris without constant reference to the man he was. The work of an artist is always, of course, the expression of the man—more or less. Sometimes it expresses only one side of him, the better half, and to make the acquaintance of the man is to think less of him. It was not so with Morris. To know him was to understand his work better—but you felt he was the man to do just such work, it corresponded with him perfectly. Its merits were a reflection of the qualities of the man, and its defects (the shade side, so to speak, of the merits) were equally personal. One sees in his design always the exuberance of the man, the impulsiveness, the big-boyishness, just as one sees his genuineness, his hatred of compromise or makeshift. He was characteristically impatient, given to think all who differed from him fools, but only for a moment. He would storm, but the lull soon came, and then he was the most reasonable of beings. It seemed as though he wanted to have it all his own way; yet, put him in the chair at a meeting and he was as patient as the mildest of us. Events proved him to be not a bad man of business, though the ordinary ways of trade were too mean for him. His idea of honest dealing was to "eschew all bargains real or imaginary, and to be anxious to pay and to get what a piece of goods is really worth." One wonders almost at such a man's hating puritanism. But there you saw the artist in revolt against strait-lacing. Genial as he was, and friendly, easy of access always, he did not often let one get quite close to him; even in his verse, in which most men let themselves out, he does not tell us much of his own thought or feeling; his poetry, for all his tremendous personality, is impersonal.

Morris was a man of such pronounced individuality, and the ideas he adopted he made so entirely his own, that those who heard them first from his lips can hardly believe that he did not evolve them entirely out of his inner consciousness. If they were to read "The Seven Lamps," they would think Ruskin was quoting him, so familiar to them would the words seem at times. He did not, of course, by any means originate the idea of making modern life beautiful, but he adopted it with all his heart, and was quite the most powerful exponent of it in our day. He stamped himself upon our decorative art, and it will bear for future generations the impress of his genius.

Morris has exercised considerable influence upon manufacture, but only indirectly, his methods being professedly those of art. He did not pretend to meet the demand of the times. He held those demands to be (as partly they are) absolutely unjustifiable. He left, therefore, something for others to do, a wider work than his, and a more difficult by far—the task, namely, of directing, in the way they should artistically go, methods of manufacture which, disapprove them who may, must presently come into almost exclusive use. His task is done, and done right well. The greatest pleasure in life, he said, was the pleasure of creating beautiful things. He may be counted a very happy man.

LEWIS F. DAY.

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"RIBBED AND PALED IN WITH ROCKS UNSCALEABLE AND ROARING WATERS



[illegible] PAHAM, R.A.









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'The Head of the Loch' (p. 22).
From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the possession of Saml. R. Platt, Esq.

PETER GRAHAM, R.A.

INTRODUCTORY.

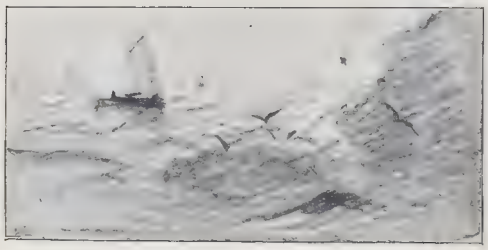


A Pencil Study.
By Peter Graham, R.A.
(p. 12).

IN a recent "History of Painting" there was mention made of Art in almost every country in Christendom except Scotland. Possibly the author imagined that the Art of Scotland was of no account in the general summation. I emphatically differ with this notion. There is such a thing as Scottish Art, of modest antiquity possibly, but possessing at present considerable vitality, and which, in its day, has even made its influence felt in the Academy of the greater sister country to which Scotland is linked. It is not my intention, however, to attempt to write upon the historical development of painting in Scotland; but I might recall the fact that there was a Scottish artist in the beginning of the seventeenth century called George Jamesone; that after him, at a considerable interval, came Allan Ramsay, and that it is permissible to say that, from his day until now, Art in Scotland has never been without a witness, or even a cloud of witnesses, many of them of much ability. It is a truism in sociology that nations have a distinctive genius as well as individuals, and this is a fact well exemplified in Scottish Art. It is a thing very apparent to all who cast their eye over the Art productions of Scotland, that these have ever had a marked patriotic and national note. Allan and Wilkie, and a host of others, in *genre*, painted the common people, their joys and sorrows and pastimes, just as the little Dutch masters, by whom they were influenced, depicted the every-day life which they saw around them. In portraiture Raeburn painted as distinguished a galaxy of his countrymen as any English or French artist ever did



A Study of Wild Duck for the picture 'Startled' (p. 12).
By Peter Graham, R.A.



The First Idea of 'An Easterly Breeze' (p. 20).
A Pencil Study by Peter Graham, R.A.

of his contemporaries; and beginning with Thomson, of Duddingstone, and Andrew Wilson, have not the Scottish landscapists ever delighted to reveal the beauties of their native country? Is it not befitting that they should do so—for who, it has well been said, but the Son of the Land can be its Seer! The glowing descriptions of Scottish scenery which Sir Walter Scott introduced into many of his poems and novels, helped largely to "discover" a country which, shut up behind mountain barriers, and hemmed round by stormy seas, was not, before the days of railways, easily accessible to the ordinary traveller; and the work the great romancist began, the Scottish School of Landscapists have continued and further extended; for it is true that what is distinctive at the present time in Scottish Art is associated to a large extent with landscape, though the traditions in *genre* of Wilkie are not altogether discarded, and portrait painting, as practised by Sir George Reid and Mr. James Guthrie, is not a lost accomplishment.

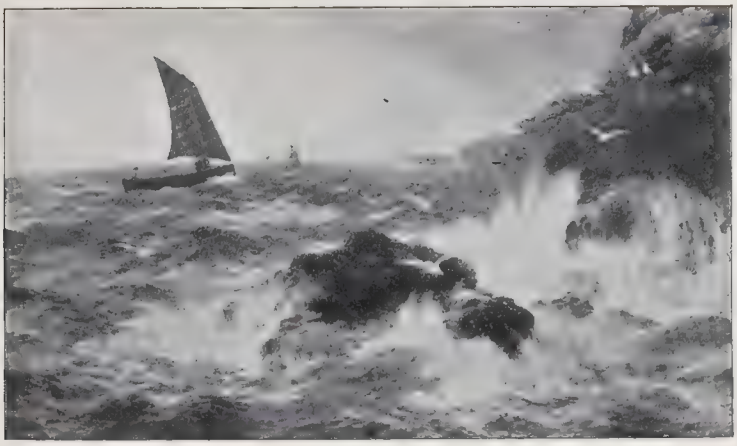
One of the most patriotic and national, as well as the most gifted of Scottish Landscape painters, is Mr. Peter Graham, R.A., the subject of this monograph. At an early period in his career he left his native Edinburgh for London, as not a few of his artistic brethren did about the same time, and so many have done since; but while, in certain instances, Scottish artists in the Metropolis have drifted down other streams and acquired what may be called "eclectic" tendencies, Mr. Graham has remained wholly faithful to his first baptism, and to the memories and impressions of his youth. He has painted Scotland, and, it might almost be said, Scotland only; and that with a clearness of conviction, and an obvious intimacy with the scenes of his pictures and the materials comprising them, which make his works take rank among the most popular landscapes of the day both at home and in the Colonies. He is a specialist in Scottish scenery, aspects of which, before unnoticed, have been painted by him; and while in a general way it may be said of the Scottish School of Landscape, both in London and Edinburgh and Glasgow, that it concerns itself largely with colour—in painting the glowing beauties of the "wet pebble," as Millais called it—Mr. Graham, an excellent colourist also, has been more a close and sympathetic student of the pictorial effects of light and atmosphere, especially of the phenomenon of mist, so characteristic of the uplands and coasts of Northern Britain.

If, it has been said, the Scottish landscapists *en masse* may be called "children of the mist," Mr. Peter Graham is their clan chieftain; and that he has been habitually consistent in his regard for a certain well-defined class of subjects, has in no small measure been the cause of the convincing power he possesses of bringing home to his fellow-countrymen in his works, the inherent sentiment of the scenes of natural grandeur among Highland hills and on rocky coasts in which he delights.

It will be my aim in the pages which follow to give some general idea of the formative influences this artist came under in his youth; a detailed account of his pictures exhibited first at the Royal Scottish Academy, and afterwards in London at the Royal Academy, and to point out certain principles of landscape art, exemplified in an eminent degree in Mr. Graham's works.



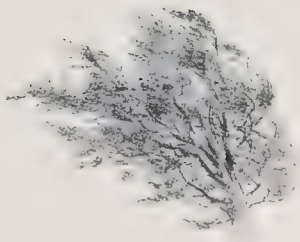
A Study in Charcoal (p. 12).
By Peter Graham, R.A.



An Easterly Breeze (p. 70)
From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the Art Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne.

PETER GRAHAM, R.A.

EARLY WORK AT THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.



A Study of a Tree in a Strong Wind. From Nature (p. 6).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

THE son of an accountant, Mr. Peter Graham was born in Edinburgh in 1836. To his mother he solely owed his early upbringing, for his father died when he was quite an infant. After an excellent school education, Mr. Graham, who had always shown a fondness for drawing, became, while still a youth, a student in the Trustees' Academy, then under the mastership of Scott Lauder. Mr. John Ballantyne was assistant—a gentleman who afterwards went to London and became one of the teachers in the Royal Academy's School.

Mr. Graham had first a course of training in ornament in the school of design; next he studied the "antique" in the Statue Gallery, and passed in due course into the Life Class. He had the reputation then, as is testified by one of his old classmates, of being a most assiduous student, and he was a prizeman both for drawing and colour. Asked about Scott Lauder, Mr. Graham had no hesitation in assuring me that all that had been written about him, as a teacher and artist, was pre-eminently true. One thing, he said, that lives in my memory, was the effective way in which he gave "heartening" to his students. He was constantly encouraging them, and urging them, even at an early stage in their career, to begin and work upon a picture of some kind. I may be pardoned another digression to say that, in this now-famous historical art class, Orchardson, I am informed, was very much looked up to. Everything seemed to come to him so easily; his effects were not got, as, for example, Chalmers' were, by "prayer and fasting," for even then he wielded in a dexterous fashion a graceful brush.

It says something for the youthful ability of Mr. Graham that he held his own so successfully and took prizes in a class where he had so many clever compeers. By his class fellows he was, though always of a retiring disposition, held in the greatest esteem, both for his high personal character and for his conscientiousness and enthusiasm as an artist.

Mr. Graham won his first honours in his native city as a figure painter. The first picture he contributed to the Royal Scottish Academy's exhibition was in 1855. It was a notable year in the history of the Academy, for in it they opened their new and handsome galleries, which still form so classic an adornment to the city. It is a pleasurable incident in Mr.



A Study of an Oak Tree. From Nature (p. 6).
By Peter Graham, R.A.



A Study of a Birch Tree (p. 6).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

Graham's early career, that he was a contributor to that inaugural exhibition. The title of that early work, the fate of which when it left his hands for the Mound had been so anxiously regarded, was 'The Nettle Sting.' It was a small figure picture with a homely subject. A child had been stung by a nettle, and a young companion is acting as a ministering angel by rubbing the injured hand with a dock leaf. The work did not escape the notice of the critic of the *Scotsman* of that day, who in a line and a half, in the course of a notice of the exhibition, says of it "that the subject is well expressed, but the colour is dingy." It is rather interesting to note that in this same exhibition Orchardson was represented by a figure of 'Little Nell,' from the "Old Curiosity Shop"; McTaggart by two portraits of ladies, MacWhirter by two small landscapes; Hugh Cameron by a couple of portraits, and a small picture of children preparing for school, and Chalmers by a water-colour. Orchardson had begun to exhibit several years before Graham; MacWhirter and Cameron had the start of him by a year; while Pettie, who was a year later, had even at that early day been attracted to one of Scott's novels—'The Fortunes of Nigel'—for a subject.

Mr. Graham was not an exhibitor in 1856, but in 1857 he showed 'Primitive Art,' the subject of which was a boy tracing his outspread hand upon a slate, as children may still be seen doing at school. It also attracted the eye of a friendly local critic who, in a complimentary sentence, says of it, "'Primitive Art,' which is by a young student of the Academy who has carried off several prizes for drawing, is a clever composition, and displays much promise." Mr. Graham's contributions in 1858 to the Scottish Academy exhibition, were a sketch of the interior of a byre (page 26) and a portrait of a child (page 26); while next year he took a bolder flight and depicted 'An Incident in the Time of the Covenanters,' which was reviewed in a kindly way. The subject was one calculated to appeal to Scottish sympathies, for it recalled the persecuting times when Presbyterians had to betake themselves to hill and glen to worship in their own way. To render them the slightest assistance was a capital offence, and so children, being less liable to suspicion, were often employed to carry them relief. In the picture, a pretty little girl, with a basket of food on her arm, has found her way to a spot in the bosom of the hills, where a party of fugitives are assembled. A contemporary critic described it as, "The most complete composition which we have seen from any of our rising students"; and he speaks of the "fine character" which the faces of some of the people display, the skill in draughtsmanship shown in it, and the pleasing colour. It undoubtedly marked an important step onward in the progress of Mr. Graham as a figure painter, a department of art for which he had trained himself (see the portrait of a lady on page 26).



A Study of a Young Oak Tree (p. 6).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

Always deeply impressed and affected by the sentiment of nature, an event, however, occurred in the autumn of 1859 which changed the whole current of his art, and led him to turn his attention to landscape, of which by-and-by he was to become a foremost exponent. He had been invited to spend a holiday on Deeside, and while there his eye was captivated by the dark pines and silvery birches which adorn the valley down which this sparkling river runs, the purple heath on the hills, and the constant play of light and shade on the face of the fair scene spread out before him. He began sketching from nature and making conscientious studies of familiar natural objects, such as tree-forms, masses of heather, outlines of rocks



A Study in Oil for 'A Bridle Path' (p. 14).
By Peter Graham, R.A.



'Where wild waves lap, there dwell broad-winged birds, In sweet societies and silvery bands' (*p.* 20).

By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons. *From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the collection of Sir Elliott Lees, Bart., M.P.*

and other paintable objects which lay around the hospitable mansion in which he was residing. From Mr. Graham's notebook we are able to reproduce some of his early pencil and charcoal drawings, which illustrate in a significant way how thoroughly the artist set about equipping himself for this branch of art, just as he had done before for figure painting. Look at his pencil studies of tree stems, and observe the truthfulness with which he has noted the joinings of the branches to the trunk, all as nature makes them, and not according to any later-day summary or capricious method. How admirable, too, is his study of an oak tree (page 3), where we see the effects of the weather and age upon the remains of its fine canopy and gnarled stem; and how deft also is his study of a young oak tree (page 4), growing unsheltered, apparently, and already displaying the influence of the wintry winds upon it.

In all his studies of oak trees he has, as will be seen, devoted much attention to the rendering of the outer twigs; how beautiful, too, is that study of a birch tree (page 4), in which with the pencil the silvery character of the bark has been so well suggested, and expression given to that graceful habit of branches and foliage, which has acquired for the birch the reputation of being the queen of trees. One may also say that only an observant eye and facile pencil, working together, could have led to the production of so spirited a study of a tree in strong wind (page 3), with the pliable branches bending before the blast. Very interesting, too, are the chalk landscape studies (pages 24 and 29) and the water-colour study of a hillside (page 24). We do not say that all these studies were made on Deeside in 1859; but they are characteristic of all his early studies from nature, and show the attitude which from the first he took up to this branch of art. The result of his sojourn on Deeside, was that to the Royal Scottish Academy's exhibition in the spring of 1860 he sent five landscapes and only two small figure subjects. The titles are quite descriptive of the subjects, to wit: 'The Road to the Harvest Field'; 'The Woodland Path'; 'A Gleam of Sunshine'; 'Evening'; and 'Craiglockhart Hill'; the last-mentioned being, we believe, the very first piece of pure landscape Mr. Graham ever painted.

These efforts of his created, according to contemporary accounts, quite a stir among his friends; and the Academy apparently thought so highly of them that Mr. Graham was the same year elected an Associate, he being then only twenty-four years of age. 'The Woodland Path,' which represents a road through a pine forest, was specially commended for a quality which, with few if any exceptions, Mr. Graham's succeeding landscapes have ever exhibited—"a pictorial disposition of light and shade," and for its "truthfulness of observation." The two figure-pictures referred to were 'Neevie-Neevie, Nick Nack,' two boys guessing in a peculiarly Scottish way for a piece of turnip held behind the back of one of them, and the 'Two Friends,' a child and a dog. In 1861 at the Royal Scottish Academy Mr. Graham had four envoys. One of these, 'Sea-shore Smugglers preparing their Signal,' was the first sea-piece the artist had painted, and it was studied, we believe, on the rocky coast of Dunbar. The others were 'Woodland—Autumn,' with trees wearing the golden tints of this gracious season; 'Barley Field—Evening—Reapers leaving'; and a landscape to which was affixed the descriptive couplet:—

"Mid wood shade,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom."



A Study in Oil-colour for 'Homewards' (p. 14).
By Peter Graham, R.A.



Fra Angelico (p. 6).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

On these pictures there is a discriminating criticism in the *Scotsman* of that year, in which it is pointed out that Mr. Graham "has not only diligently studied natural details, but has feeling and sentiment whereby to reach the imagination of the spectator." This just goes to show that at that early stage of his career as a landscapist, he had a grip of those principles of landscape art which were to be his guiding star in after life. There was a loving appreciation of the materials of nature and a power to transmute them into things of beauty by passing them through his own art crucible.

Mr. Graham made a great hit in the Scottish Academy of 1862 by a return to his old love of figure painting. This was with a picture of 'Fra Angelico before his Easel preparing for Work by Prayer' (on this page).

Of the sanctity of the pious painter-monk of Fiesole many legends exist in the history of the Florentine School. He is said never to have begun a picture without prayer, and to have been frequently interrupted by tears while representing upon his canvas the



By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons.

'The Sea will Ebb and Flow' (p. 221).
From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the collection of A. M. Ogston, Esq.



A Study of Gannets (p. 12).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

sufferings of the Christ. In this picture Mr. Graham represented the gentle Angelico kneeling before his easel with upturned eyes to heaven, seeking the divine blessing on a picture of the Madonna, upon which he is engaged. The work, as will be seen by our illustration, was treated in so reverent a manner, and breathed so devout a sentiment, that it was hailed at once as a success, was purchased by the Scottish Association for the Promotion of Fine Arts, and was afterwards engraved for its subscribers by John Le Conte. On several other occasions, it may be remarked in passing, works by Mr. Graham were purchased by the Fine Art Association, and offered as prizes to its members. In the same year Mr. Graham, in addition to the 'Fra Angelico' picture, had no fewer than six landscapes on exhibition. 'The Pathway through the Wood' is recognised as being painted "with greater power and effect" than a somewhat similar picture shown in 1860; while a country girl at "A Spring in the Wood" is referred to as being a sweet and tender composition. The *Scotsman* critic of the day, to whom we are indebted for hints about these early pictures, winds up his appreciation of Mr. Graham's efforts in the encouraging words "He has made great progress this year."

In 1863, Mr. Graham still further enhanced his reputation in his native city by exhibiting a large 6-feet picture entitled 'In the Highlands.' It was the first of those beautiful and suggestive epitomes of the—

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,"

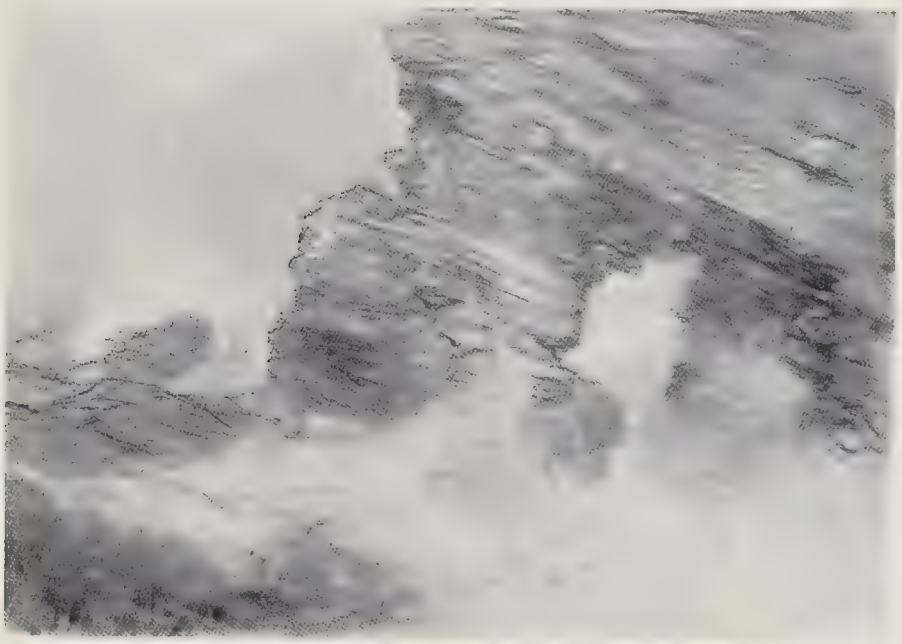
upon which his reputation as an artist is so solidly based. With it he carried the admiration of the public by storm; and it was praised for its powerful grasp of natural effect and vigour of execution. Its elements are dear to all lovers of the grand and poetical in Highland scenery. A glen among the hills strewn with hoary boulders formed the centre of the picture, and through it a torrent, foaming and fretting, urged its impetuous



A Twilight Sky. An early Study from Nature (p. 9).
By Peter Graham, R.A.







A Study for 'Sea-Worn Rocks' (p. 22).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

career. Dark pine-clad hills flanked the valley, and the view was bounded by lofty mountains. The sun bursting through a mass of grey cloud lightened with a watery gleam the slopes of the hills on which the mist lingers, an effect which afterwards became a favourite one with the artist. Mr. Graham was only twenty-seven when he painted this admirable picture; and that he took so broad a grasp of a subject of natural grandeur so difficult to render showed how rapidly his powers had matured. Another picture of that year, 'On the Hillside,' was also much spoken of on account not only of its landscape charms, but of the sympathetic manner in which a group of peasants making heather brooms had been introduced.

The leading position as a landscapist in the Royal Scottish Academy, which Mr. Graham had secured with 'In the Highlands,' was further strengthened by his picture in 1864, 'Twilight after Rain.' It was a bold and original attempt to realise an interesting and impressive aspect of nature, often seen in the North, where after a rain-storm a Sabbath calm falls upon the scene, and the sun sinks to rest amid the most resplendent hues. Something of the effect of this picture may be realised from a glance at a study of Mr. Graham's, which we reproduce, of 'A Twilight Sky' (page 8). A contemporary criticism of 'Twilight after Rain' runs thus:—"Connoisseurs may differ as to particular passages of the picture; but no one can deny the power with which the conception has been worked out, and the general ability which the whole work displays."

In 1865 Mr. Graham's chief picture, 'Ruins of other Times,' represented an old pine wood, with a pool in the foreground, into which several bleached and whitened trees had fallen. The spirit in which it was painted was well expressed by a short quotation in the catalogue from Shelley's "Spirit of Solitude":—

> "And nought but gnarled trunks of ancient pines,
> Branchless and blasted, clinched with grasping roots
> The unwilling soil. A gradual change was here;
> Yet ghastly."

In this picture the old pines were, as usual, drawn with care, and spoke eloquently of the rude storms and winter frosts they had in their day encountered.

Mr. Graham's connection with the Royal Scottish Academy, in which he had come to be looked upon as among the leading contributors to the annual exhibitions, was fast drawing to a close. The exodus to London of Scottish artists had commenced. It was a new invasion of England. As a speaker at the Royal Scottish Academy's banquet of 1868 expressed it, "Instead of carrying arms over the Border, Scotsmen were carrying Art to the South, and that possibly even the English members of the Academy would admit that its Scottish members were not the least interesting or cultured of the group it included within its pale." Scotsmen are, of course, proud of the strong position which so many artists from the North have taken in London, though at the same time they cannot but feel, in regard to Art as to other vocations, how severe is the drain the metropolis makes upon what figuratively may be called the life blood of the country. The Faeds, Orchardson, Pettie, and the Burrs were already there, and Graham was preparing to follow them, anxious to tempt fortune in the new and greatly extended world of Art, represented by London and the Royal Academy. It was an anxious and trying time for the artist; but having weighed the matter well, he braced himself up to face the ordeal with all the old spirit of

his clan. But before he went he exhibited one more picture, which helped to intensify the regret of artistic Edinburgh at his departure, and to increase the number of pleasant memories he was to leave behind. This was his 'Culloden Moor,' the well-remembered place in Scottish history where "Bonnie Prince Charlie's" fortunes fell before the Hanoverian troops. This large picture was not, however, a battle piece. His eye as a landscape painter had been attracted to the moor on account of its grand open horizon, far-reaching distance and flat foreground of heather and rough pasture. Of the canvas, fully two-thirds of it are taken up with the sky, which, with its imposing masses of cloud, is painted with great luminosity of effect.

The exhibition of 1866 was held in February, and Mr. Graham left for London a few weeks later, with a picture on his easel well on the way, which was to be his first envoy at the Royal Academy. Before speaking, however, of his *début* in the South, we may anticipate events by a few years, and round off the honourable connection he had had with the Royal Scottish Academy. After 1866 his contributions to the Edinburgh Exhibitions were intermittent, and consisted, for the most part, of one or two pictures, generally one which had previously been shown at Burlington House, though they were none the less acceptable on that account to his countrymen north of the Tweed. Accordingly, on the 24th August, 1877, he resigned his Associateship of the Royal Scottish Academy (the year he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy), in the following letter, written from South Bank, Peebles:—

"To the President and Council of the Royal Scottish Academy.

"GENTLEMEN,—As I find increasing difficulty year by year in fulfilling my obligations as a member of the Royal Scottish Academy, I beg most respectfully to resign my Associateship. I am fully conscious of the kind indulgence shown me by the Academy, but I feel that by retaining my Associateship any longer I am only preventing some young man from being elected who would be a worthier and more useful member.

"I am, &c., PETER GRAHAM."

On the 7th September, at a meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy, the Secretary was instructed to write Mr. Graham, expressing the regret of the Council at losing him as a member of the Academy, but hoping that they may have his friendly co-operation, and as often as possible be favoured with his highly attractive works in the annual exhibitions.

Subsequently the Royal Scottish Academy elected him one of its Honorary Members.



A Mackerel Sky (p. 23).
By Peter Graham, R.A.



Homewards (p. 17).
From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the Diploma Gallery, Burlington House.
By permission of the President and Council of the Royal Academy.

PETER GRAHAM, R.A., PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



A Study from Nature (p. 12).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

THE advent of Mr. Graham at the Royal Academy was an event of the greatest interest in his life. He had gone to London with a stout heart, but, inevitably, with some misgivings as to how he would be received there. His friends in Edinburgh were looking on with a kindly eye to watch the outcome of the change. The result exceeded all expectations. To how few artists is it given to take the town, literally, by storm, with the first picture they exhibit at the Royal Academy? Yet this is what Mr. Graham achieved. The picture with which he made his *début* in London was 'A Spate in the Highlands' (reproduced on page 12). It was an immediate success. It created considerable excitement among the painting community themselves; its freshness and power attracted the public, and its outstanding merits were acknowledged by all who saw it. There was quite a remarkable unanimity among the critics of the London press in regard to the excellence of the work, which was immediately purchased by one of the large dealers, and re-sold within a few days. In its preliminary notice of the Academy, *The Times* spoke of 'A Spate in the Highlands' as "by common consent the most impressive landscape of the year"; while in the notice in *The Saturday Review*, which was written by the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton, it was said that: "The best landscape at the Royal Academy, and probably even the best landscape painted in Europe during the last twelve months, is 'A Spate in the Highlands,' by Mr. P. Graham. . . . The rush of a brown torrent was never more grandly given: the forces of its tumultuous water, rising into great waves over the hidden stones, were never more faithfully observed, or more freely and vigorously drawn."

Hailed as a *chef d'œuvre* at the time, 'A Spate' has remained, in its black-and-white reproduction, one of Mr. Graham's most popular works. According to several writers of the day on the Academy, Mr. Graham's picture not only at a bound established, secure and firm, his own reputation, but it had the effect of sweeping away much of the prejudice in the Academy against landscape painters; and it certainly contributed largely to revive public interest in landscape art.

When an artist makes a great "hit" one year, it is not an easy thing for him to continue to paint up to the high standard which the public and the critics expect of him. Mr. Graham, however, showed himself to be a man of staying-power and resource, and in 1867 his

picture 'O'er Moor and Moss,' had again the compliment paid to it by *The Times* of being regarded as "on the whole the most powerful landscape of this year, as the Highland stream in 'Spate' was of last." "Scotland," the notice added, "may be proud of her young landscape painter." During that year Mr. Graham had the honour of receiving a commission from Her Majesty to paint a landscape in the Balmoral Forest, and in the exhibition of 1868 'Bowman's Pass, Balmoral Forest,' was his sole envoy. In the foreground the stems of the Scotch pines, telling red against the rich masses of green fern and luxuriant underwood, the wooded heights in the background, and the limpid freshness of the sky, were altogether redolent of the

It may not be out of place to remark again on the "genius for taking pains" which Mr. Graham displayed in making himself thoroughly familiar with the forms and habits of Highland cattle. In regard to them he followed exactly the same course as he had done with trees, and rocks, and flowers, when he began his study of landscape art. His notebooks are full of them, and of those early cattle studies we are, fortunately, able to give a number of interesting examples. The 'Cattle Tryst' was, as a matter of fact, studied in the neighbourhood of Claddich, a small Highland clachan, deep among the Argyleshire hills. Mr. Graham, in those days, practically lived on the hill-side among the cattle. He studied their every attitude—standing, looking about



With the consent of Messrs. A. Tooth & Sons, Publishers of the large plate.

A Spate in the Highlands (p. 11).
From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the Collection of Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks, Bart., M.P.

Highlands, and combined to form a picture worthy of the Royal palace in which it was to be hung. The year following, Mr. Graham was again to the front at the Royal Academy exhibition with two admirable landscapes—'Autumnal Showers,' and 'On the way to the Cattle Tryst.'

'On the way to the Cattle Tryst' is a well-known and popular picture; and there is this fact connected with it, that in it Mr. Graham painted — we will not say for the first time, but certainly for the first time on a scale of importance—those rough-haired, picturesque, long-horned Highland cattle, which, in many other scenes of the north, were to form so interesting and pictorial a feature in the rugged landscape.

The 'Cattle Tryst' found its way to the Gillott collection, while 'Autumnal Showers' was carried off as a trophy of artistic prowess to the National Gallery of Melbourne.

with their large liquid eyes, with that curious, alert air they often assume (see sketches on pp. 2, 14 and 17); browsing the grass, cropping the rough heather, or lying down to rest. Though these cattle are shy of strangers, Mr Graham was able to move about among the herd quite freely, and got near enough to take separate studies of different parts of an animal—the head (see sketches on pp. 11 and 14), and other portions of its anatomy. The fact is that during his residence at Claddich his eye and brain got so thoroughly soaked (if that expression may be used) with the forms of Highland cattle, that sometimes when he awoke during the night he did not seem to think it at all out of place to see a kyloe standing by his bedside. With such thorough study—which was also applied in like manner to sheep and birds (pages 1 and 8), which he occasionally has introduced into his pictures—it is not at all wonderful that Mr. Graham was able in



Our Northern Walls (p. 16).
From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the Collection of J. Hamilton Houldsworth, Esq.



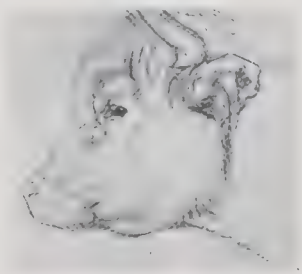
A Crayon Study (p. 109)
By Peter Graham, R.A.

a way none ever did before him, and few have done since, to use this naturally picturesque animal with so much effectiveness in the landscape scenes amid which it roams.

In 1870 Mr. Graham was represented at the Royal Academy by 'Afternoon Clouds' and 'Among the Hills,' and for these contributions he was that year praised by *The Times*' critic as "the successful young chief of the Scottish School of Landscape." These kept the artist favourably before the public; but in the following year the town was again set a-talking by the great success achieved by his picture of 'A Rainy Day' (page 22), which was pronounced to be about the "wettest" thing ever seen in paint. It perfectly realised the aspect of wet weather in the Highlands in a way, as was said, that only a Scotchman could conceive. In his other picture, 'A Bridle Path,' a belated traveller upon a white pony rides, at the fall of twilight, through a Scotch fir-wood (see sketch on pages 4 and 17).

In 1872, Mr. Graham exhibited 'Homewards' and 'The Cradle of the Sea Bird.' 'Homewards' is a charming work, imbued alike with poetical and homely sentiment. The figures have been well studied, as will be seen by the sketches on pp. 6 and 22, and the glamour of the evening hour, with its solemn silence, and the fall of the curtains of night, are finely expressed. In 'The Cradle of the Sea Bird,' an attractive title, which was suggested by Sir William Agnew, the life-long friend of the artist, the public were introduced to another phase of Mr. Graham's art — the rendering of great impressive sea cliffs, their ridges peopled by sea-birds, and the ocean tossing in its strength below them. These natural bulwarks of Britain are not uncommon at certain parts of the coast of Scotland, the Orkney and Shetland Islands, the outer Hebrides, and western Ireland. In the Island of Foula, for example, which belongs to the Shetland group, there is a sea-cliff over 1,000 feet in height. As a rule, these beetling crags do not run up to four figures, but they are sufficiently high to powerfully impress the spectator, who may view them from a boat on the water, or who on hands and knees cautiously peers over their giddy edge. This picture also illustrates the thoroughness of the preparation which had been gone through before the artist permitted himself to paint it. Details of pictures of this kind cannot be evolved from the imagination: for it is not going too far to say that they have here a certain historical accuracy. The rocks present a natural truthfulness of form which would satisfy a geologist, while the birds in the accuracy and carefulness of their treatment would secure the approbation of an ornithologist. The sea, likewise, in these compositions, has been closely observed.

Mr. Graham, it may not be uninteresting to mention, has studied these giant sea-cliffs and the birds which live upon them, at several places: on the Caithness coast, at Hoy in the Orkneys, and, notably, at the Island of Handa, off the mainland of Sutherland, between Cape Wrath and Loch Inver. This island is a wild and dreary place, peopled only by a few sheep and by the sea fowl. The cliffs are 600 feet high, or thereby, and looking out as they do upon the Minch, they have to bear the brunt of the Atlantic waves. Mr. Graham has spent days on end in a boat off the island, with a couple of stalwart Highland boatmen, studying the cliffs, and the birds, and the sea. He has landed on the rocks and painted them in oil colour and filled his book with all sorts of useful notes and sketches, with a skill and fidelity which show how indispensable to him had been the thorough training he gave



A Study from Nature (p. 12).
By Peter Graham, R.A.



Copyright, Thos. Agnew & Sons, 1890.

Low Tide (p. 227).
From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the Collection of the Rt. Hon'ble W. J. Pirrie.



'Eventide' (p. 16).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

himself as a figure painter. "Few more strange or impressive scenes," said one of the Academy critics of that year, "have ever occupied a painter's pencil than that depicted in this work."

In 1873, Mr. Graham exhibited at the Royal Academy three excellent pictures—'Wind,' 'The Restless Sea,' and 'A Highland Croft' (page 23), in which is brought vividly home to the Lowland mind the hard struggle for existence the crofter maintains—with an ungenerous soil and adverse climatic conditions.

The year 1874 saw 'Our Northern Walls' (page 13), and 'The Misty Mountain-Top.' In the former work, Mr. Graham again portrayed, with impressive force, the rugged grandeur and mightiness of the cliffs on some parts of the Scottish coast against which dash the Atlantic waves. At the Royal Academy of 1875, Mr. Graham was represented by three pictures: 'Highland Pasturage,' 'Crossing the Moor,' and 'Twilight.' The last-mentioned was a fine study of the sky at sundown, with striking, and even dramatic, contrasts of light and shadow in the clouds.



A Study of Figures for 'Eventide' (p. 17).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

In 1876 he had only one representative, 'Moorland Rovers' (page 32), the chief characteristic of which was, perhaps, the elaborate and cleverly-executed study it contained of a group of shaggy Highland cattle, something like what we have in the picture we reproduce on page 25—'Morning Mists.'

Before the Exhibition of 1877 Mr. Graham had been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. It cannot be said that that body had shown any undue haste in recognising the position of the young Scottish painter who had done much to infuse new life into landscape Art; who had set the public a-talking about it, and who had executed works which for years had been acknowledged as distinct features of the Annual Exhibitions. In Mr. Graham's case the magic letters were certainly well bestowed, for he has proved himself since to be a devoted and loyal member of the Academy, alive to his responsibilities as well as to his privileges, and has always contributed of his very best to its exhibitions.

In this year Mr. Graham's two works at Burlington House were 'A Glint of Sunshine,' and 'The Gently Heaving Tide' (page 21). The former was a large Highland scene, with cattle and cloudy sky through rifts, in which glints of sunshine fall upon the earth with pictorial effect. In this picture the golden rays were happily caught and imprisoned on the canvas. 'The Gently Heaving Tide' is a delightful study of rock and sea under a somewhat new aspect.

One of the points in this picture is the sharp contrast presented by the black velvety mussel-covered rocks and the limpid water, the rise and fall of which is so vividly suggested that people, it was said in *The Times*, as they stood before it, could be seen involuntarily imitating the sink and swell of the waves.

Next year, 1878, Mr. Graham was represented by 'Wandering Shadows,' and 'Gusty Weather.' The former picture realised, in a vivid and pictorial way, another Highland atmospheric effect always of surpassing beauty. The scene is again an upland glen enclosed by grassy mountains. The sun is shining in the sky, but ever and anon there drift across its face wind-blown clouds whose shadows trail lightly over the sun-lit hills like living things, in a very fascinating way. As the spectator looked at the picture he seemed to see the shadows fly.

There were three pictures by Mr. Graham in the Academy of 1879. 'Cloudland and Moor' again transports us to the Highlands; 'The Sea-Birds' Resting-place' is another characteristic example of the artist's pictures of sea and cliff, and their feathery denizens; and in an upright canvas, entitled 'Where Deep Seas Moan,' we have an impressive presentment of the never-resting sea, shut in by imposing rock walls, such as exist at Handa and at places on the Pentland Firth. These rock stacks tower high in the air, and hemmed in as it is by them, the water takes on a dark and awe-inspiring look, and suggests to the imagination unfathomable depths.

'A Highland Drove' and 'Eventide' (on this page) were the pictures by which Mr. Graham was represented at Burlington House in 1880. 'Eventide' is a singularly sweet and charming work. In it we have a ruddy soft sunset reflected in the waters of a river or loch from which two Carthusian monks, having landed, are seen walking through a dark woodland to their quiet convent, the square tower of which is visible over the trees.





Drawn by A. Graham

himself as a figure painter. "I know more strange or im-

year I have ever seen on the painter's pencil than the depicted in his work

Two excellent pictures ' The Restless Sea ' and ' A Highland Croft ' were

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Academy of 1879, 'Cloudless

These rock stacks tower high in the air, and hemmed in as it is by them, the water takes on a dark and unfathomable depths

'A Highland Drove' and 'Evening' [illegible] this

at Burlington House in 1880. 'Evening' is a sweet and charming work. In it we have a [illegible] sunset is depicted in the waters of a river [illegible] walking through a dark wood just to show [illegible] the square tower of which is [illegible] the re-



SEA-WORN ROCKS



A Study of a Highland "Slott" (p. 12).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

The sketches of the figures of the monks (pp. 16 and 24) exhibit how carefully Mr. Graham worked out details, and how little he left to chance.

The three pictures exhibited in 1881 were:—'A Mountain Road,' 'A Pleasant Pasture,' and 'A Sunny Day.' The first work had familiar features. It represented a drover and a group of Highland cattle on a hill road, standing in sunlight against a background of mingled mist and sunshine.

In the end of 1881 Mr. Graham was elected a Royal Academician. As has been already chronicled, he attained to Associate rank in 1877, and that he had only to wait little more than four years before he was admitted to the full honours of membership was a tribute at once to his increasing powers as an artist, and his great popularity with the outside public. The works he exhibited in the following Academy were: 'The Inflowing Tide,' 'After Rain,' and 'Homewards.' The last mentioned, which by the way bears the same title as a picture of quite a different stamp, shown 1872, is the work he deposited on his election as an Academician. "Homewards" (page 11) has a double interest. It fully realises the grandeur and solemnity of nature among the Highland hills, and it illustrates in an absolutely truthful manner a phase of crofter life in the



A Water-colour Study of a Drinking Trough for 'A Bridle Path' (p. 14).
By Peter Graham, R.A.



A Norfolk River (p. 20).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

North, which, speaking from the social point of view, one would gladly see modified.

To bring home from the moors peats for winter fuel is the work of the women, and often, many a weary mile they have to travel with their creels upon their backs. In this case, while toiling up the hillside with their burdens, evening has overtaken them, and the damp mists are gathering in the dark hollows of the far-off hills. One thing which strikes the beholder, is the apparently absolutely natural relations existing between the figures and the landscape.

In 1883, Mr. Graham exhibited 'A Quiet Noon,' in which were shown horned cattle peacefully reposing amid Highland surroundings, and 'A Lonely Shore.' 'Dawn' and 'Sea Mist' were the titles of his pictures in 1884. In the former we have a Highland clachan at the head of a loch, with the smoke curling up from the chimneys of the houses in the fresh morning air. In parts of the sky the roseate hues of early morn are beginning to appear. 'Sea Mist' is a large and impressive picture of cliffs and rocks and sea, enveloped in a misty veil.



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A Wet Road (p. 23).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

In the following year Mr. Graham's works were 'Evening,' 'Ribbed and paled-in with rocks unscaleable and roaring waters,' which forms one of our extra plates, and 'Passing Showers.' The title of the second picture is taken from the graphic description by the Queen in Shakespeare's play, "Cymbeline," of Britain, the natural bravery of which she says stands:—

"As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled-in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters."

In this upright canvas the prominent feature is a magnificent dark cliff, boldly facing the sea, which has torn and rent its front, while on its sloping ledges is a colony of cormorants, gulls and puffins.

1886 saw 'Sea-Girt Crags' (page 20), which belongs to the cliff series of pictures; 'Across the Moor,' and 'Ramblers,' in the last



Evening Crossing the Stream (pp. 22 and 23).
From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the Collection of George McCulloch, Esq.



Sea-Girt Crags (p. 18).
From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the Collection of M. P. Grace, Esq.

mentioned of which we have a grandly painted herd of Highland cattle. 'An Easterly Breeze,' and 'The Fowler's Crag,' were works by Mr. Graham, catalogued in 1887. In the former (page 3) we have a truthful presentment of surging waters dashing themselves into foam against a range of solidly painted cliffs. The sky has a windy aspect, and before the freshening breeze some fishing boats are making for a little harbour which can be seen on the right through the spray. As will be observed from the pencil sketch on page 2, the idea of this picture had formulated itself very early in Mr. Graham's mind. The sketch, as a matter of fact, is from an old notebook, and the scene was undoubtedly studied on the bold coast between Dunbar and Berwick. 'An Easterly Breeze' is now in the Art Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne.

In 1888 Mr. Graham exhibited 'A Norfolk River' (page 18) and 'Driven by the Wind and Tossed.' The former is interesting as being one of the very few exhibited works by this artist painted out of Scotland. Mr. Graham greatly enjoyed his stay in Norfolkshire. Everything about him, it is true, was in marked contrast to what he had been accustomed to paint in the Highlands, but his vision was not on that account warped; and in a country the natural beauties of which had formed the subjects of the pictures of the early English landscapists, he had the keenest delight. This is very apparent from the picture under notice, where the aspect of the scene has been thoroughly grasped, and the details treated with the conscientious care of one who distinctly enjoyed painting them. In the study for the windmill (shown on page 28) it will be observed with what deftness the complicated perspective of the sails has been drawn.

'Driven by the Wind' is one of the largest, and by general consent one of the best, of Mr. Graham's purely marine pictures. The story it tells is of the power and cruelty of the sea. The greenish waves, with their foaming crests, give tone to the picture. A rift in the clouds admits of the passage of a gleam of light, and nothing could be finer than the way in which it shines on the bottom of the wet boat; while the spray that dashes over the rocks and is blown over the masthead of the ship feels airy in form and full of movement.

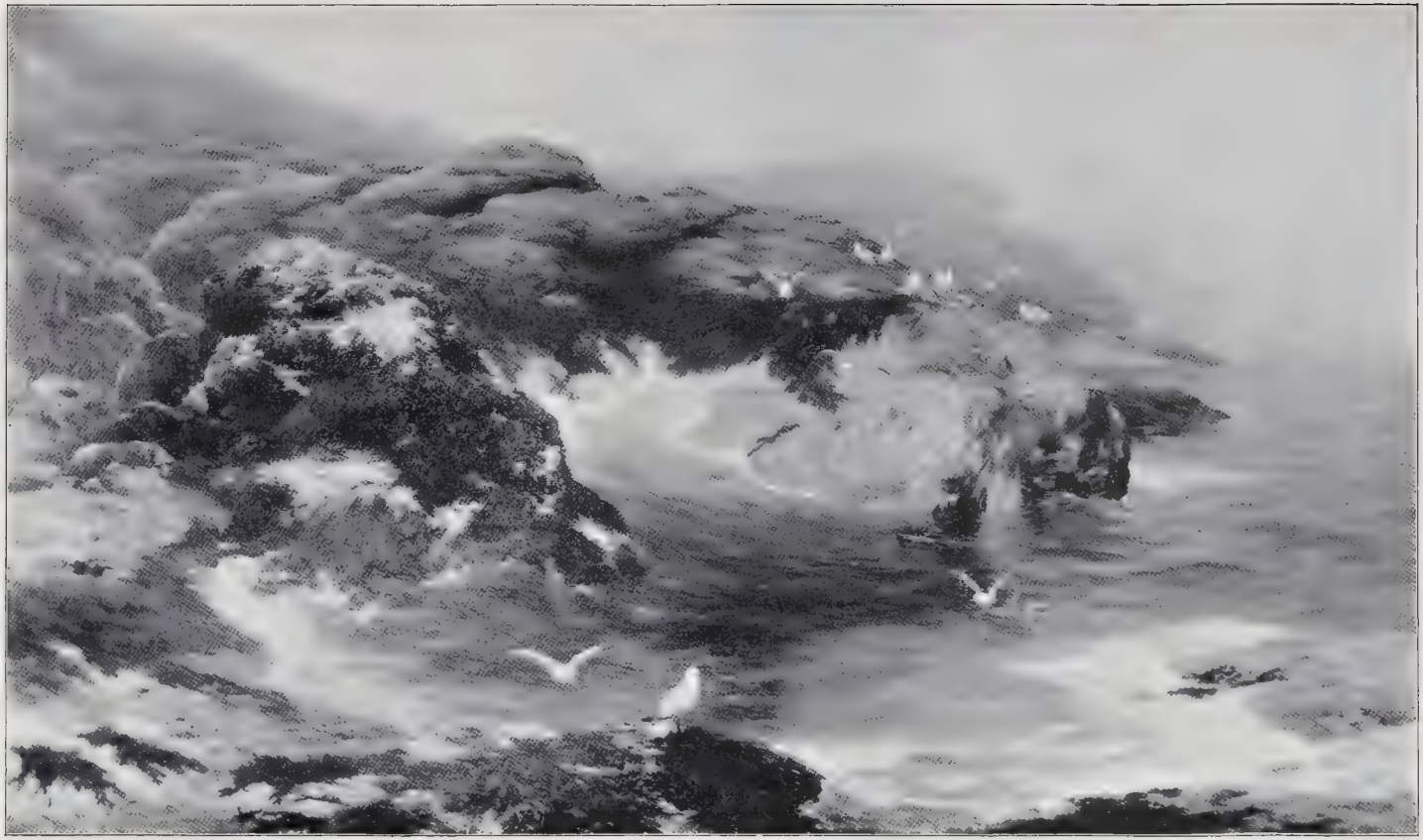
In 1889 Mr. Graham had two pictures both with poetical titles. One (page 27), a highly dramatic Highland scene, had a verse by Scott attached to it. The other (page 5) had the expressive motto:—

> "Where wild waves lap, there dwell broad-winged birds,
> In sweet societies and silvery bands."

In 1890 Mr. Graham's envoys to Burlington House were, 'Departing Day' and 'Low Tide' (page 15), both of which were assigned honourable positions in the large gallery.

In the first canvas the artist carries the beholder away in the spirit to a deep Highland valley, to gaze with him on a striking and entrancing effect of the setting sun upon the summit of a ragged hill, high above the mists and vapours which hang about its skirts. The eruption of light is of a deep rose tint; all around is humid and grey, and already the darkness filling the valley warns a few women gathering peats that it is time to hasten home.

Some "doubted whether so brilliant an effect of mountain-tops is ever really visible in the Scottish Highlands." Those who know the Highlands well would be inclined



By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons

The Gently Heaving Tide (p. 107).
From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the Collection of Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart., K.C.M.G.



A Rainy Day (p. 14)
From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the Tate Gallery.

to ask why not? There is scarcely a limit to the infinite variety of effect which may be witnessed there, and I believe that this rosy light on the rocky tops of the Ross-shire hills, produced by the sun's rays passing through a moist atmosphere, was just as true as were the cool greys on the slopes of the hillside in shadow. 'Low Tide' (page 15) of the same year was a Berwickshire coast scene, with a fishing boat at low water discharging its cargo upon a natural jetty of weed-grown rock, around which the water still surges.

'Morning Mists' (page 25) and 'Evening' of 1891 were Highland scenes. Especially noteworthy in the former was the able manner in which was suggested the effect of the stirring influence of the morning sun upon billowy masses of mist lying upon a rocky mountain-side; while in the other the evening effect over a deep valley was rendered with poetical feeling. 'Morning Mists' has been etched. In 1892 we had 'Sea-Worn Rocks' and 'Sunshine and Shower.'



A Study for 'Homewards' (p. 14).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

In the first-named (which is given here as an extra plate) we have the jutting point of some rocky headland on which the sea, beating for ages, has scooped out a great irregular-shaped arch, through which the waters foam and swell in triumph. The picture was, we believe, studied on the Aberdeenshire coast. In 1893 Mr. Graham's only envoy was 'Summer Mists.' It was a Highland loch scene, with horned cattle standing in the water, and beyond them a mountain shrouded in mist, with the sun struggling through the hazy veil. He only exhibited one picture in 1894, 'The Head of the Loch' (page 1), which was afterwards engraved. His 1895 picture, 'The Sea will Ebb and Flow' (page 7), into which the figures of a group of healthy children, fishing from the rocks, was introduced with pleasing effect, was very much admired. 'The Close of the Day' and 'From beetling Sea-crags where the Gannet builds,' were the titles of the pictures Mr. Graham sent to the Academy of 1896.

In 1897, Mr. Graham was well represented by two large pictures: 'Evening—Crossing the Stream' (page 19), with Highland cattle wading through a shallow ford, and 'Where nought is heard but Waves and Seabirds' Cry,' an accomplished variant of a familiar subject.

There were four pictures in the Academy of 1898: 'The Road across the Moor'; 'Moorland Quietude'; 'The grass-crowned Headland of a Rocky Shore'; and 'Lashed by the Wild and Wasteful Ocean.' These were all agreeable in composition and execution.

In this year's Academy (1899) Mr. Graham "came away," as the saying goes, "with a rush," and in 'A Rising Tide' showed a large canvas which will take rank among his very foremost works. The general aspect of the scene recalls the bold outline of the St. Andrews coast. On the left is a low line of grass-grown cliffs terminating at



A Highland Croft (p. 16).
By Peter Graham, R.A.
By permission of the Governors of the Royal Holloway College.

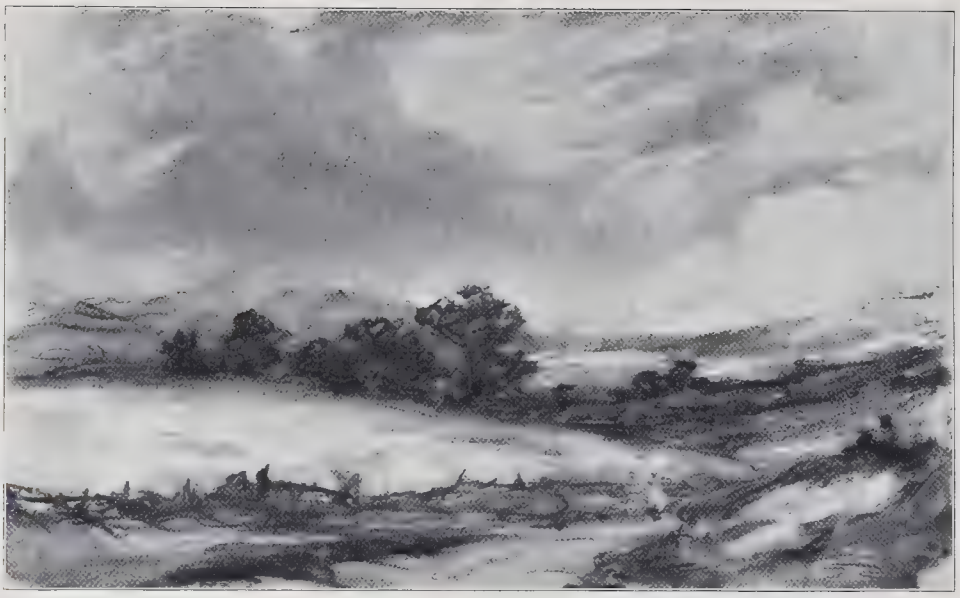
the pier of a fishing harbour which projects beyond them. The movement of the water has been truthfully observed and skilfully painted, a splendid bit of the foreground being the shallow wave on the beach. His other picture was entitled 'On the Dunes.' In it we have a masterly rendering of Highland cattle feeding on a benty piece of sandy links.

This picture also shows that in the delineation of rough Highland kyloes, Mr. Graham's hand has lost nothing of its cunning. The group in question is painted with a solidity and vitality not surpassed in any of his other compositions in which cattle form a principal part. The animals have body as well as spirit, and stand out in grand relief against a great cloud, which, by them, is kept well in its place.

Three of our illustrations are of works which have not been exhibited either at the Royal Academy or Royal Scottish Academy exhibitions. These are 'Caledonia Stern and Wild,' which forms the subject of one of our special plates, etched by Mr. C. O. Murray; 'A Mackerel Sky' (page 10), and 'A Wet Road' (page 18). The first-mentioned belongs to the series into which Mr. Graham has introduced Highland cattle with so much pictorial effect. The moor with its boulders, heath and rough grasses, has been carefully and suggestively treated, and there is no doubt the cattle, posed against the misty sky, are indigenous to the scene. This picture is in the very fine collection of Mr. George McCulloch, to whom also 'Evening' (page 19) belongs. 'A Mackerel Sky' is a picture in which has been admirably rendered a drove of sheep. The motive of the work, however, was the sky, which takes its name from the markings upon it resembling those of a freshly-caught mackerel. Such an effect is occasionally seen in certain aspects of weather. The painting of such a sky was at the time it was executed something of a novelty; but the excellent result attained was freely acknowledged. 'A Wet Road' is also a pleasant composition in which the light glancing on the shallow pools and moist surfaces comes into effective contrast with the dark masses alongside.



A Study in Oil-Colour of Calves for 'A Highland Croft' (p. 16).
By Peter Graham, R.A



A Chalk Landscape Study (p. 6).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

PETER GRAHAM, R.A., ATTITUDE TO LANDSCAPE ART.

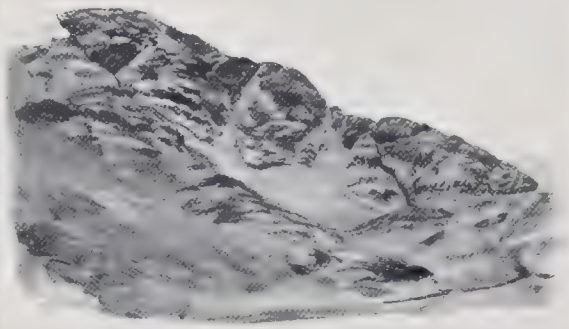


A Study for 'Eventide' (p. 17).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

FROM what has been said in the preceding pages, it will be readily gathered from the description given of Mr. Graham's pictures that his art is essentially of a popular nature. He has never sought to paint merely for the "elect" or for the cultured amateur. He has had a clear message for the people, and as some one has very well put it, "It is a rare and happy fate for a work of art, and a condition of its permanent value, to be within the apprehension of the working-man and the statesman; of the man whose life is toil, and the man whose life is leisure; of the poet and the philistine; of intellects absolutely devoid of artistic feeling and of those in which sensitiveness to pictorial phenomena is to the last degree acute." I think there are few people who will deny that Mr. Graham's art—national, cultured, healthy, and refined as it is—has given pleasure to thousands both at home and abroad, and has also had this admirable characteristic, that it has cast light upon beauties of Highland scenery which might otherwise have been overlooked. For, as I have already stated, Mr. Graham in 'A Spate' undoubtedly broke new ground, and alike in his marine and moorland pictures brought home to the toilers in the cities aspects of nature in the Highlands which had never before been depicted in paint, and with which the vast majority of the people of this country were unfamiliar.

In defining Mr. Graham's attitude to landscape art I do not think I can do better than quote two letters of his own which appear in the Memoir of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, permission to use them having been kindly given by Messrs. Seeley & Co. In 1870, Mr. Hamerton, who was then hard at work studying art, becoming discouraged by his want of progress, wrote to Mr. Graham about what he considered his failures. In reply, Mr. Graham, to give Mr. Hamerton heartening, recounted some of his own experiences, and revealed something of his attitude to landscape art and his method of working.

"With regard" (our artist writes) "to what you say of



A Water-colour Study of a Hill-side (p. 6).
By Peter Graham, R.A.



Copyright, Thomas Agnew & Sons, 1891.

Morning Mists (*p.* 221).
From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the possession of Mrs. Ketlle.
By permission of Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons, publishers of the large etching by M. Brunet-Debaines.



Portrait of a Lady (p. 4).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

yourself in your last letter, I have never had an opportunity of seeing a picture of yours; but I cannot imagine any one to fail in landscape who has the high qualifications for it which you obviously have, a sensitively impressionable nature, a strong loving admiration for whatever in heaven or earth is beautiful or grand in form, colour, or effect. Then you have the faculty of observation, without which a mind, however sensitive to the impressions of nature, will not be able to do anything, will be passive, not active. The mechanical difficulties of our art must be to some extent overcome before our thoughts and intentions can be realised and our impressions conveyed to others. After all, every artist feels that his work is a failure, the success of rendering what he wishes is so exceedingly limited in his mind. I am talking of what you know as well as I do; but my only reason is that you spoke of yourself as failing in landscape, 'probably from want of natural ability,' which I cannot believe. My method of getting memoranda, which you inquire about, is to study as closely as I can; to watch and observe and make notes and drawings, also studies in colour, and patient groping after what I wish to learn, are my only methods. I feel unable to enter into details, so much would need to be said on the subject. I believe I am much indebted to my long education as a figure painter for any little ability I may have in rendering the material of nature. I was a figure painter many years before I touched landscape. Continued study from the antique and painting from the nude in a life class give, or ought to give, an acquaintance with light and shadow which to a landscape painter is invaluable—nature affects our feelings so much in landscape by light and shadow. In Edinburgh we had a long gallery with windows on the roof at intervals, and the statues arranged there were a splendid collection. I shall never forget the exquisite beauty of the middle tint or overshadowing which the statues had that were placed between the windows; those which were immediately underneath them were of course in a blaze of light, and we had all gradations of light, middle tint, and shadow. When I came to study clouds and skies, I recognised the enchantment of effect to be caused by the same old laws of light I had tried to get acquainted with at the Academy. Of course colour adds immensely to the difficulty of sky painting, and the amount of groping in the study of grey, blue, etc., is very disheartening. I need not longer weary you, however, on this subject, but shall just again say, that I really see no reason why you should not succeed in landscape painting if such be your wish, and therefore cannot think of you as having failed."



A Drawing in Chalk of a Child of the Artist (p. 4).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

In a second letter Mr. Graham further writes on the same subject:

"Since receiving your last letter I have read, and with great pleasure, your *Painter's Camp in the Highlands*. I am stronger than ever in the belief that it is merely from never having devoted the necessary amount of *time to art in the right direction* that unqualified success has not been attained by you as an artist. I think it unfortunate that you learned painting with a clever landscape painter. You probably far excelled him in sympathy with nature, power of observation, and all the gifts especially required for a landscape painter. What you really needed, study under a figure painter, or better still at an academy, would have given you. Landscape nature is too complicated to be a good school to acquire the mastery over the mechanical difficulties in art. I don't agree with you that you ought to have filled your note-books with memoranda from nature instead of painting pictures at Loch Awe. Your experience there was very valuable. A note-book memorandum from nature is of little or no use for a picture in oil without previous study of similar subjects or effects in the same vehicle. You ask my opinion of your present method of study. I think it excellent, and would make only two suggestions. You might safely discontinue the study of botany and dissection of plants; there is not the slightest fear of a want of truth in your pictures, and the time might be devoted to some more pressing work. Then I think you might paint the human figure with much profit even to landscape painting and writing on art."



A Study of the Interior of a Byre (p. 4).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

How great a genius for taking pains Mr. Graham possesses has already been indicated. In his youth he "scorned delights and lived laborious days," and he is a student yet, and a careful observer and recorder of natural phenomena. He would tell the inquirer, as he told me, that an artist's education is never finished, and that the study of the infinite variety of nature would require not one life but a hundred to overtake it. It is obvious that Mr. Graham's early dual training, first as a figure painter and afterwards as a landscapist, has been of



"The mist wreath has the mountain crest,
The stag his lair, the crane her nest," &c. (p. 20).
From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the Art Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne.



A Water-colour Study for 'A Norfolk River' (p. 20).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

the greatest service to him in his career as an artist. If he were set to it Mr. Graham could make as excellent a study of the nude as of the effect of a passing gleam of sunshine or of a shower on a mountain-side. This has saved him from many pitfalls in his art, and has enabled him to present his pictures to the public in a fashion which the eye regards as complete and satisfactory.

I may mention one little incident which forcibly illustrates the fact that Mr. Graham will spare no trouble to have things right in his pictures. He was working at a landscape and wanted a tree-root to introduce into the foreground. He remembered having seen, years before, just such a root as he required, on the Moor of Rannoch, and he was under the impression that he had sketched it. But as he failed to find it in any of his note-books, he took the train from London to this upland region of Perthshire, went straight to the spot, sketched the root, and returned south again, and all within forty-eight hours.

In his letter to Mr. Gilbert Hamerton, Mr. Graham refers to his note-books. On these he lays great stress. He has quite a library of them. When he walks out he has always one in his pocket, and a jotting is taken of anything that attracts his notice on sea, or land, or sky. Mr. Graham has reduced his method of making observations of natural phenomena to a system, and has in connection with it invented a short-hand notation of his own which in practice he finds exceedingly useful. In a study of the sky from nature, which we reproduce (page 8), the cloudland is dotted over with explanatory memoranda relating to light and colour; and in noting evanescent effects he also employs figures for the same purpose.

But while scrupulously accurate as to natural effects and details, Mr. Graham cannot be classed among the realists of landscape art. He belongs rather to those who believe that "every great landscape is a record not of sight but of insight." His pictures are not of the nature of documentary painting. They are not mere transcripts of nature. If they are not nature pure and simple, if his roads, and hills, and rocky cliffs cannot be named and pointed out on the map of Scotland, they are very natural, and convey to the spectator, by the glamour of his art, the very soul and sentiment of the scene depicted. This, after all, I take it, is what the public look for in landscape. Where is the landscape artist of our day, I venture to ask with some confidence, who has more impressively brought home to prince and peasant, and to the merchant overburdened with the bustle of city life, the soothing truth contained in Byron's well-known lines in 'Childe Harold':—

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shire,
> There is society where none intrudes,
> By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

And if the poet had known of the deep solitudes and majestic aspects of Highland mountain scenery, and had included them in his expressive stanza, of these too I should have said Mr. Graham is a chief interpreter. Possessed of a keenly sensitive nature, and with, as he says in his letter to Mr. Hamerton, "a strong love of and admiration for whatever in heaven or earth is beautiful, or grand in form, colour, and effect," there is in all of Mr. Graham's pictures something imaginative and emotional. The lonely moor, the misty hill, the sunshine and shadow of a Highland landscape, the majesty of cliff scenery, the grandeur of the ocean, all make a lively impression on Mr. Graham's own mind, which is as sensitive to such things as a photographic film or plate is to light; and what has entered into his own soul he can give off again for the enjoyment and felicity of others, and that, too, on account of his excellent technical equipment, in no lame or halting fashion. Take 'A Spate,' which first introduced him to the English public, what a powerful presentment this was of a desolating rain storm in the Highlands. But it is one of the things for which Mr. Graham has ever received credit in his art, that he never fails to express in a forceful manner, and one easy to understand, the sentiment of any scene he paints. In his marine canvases do we not scent the saltness of the ocean, and acknowledge the majesty of the heaving tide; in his cliff pictures have we not brought home to us the grandeur of such scenery, and the great variety of bird life which haunts our coasts; in his misty mountains and hills illumined by sunshine, do we not



A Chalk Landscape Study (p. 6).
By Peter Graham, R.A.

feel that they are gilded by something of "fancy's tremulous light," and when he transports us to deep solitudes as in 'Homeward' or 'Evening,' are we not weighed down with the loneliness of the scene?

Truly the lesson he learned in chiaroscuro in the Edinburgh Statue Gallery, when as a youth he was fascinated by the exquisite beauty of the light from the roof windows of the long room playing on the figures, was never forgotten, and among the landscape artists of the present day no one knows better than Mr. Graham the principles of the disposition of light and shade, and how to put them to account. If his contrasts are as a rule not dramatic in the Rembrandtist sense of the word, they are none the less always natural and agreeable.

Another quality in Mr. Graham's landscapes which may be pointed out is their skilful composition, which takes note only of essentials and vigorously represses the irrelevant and superfluous. Every part seems in its proper place, and maintains a due relation to its neighbour; and with his knowledge of "values," as the French say, and the modifying effects of adjoining colour, of sunlight and atmosphere and shadow, he is able to present a complete picture; the skill in the painting of which, however, is never obtruded on the spectator. There is a largeness of impression, and a thoroughly natural and simple aspect in all that Mr. Graham does, which is due alike to pictorial composition, varied and excellent draughtsmanship, eminently natural colour, and a delicate play of tone and tint. In a word, Mr. Graham's landscapes have, for the most part, the precious quality we call "style," which is the fruit of a combination of gifts in an artist, which the few and not the many possess in an eminent degree.

"Our duty," a great landscape painter is reported to have said, "is to see a little beauty, represent it as well as we can, and die." It is not given to many to do more than that. The path a painter or other world worker is to follow has to be early chosen, and if any success of a permanent kind is to be secured, it must be followed up with assiduity and perseverance. We have already indicated what manner of natural scenes appeal to Mr. Graham. He is true to himself and paints them; and is it not something to be able to say that within their range his pictures are well-night perfect! He does not feel a call to paint aspects of nature which do not affect him so vividly; and as all that he paints he does well, should we not be grateful for the enjoyment he gives us? It may be my Scottish prejudices, my intense love for the Scottish Highlands, the cliffs and rocks of Northern Albion and the emerald sea which surges under them, which lead me to say that I cannot recall a picture by Mr. Graham which did not interest me, and which did not vividly recall those scenes of natural grandeur and beauty in his native land, dear to the heart of every Scotsman. I think the popular verdict in Scotland, and in England as well, would confirm my view; and I am sure I should get the vote of the Colonies, for I am informed on the best authority that the engravings of Mr. Graham's pictures—and many of them have been reproduced in black and white—are eagerly sought after and greatly prized in the greater Britain across the seas. Happily Mr. Graham is still among us in the plenitude of his power, as was so signally shown by his pictures of the present year; so that in the days to come we may confidently expect many works which will do credit to his powers as one of the foremost landscape artists of the Academy, and to his love and devotion to his native land.



A Portion of Mr. Peter Graham's Scottish Studio.

PETER GRAHAM, R.A., HIS HOUSE AND STUDIO.

AN artist's life, as a rule, is a quiet and uneventful one, and apart from his work his personality does not loom largely before the public. This is pre-eminently the case with Mr. Graham. From the very outset of his career, on account of what might almost be called constitutional shyness of strangers, he has personally shunned the public gaze. He has a charming home circle to which he is devotedly attached, and it needs strong pressure indeed to induce him to go into "Society." While that is so, Mr. Graham has nothing of the recluse about him. He takes his fair share of the work of the Royal Academy; he enjoys the company of congenial artistic, musical, and literary friends, and among these he readily unbends, and will join in a conversation on an agreeable topic with vivacity and spirit. His views on art have been well studied, and, when necessary, he can speak on these with fluency and perspicacity. Possessed of a warm heart and kindly disposition, Mr. Graham delights to be helpful to the student who is really in earnest in pursuit of art, and many young men beginning the profession have benefited by his counsel and aid.



Exterior of Mr. Peter Graham's Scottish Home.

Shortly after he went to London Mr. Graham built a house at 93, Ladbroke Road, Notting Hill, on a piece of ground which was then a market garden. He has resided there ever since. The growth of the metropolis has converted Notting Hill into a populous suburb, but it has not entirely lost its rural character, and many of the houses, among which is Mr. Graham's, have managed, amid the building pressure which has prevailed, to preserve their gardens and grounds. The studio, constructed outwards from the ground floor, opens upon the garden, so that when the eye of the painter is fatigued with the work upon his easel, he can step into the open

air, and refresh himself by looking upon the grass and the flowers. For many years Mr. Graham had a country residence and studio at Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, a charming spot six miles from Slough. Attached to it were a park and paddock, where were kept half a dozen Highland cattle, which as occasion required did duty as artist's models. Since 1891, however, Mr. Graham has resided for half of each year at St. Andrews—the old University town on the east neuk of Fife. "Westoun," which is the name of his residence, is a large old-fashioned house, standing in its own grounds, about a gunshot from the sea and its bold rocky coast. Here there is also a large studio with a north light. Generally speaking, a canvas is begun at St. Andrews and finished in London. Neither of these studios, however, is a show place. They are both in the strictest sense of the word merely the artist's *ateliers*—nothing more. They have no lavish adornments; they have no pictures hanging around the walls, for the artist is always in the happy position of never having any work left upon his hands.

Few people, indeed, see his landscapes until they appear on the wall of the Royal Academy. He has never paid homage to "studio Sunday," and he seldom shows his work in a half-finished state. With the regularity of the clock, alike in London or St. Andrews, Mr. Graham is in his studio at 9 a.m.; and, when there, he is one of the most hard-working of artists. A smart walk every day is the only physical exercise Mr. Graham cares for, and wet or dry he may be seen taking it, attired generally in a light tweed suit, with a soft cap upon his head. In the summer season, of course, Mr. Graham, as a landscape artist, spends a large part of his time in the open air. Neither heat, nor wet, nor exposure to the elements, seem to have in all these years much affected Mr. Graham's wiry and active frame. Many a drenching he has got in the Highlands, but these he has taken philosophically in the sacred cause of art.

W. MATTHEWS GILBERT.



A Corner of Mr. Peter Graham's Scottish Studio



Mr. Peter Graham in his Scottish Studio, 1899.



Photo J. Worsnop, Rothbury

Moorland Rovers (p. 16).
From the picture by Peter Graham, R.A., in the Collection of the Rt. Hon. Lord Armstrong.

THE WORKS OF PETER GRAHAM, R.A.

WORKS EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

1855. 'The Nettle Sting.'
1857. 'Primitive Art.'
1858. 'A Sketch of a Byre' (p. 26).
'Portrait of a Child' (p. 26).
1859. 'An Incident in the Time of the Covenanters.'
1860. 'The Road to the Harvest Field.'
'Neevie-Neevie, Nick Nack.'
'The Woodland Path.'
'A Gleam of Sunshine.'
'Evening.'
'The Two Friends.'
'Craiglockhart Hill.'
1861. 'Sea-shore Smugglers preparing their Signal.'
'Barley Field — Evening — Reapers leaving.'
'Woodland—Autumn.'
"Mid wood shade, Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom."
1862. 'Fra Angelico' (p. 6).
'Pathway through the Wood.'
'Autumn.'
'Harvest Time.'
'A Spring in the Wood.'
'On the Fife Coast.'
'Homewards.'
1863. 'In the Highlands.'
'Ravenscraig.'
'Stormy.'
'On the Hillside.'
1864. 'Twilight after Rain.'
'On the Almond, Perthshire.'
1865. 'Ruins of other Times.'
1866. 'Evening.
'Culloden Moor.'
1868. 'Along the Cliffs.'
1870. 'On the Way to the Cattle Tryst.'
1872. 'A Hilly Road.'
'On the Moor.'
1873. 'The Mountain Torrent.'
1875. 'Our Northern Walls' (p. 13).

WORKS EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

1866. 'A Spate in the Highlands' (p. 12).
"While tumbling down, the streams come down,
And roar frae bank to brae."—BURNS.
1867. 'O'er Moor and Moss.'
"When in the crimson cloud of eve
The lingering light decays."
1868. 'Bowman's Pass — Balmoral Forest.' (Painted by Her Majesty's Command).
1869. 'Autumnal Showers.'
'On the Way to the Cattle Tryst.'
1870. 'Afternoon Clouds.'
'Among the Hills.'
1871. 'A Rainy Day' (p. 22).
'A Bridle Path' (pp. 4 and 17).
1872. 'Homewards' (pp. 6 and 22).
'The Cradle of the Sea Bird.'
1873. 'Wind.'
'The Restless Sea.'
'A Highland Croft' (p. 23).
1874. 'Our Northern Walls' (p. 13).
'The Misty Mountain-Top.'
1875. 'Highland Pasturage.'
'Crossing the Moor.'
'Twilight.'
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